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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From *Urry's* Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From *Tyrwhitt's* Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete----
Of dittes and of fonges glade,
The which he---made,
The londe fulfilled is over all. GOWER.

My maifter CHAUCER---chiefe poete of Bretayne----
Whom all this londe fchulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-fterre----
That made firft to dyftylle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of fpeche and eloquence
Into our tunge through his excellence. LYDGATE.

The honour of Englifh tong is dede----
My mayfter CHAUCER, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
Univerfel fader in fcience----
This londis verray trefour and richeffe----
The firfte fynder of our fayre langage. OCCLEVE.

Venerabill CHAUCER, principall poete but pere,
Hevinly trumpet, orlege and reguleir,
In eloquence balme, condict and diall,
Mylky fountane, clere ftrand, and rois riall,
Of frefche endite throw Albioun iland braid. DOUGLAS.

O reverend CHAUCER! rofe of rethouris all,
As in oure toung flour imperial
That raife in Brittane evir, quha reidis richt
Thou beiris of Makers the triumphis royall,
The frefche enamilit termes celeftiall:
This mater couth haif illuminit full bricht,
Was thou nocht, of our Inglifch all the light,
Surmounting every toung terreftriall
As far as Mayi's morrow dois midnight. DUNBAR.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
VOL. IV.
CONTAINING HIS
CANTERBURY TALES, *viz.*

THE FRANKELEINES TALE,
THE DOCTOURES TALE,
THE PARDONERES TALE,
THE SHIPMANNES TALE,
THE PRIORESSES TALE,
THE RIME OF SIRE THOPAS,
THE TALE OF MELIBEUS,
THE MONKES TALE,
&c. &c. &c.

But natheles certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale fain,
But CHAUCER, (though he can but lewedly
On metres and on riming craftily)
Hath fayd hem in fwiche Englifh as he can
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have not fayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath fayd hem in another----
Who fo that wol his large Volume feke. TALES, *ver.* 4465.

Dan CHAUCER, well of Englifh undefil'd,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be fil'd---
Old Dan Geffrey, in whofe gentle fpright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell----
He whilft he lived was the foveraigne head
Of fhepherds all------- SPENSER.

Old CHAUCER, like the morning ftar,
To us difcovers day from far;
His light thofe mifts and clouds diffolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he defcending to the fhades
Darknefs again the age invades. DENHAM.

CHAUCER, him who firft with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers---His legends blithe
He fang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each eftate and age
The fafhions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying-----
Him who in times------
Dark and untaught began with charming verfe
To tame the rudenefs of his native land. AKENSIDE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Prefs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE FRANKELEINES PROLOGUE.

In faith, Squier, thou hast thee wel yquit,
And gentilly: I preise wel thy wit,
Quod the Frankelein. Considering thin youthe
So felingly thou spekest, Sire, I aloue the
As to my dome ther is non that is here
Of eloquence that shal be thy pere
If that thou live: God yeve thee goode chance,
And in vertue send thee continuance,
For of thy speking I have gret deintee.
I have a sone, and by the Trinitee
It were me lever than twenty pound worth lond,
Though it right now were fallen in my hond,
He were a man of swiche discretion
As that ye ben. Fie on possession
But if a man be vertuous withal!
I have my sone snibbed and yet shal,
For he to vertue listeth not to entend,
But for to play at dis and to dispend,

ỽ. 10985. *In faith, Squier*] The authorities for giving this Prologue to The Frankelein, and for placing his Tale next to The Squieres, are mss. *A. Ask.* 1, 2, *HA. Bod. α. γ.* In ms. *C.* 1, there is a blank of near two pages at the end of The Squieres Tale, but The Frankelein's Tale follows, beginning at ver. 11066. This arrangement is also supported by ed. *Ca.* 2. For the rest see the *Discourse*, &c. § 25.

And leſe all that he hath, is his uſage;
And he had lever talken with a page
Than to commune with any gentil wight
Ther he might leren gentilleſſe aright.
Straw for your gentilleſſe! quod our Hoſte.
What? Frankelein, parde, Sire, wel thou woſt
That eche of you mote tellen at the leſt
A Tale or two, or breken his beheſt.
That know I wel, Sire, quod the Frankelein:
I pray you haveth me not in diſdein
Though I to this man ſpeke a word or two.
Tell on thy Tale withouten wordes mo.
Gladly, Sire Hoſte, quod he, I wol obey
Unto your will: now herkeneth what I ſey:
I wol you not contrarien in no wiſe,
As fer as that my wittes may ſuffice.
I pray to God that it may pleſen you,
Than wot I wel that it is good ynow.
Thiſe olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes
Of diverſe aventures maden layes

℣. 11021. *Thiſe olde gentil Bretons*] Of the collection of Britiſh lays by Marie ſomething has been ſaid in the *Diſcourſe*, &c. n. 24. I will here only quote a few paſſages from that collection, to ſhew how exactly Chaucer and ſhe agree in their manner of ſpeaking of the Armorican bards. The lay of Elidus concludes thus, mſ. *Harl.* 978, fol. 181;

De l'aventure de ces treis
Li *auntien Bretun curteis*
Firent li lai pur remembrer,
Qe hum nel deuſt pas oblier.

Rimeyed in hir firste Breton tonge,
Which layes with hir instruments they songe,
Or elles redden hem for hir plesance,
And on of hem have I in remembrance,

The lay of Guiguemar thus, fol. 146;

> De cest cunte, ke oi avez,
> Fu Guiguemar le lai trovez,
> Q'hum fait *en harpe e en rote*,
> Dunt est a oir la note.

The lay of Chevrefoil begins fol. 171;

> Asez me plest, e bien le voil,
> Du lai qe hum nume chevrefoil
> Q'la verite vus encunt,
> Pur quoi il fu fet e dunt.
> Plusurs le me unt *cunte e dit*,
> E jeo l'ai trove *en escrit*,
> De Tristram e de la reine,
> De lur amur qui tant fu fine,
> Dunt il eurent meinte dolur,
> Puis mururent en un jur.

In one particular Chaucer goes further (as I remember) than Marie, when he says that these lays were

> *Rimeyed* in hir firste Breton tonge——

if *rimeyed* be understood to mean written in rhyme, but it may very well signify only versified. Indeed the editor of the *Dictionaire de la Langue Bretonne*, by Dom Pelletier, seems to doubt whether the Amorican language be capable of any sort of poetical harmony; "Nous ne voyons pas que nos *Bretons* Armoricains "ayent cultivée la poësie; et la langue telle qu'ils la parlent, "ne paroît pas pouvoir se plier à la mesure, à la douceur et à "la harmonie des vers." *Pref.* p. ix. A strange doubt in him, who might have found in the dictionary which he has published quotations from two Armorican poems, *viz. Les Propheties de Gwinglaff*, and *La Destruction de Jerusalem*, both in rhyme. See *Arabat. Bagat.* And he himself speaks, in the same preface, p. viii. of "La vie de S. Gwenolé, premier Abbé de Landevenec, écrite en vers." The oldest mf. however now known in the language (according to his account) is that containing *Les Propheties de Gwinglaff*, written in 1450.

Which I ſhal ſayn with good wille as I can.
  But, Sires, becauſe I am a borel man,
At my beginning firſt I you beſeche
Have me excuſed of my rude ſpeche:
I lerned never rhetorike certain;
Thing that I ſpeke it mote be bare and plain:
I ſlept never on the Mount of Pernaſo,
Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cicero.
Colours ne know I non, withouten drede,
But ſwiche colours as growen in the mede,
Or elles ſwiche as men die with or peinte;
Colours of rhetorike ben to me queinte;
My ſpirit feleth not of ſwiche matere:
But if you luſt my Tale ſhul ye here.

THE FRANKELEINES TALE.

In Armorike, that called is Bretaigne,
Ther was a knight that loved and did his peine
To ſerve a ladie in his beſte wiſe,
And many a labour, many a gret empriſe,
He for his lady wrought or ſhe were wonne,
For ſhe was on the faireſt under ſonne,
And eke therto comen of ſo high kinrede
That wel unnethes durſt this knight for drede

The Frankeleines Tale] Aurelius, after much labour and coſt beſtowed to win the love of Dorigen, another man's wife, is content in the end, through the good dealing of her and her huſband, to loſe both his labour and coſt. The ſcope of this Tale ſeemeth to be a contention of courteſy. *Urry.*

Tell hire his wo, his peine, and his diſtreſſe:
But at the laſt ſhe for his worthineſſe,
And namely for his meke obeyſance,
Hath ſwiche a pitee caught of his penance,
That prively ſhe fell of his accord
To take him for hire huſbond and hire lord,
(Of ſwiche lordſhip as men han over hir wives)
And, for to lede the more in bliſſe hir lives,
Of his free will he ſwore hire as a knight
That never in all his lif he day ne night
Ne ſhulde take upon him no maiſtrie
Agains hire will, ne kithe hire jalouſie,
But hire obey, and folwe hire will in al,
As any lover to his lady ſhal,
Save that the name of ſoverainetee,
That wold he han for ſhame of his degree.
She thonked him, and with ful gret humbleſſe
She ſaide, Sire, ſin of your gentilleſſe
Ye profren me to have ſo large a reine,
Ne wolde God never betwix us tweine,
As in my gilt, were either werre or ſtrif:
Sire, I wol be your humble trewe wif,
Have here my trouth, till that myn herte breſte.
Thus ben they both in quiete and in reſte.
For o thing, Sires, ſaufly dare I ſeie,
That frendes everich other muſt obeie,
If they wol longe holden compagnie:
Love wol not be conſtreined by maiſtrie:

Whan maiſtrie cometh the god of Love anon
Beteth his winges, and, farewel, he is gon.
Love is a thing as any ſpirit free.
Women of kind deſiren libertee,
And not to be conſtreined as a thral;
And ſo don men, if ſothly I ſay ſhal.
Loke, who that is moſt patient in love
He is at his avantage all above.
Patience is an high vertue certain,
For it venquiſheth, as thiſe clerkes ſain,
Thinges that rigour never ſhulde atteine.
For every word men may not chide or pleine.
Lerneth to ſuffren, or, ſo mote I gon,
Ye ſhul it lerne whether ye wol or non;
For in this world certain no wight ther is
That he ne doth or ſayth ſomtime amis.
Ire, ſikneſſe, or conſtellation,
Win, wo, or changing of complexion,
Cauſeth ful oft to don amis or ſpeken:
On every wrong a man may not be wreken.
After the time muſt be temperance
To every wight that can of governance:
And therfore hath this worthy wiſe knight
(To liven in eſe) ſuffrance hire behight,
And ſhe to him ful wiſly gan to ſwere
That never ſhuld ther be defaute in here.

Here may men ſeen an humble wiſe accord;
Thus hath ſhe take hire ſervant and hire lord,

Servant in love and lord in mariage.
Than was he both in lordſhip and ſervage?
Servage! nay, but in lordſhip al above,
Sin he hath both his lady and his love;
His lady certes, and his wif alſo,
The which that law of love accordeth to.
And whan he was in this proſperitee
Home with his wif he goth to his contree,
Not fer fro Penmark, ther his dwelling was,
Wher as he liveth in bliſſe and in ſolas.
Who coude tell, but he had wedded be,
The joye, the eſe, and the proſperitee,
That is betwix an huſbond and his wif?
A yere and more laſteth this bliſful lif,
Til that this knight, of which I ſpake of thus,
That of Cairrud was cleped Arviragus,
Shope him to gon and dwelle a yere or twaine
In Englelond, that cleped was eke Bretaigne,

ṽ. 11113. *Not fer fro Penmark*] The beſt mſſ. have blundered in this name; they write it *Pedmark*; but mſſ. *Bod. α. ε.* and ed. *Ca.* 2, have it right—*Penmark*. The later editt. have changed it ridiculouſly enough into *Denmark*.——*Penmark* is placed in the maps upon the weſtern coaſt of Bretagne, between Breſt and Port L'Orient. Walſingham mentions a deſcent of the Engliſh in 1403, *apud Penarch*, (r. *Penmarch*) p. 369. See *Lobineau*, *H. de Bret.* t. i. p. 503. In the ſame hiſtory *de Penmarc* occurs very frequently as a family name. The etymology of the word, from *pen (caput, mons)* and *mark (limes, regio)* is evidently Britiſh.

ṽ. 11120. *Cairrud*] This word is alſo of Britiſh original, ſignifying the red city, as *cair guent* in this iſland ſignified the white city. Arviragus is a known Britiſh name from the time of Juvenal.

To feke in armes worfhip and honour,
(For all his luft he fet in fwiche labour)
And dwelte ther two yere: the book faith thus.
Now wol I ftint of this Arviragus,
And fpeke I wol of Dorigene his wif,
That loveth hire hufbond as hire hertes lif.
For his abfence wepeth fhe and fiketh,
As don thife noble wives whan hem liketh:
She morneth, waketh, waileth, fafteth, pleineth:
Defir of his prefence hire fo diftraineth
That all this wide world fhe fet at nought.
Hire frendes, which that knew hire hevy thought,
Comforten hire in all that ever they may;
They prechen hire, they telle hire night and day
That caufeles fhe fleth hirefelf, alas!
And every comfort poffible in this cas
They don to hire with all hir befineffe,
Al for to make hire leve hire hevineffe.
By proceffe, as ye knowen everich on,
Men mowe fo longe graven in a fton
Til fom figure therin emprented be:
So long han they comforted hire til fhe
Received hath, by hope and by refon,
The emprenting of hir confolation,
Thurgh which hire grete forwe gan affuage:
She may not alway duren in fwiche rage.

℣. 11127. *Dorigene*] Droguen or Dorguen was the name of the wife of Alain I. *Lobineau*, t. p. 70. See alfo the index to t. ii.

And eke Arviragus, in all this care,
Hath sent his lettres home of his welfare,
And that he wol come hastily again,
Or elles had this sorwe hire herte slain.
  Hire frendes saw hire sorwe gan to slake,
And preiden hire on knees, for Goddes sake,
To come and romen in hir compagnie,
Away to driven hire darke fantasie:
And, finally, she granted that request,
For wel she saw that it was for the best.
  Now stood hire castel faste by the see,
And often with hire frendes walked she,
Hire to disporten on the bank an hie,
Wher as she many a ship and barge sie
Sailing hir cours wher as hem list to go:
But than was that a parcel of hire wo,
For to hireself ful oft, alas! said she,
Is ther no ship, of so many as I see,
Wol bringen home my lord? than were my herte
Al warished of his bitter peines smerte.
  Another time wold she sit and thinke,
And cast hire eyen dounward fro the brinke;
But whan she saw the grisly rockes blake,
For veray fere so wold hire herte quake
That on hire feet she might hire not sustene:
Than wold she sit adoun upon the grene,
And pitously into the see behold,
And say right thus, with careful sikes cold:

Eterne God! that thurgh thy purveance
Ledest this world by certain governance,
In idel, as men sain, ye nothing make:
But, Lord! thise grisly fendly rockes blake,
That semen rather a foule confusion
Of werk than any faire creation
Of swiche a parfit wise God and stable,
Why han ye wrought this werk unresonable?
For by this werk north, south, ne west, ne est,
Ther n'is yfostred man, ne brid, ne best:
It doth no good to my wit, but anoyeth.
See ye not, Lord! how mankind it destroyeth?
An hundred thousand bodies of mankind
Han rockes slain, al be they not in mind,
Which mankind is so faire part of thy werk,
Thou madest it like to thyn owen merk.
Than, semeth it, ye had a gret chertee
Toward mankind; but how than may it be
That ye swiche menes make it to destroyen,
Which menes don no good, but ever anoyen?
I wote wel clerkes wol sain as hem lest,
By arguments, that all is for the best,
Though I ne can the causes nought yknow;
But thilke God that made the wind to blow
As kepe my lord; this is my conclusion;
To clerkes lete I all disputison:
But wolde God that all thise rockes blake
Were sonken into helle for his sake:

Thiſe rockes ſlee min herte for the fere.
Thus wold ſhe ſay with many a pitous tere.

Hire frendes ſaw that it was no diſport
To romen by the ſee, but diſcomfort,
And ſhape hem for to plaien ſomwher elles.
They leden hire by rivers and by welles,
And eke in other places delitable;
They dancen, and they play at ches and tables.
So on a day, right in the morwe tide,
Unto a gardin that was ther beſide,
In which that they had made hir ordinance
Of vitaille and of other purveance,
They gon and plaie hem all the longe day;
And this was on the ſixte morwe of May,
Which May had peinted with his ſofte ſhoures
This garden ful of leves and of floures:
And craft of mannes hond ſo curiouſly
Arrayed had this gardin trewely,
That never was ther gardin of ſwiche pris,
But if it were the veray Paradis.
The odour of floures and the freſhe ſight
Wold han ymaked any herte light
That ever was born, but if to gret ſikeneſſe
Or to gret ſorwe held it in diſtreſſe,
So ful it was of beautee and pleſance.

And after dinner gonnen they to dance
And ſing alſo, ſauf Dorigene alone,
Which made alway hire complaint and hire mone,

For ſhe ne ſaw him on the dance go
That was hire huſbond and hire love alſo:
But natheles ſhe muſt a time abide,
And with good hope let hire forwe ſlide.
  Upon this dance, amonges other men,
Danced a ſquier before Dorigen
That freſher was and jolier of array,
As to my dome, than is the month of May.
He ſingeth, danceth, paſſing any man
That is or was ſin that the world began;
Therwith he was, if men ſhuld him diſcrive,
On of the beſte faring men on live;
Yong, ſtrong, and vertuous, and riche, and wiſe,
And wel beloved, and holden in gret priſe.
And, ſhortly, if the ſoth I tellen ſhal,
Unweting of this Dorigene at al,
This luſty ſquier, ſervant to Venus,
Which that ycleped was Aurelius,
Had loved hire beſt of any creature
Two yere and more, as was his aventure,
But never dorſt he tell hire his grevance:
Withouten cup he dranke all his penance.

ỳ. 11250. *Aurelius*] This name, though of Roman original, was common, we may preſume, among the Britons. One of the princes mentioned by Gildas was called Aurelius Conanus; another Britiſh king is named Aurelius Ambroſius by Geffrey of Monmouth. It may be remarked of this laſt author, that although he has not paid the leaſt regard to truth in his narration of facts he has been very attentive to probability in his names both of perſons and places.

He was dispeired; nothing dorst he say,
Sauf in his songes somwhat wold he wray
His wo, as in a general complaining;
He said he loved and was beloved nothing.
Of swiche matere made he many layes,
Songes, complaintes, roundels, virelayes;
How that he dorste not his sorwe telle,
But languisheth as doth a Furie in helle;
And die he must, he said, as did Ecco
For Narcissus, that dorst not tell hire wo.
In other maner than ye here me say
Ne dorst he not to hire his wo bewray,
Sauf that paraventure somtime at dances,
Ther yonge folk kepen hir observances,
It may wel be he loked on hire face
In swiche a wise as man that axeth grace;
But nothing wiste she of his entent.
Natheles it happed or they thennes went,
Because that he was hire neighebour,
And was a man of worship and honour,
And had yknowen him of time yore,
They fell in speche, and forth ay more and more
Unto his purpos drow Aurelius,
And whan he saw his time he saide thus:

ỿ. 11262. *as doth a Furie in helle*] It is *a fire*, in mss. *C.* 1, *Ask.* 1, 2, *HA.* which perhaps ought to have been followed, though I cannot say that I well understand either of the readings. *Fury* and *Fuyr* have been confounded before, ver. 2686.

Madame, quod he, by God that this world made,
So that I wist it might your herte glade,
I wold that day that your Arviragus
Went over see that I Aurelius
Had went ther I shuld never come again,
For wel I wot my service is in vain;
My guerdon n'is but bresting of min herte.
Madame, rueth upon my peines smerte,
For with a word ye may me sleen or save.
Here at your feet God wold that I were grave.
I ne have as now no leiser more to sey:
Have mercy, swete! or ye wol do me dey.
She gan to loke upon Aurelius:
Is this your will, (quod she) and say ye thus?
Never erst (quod she) ne wist I what ye ment,
But now, Aurelie, I know your entent.
By thilke God that yaf me soule and lif
Ne shal I never ben an untrewe wif
In word ne werk, as fer as I have wit;
I wol ben his to whom that I am knit:
Take this for final answer as of me.
But after that in play thus saide she:
Aurelie, (quod she) by high God above
Yet wol I granten you to ben your love,
(Sin I you see so pitously complaine.)
Loke, what day that endelong Bretaigne
Ye remue all the rockes ston by ston,
That they ne letten ship ne bote to gon;

I ſay, whan he han made the coſt ſo clene
Of rockes that ther n'is no ſton yſene,
Than wol I love you beſt of any man;
Have here my trouth, in all that ever I can,
For wel I wote that it ſhal never betide.
Let ſwiche folie out of your herte glide:
What deintee ſhuld a man have in his lif
For to go love another mannes wif
That hath hire body whan that ever him liketh?
  Aurelius ful often ſore ſiketh:
Is ther non other grace in you? quod he.
  No, by that Lord, quod ſhe, that maked me.
Wo was Aurelie whan that he this herd,
And with a ſorweful herte he thus anſwerd:
  Madame, quod he, this were impoſſible;
Than moſte I die of ſoden deth horrible.
And with that word he turned him anon.
  Tho come hire other frendes many on,
And in the alleyes romed up and doun,
And nothing wiſt of this concluſioun,
But ſodenly begonnen revel newe,
Til that the brighte ſonne had loſt his hewe,
For the orizont had reft the ſonne his light,
(This is as much to ſayn as it was night)
And home they gon in mirthe and in ſolas,
Sauf only wrecche Aurelius, alas!

ỽ. 11317. *Is ther non other grace*] I have inſerted theſe two lines in this place upon the authority of mſ. *A.* ſupported by mſſ. *E. Bod.* 9. They have uſually been placed after ver. 11310.

He to his hous is gon with ſorweful herte;
He ſaith he may not from his deth aſterte:
Him ſemeth that he felt his herte cold.
Up to the heven his hondes gan he hold,
And on his knees bare he ſet him doun,
And in his raving ſaid his oriſoun.
For veray wo out of his wit he braide;
He n'iſte what he ſpake, but thus he ſaide;
With pitous herte his plaint hath he begonne
Unto the goddes, and firſt unto the Sonne.
He ſaid, Apollo! god and governour
Of every plante, herbe, tree, and flour,
That yeveſt after thy declination
To eche of hem his time and his ſeſon,
As that thin herbergh changeth low and hie,
Lord Phebus! caſt thy merciable eie
On wrecche Aurelie, which that am but lorne:
Lo, Lord! my lady hath my deth yſworne
Withouten gilt, but thy benignitee
Upon my dedly herte have ſom pitee:
For wel I wot, Lord Phebus, if you leſt,
Ye may me helpen ſauf my lady beſt.
Now voucheth ſauf that I may you deviſe
How that I may be holpe, and in what wiſe.
Your bliſful ſuſter, Lucina the ſhene,
That of the ſee is chief goddeſſe and quene,
Though Neptunus have deitee in the ſee,
Yet emperice aboven him is ſhe;

Ye knowe wel, Lord, that right as hire deſire
Is to be quicked and lighted of your fire,
For which ſhe ſolweth you ful beſily,
Right ſo the ſee deſireth naturelly
To folwen hire, as ſhe that is goddeſſe
Both in the ſee and rivers more and leſſe:
Wherfore, Lord Phebus! this is my requeſt,
Do this miracle, or do min herte breſt,
That now next at this oppoſition,
Which in the ſigne ſhal be of the Leon,
As preyeth hire ſo gret a flood to bring,
That five fadome at the leſt it overſpring
The higheſt rock in Armorike Bretaigne,
And let this flood enduren yeres twaine;
Than certes to my lady may I ſay,
Holdeth your heſt, the rockes ben away.
Lord Phebus! this miracle doth for me,
Prey hire ſhe go no faſter cours than ye;
I ſay this, preyeth your ſuſter that ſhe go
No faſter cours than ye thiſe yeres two,
Than ſhal ſhe ben even at ful alway,
And ſpring-flood laſten bothe night and day.
And but ſhe vouchesauf in ſwiche manere
To graunten me my ſoveraine lady dere,
Prey hire to ſinken every rock adoun
Into hire owen derke regioun
Under the ground, ther Pluto dwelleth in,
Or nevermo ſhal I my lady win.

Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot ſeke.
Lord Phebus! ſee the teres on my cheke,
And on my peine have ſom compaſſioun.
And with that word in ſorwe he fell adoun,
And longe time he lay forth in a trance.
His brother, which that knew of his penance,
Up caught him, and to bed he hath him brought.
Diſpeired in this turment and this thought
Let I this woful creature lie,
Cheſe he for me whether he wol live or die.
Arviragus with hele and gret honour
(As he that was of chevalrie the flour)
Is comen home, and other worthy men:
O, bliſful art thou now thou Dorigen!
That haſt thy luſty huſbond in thin armes,
The freſhe knight, the worthy man of armes,
That loveth thee as his owen hertes lif.
Nothing liſt him to be imaginatif
If any wight had ſpoke while he was oute
To hire of love; he had of that no doute:
He not entendeth to no ſwiche matere,
But danceth, juſteth, and maketh mery chere.
And thus in joye and bliſſe I let hem dwell,
And of the ſike Aurelius wol I tell.
In langour and in turment furious
Two yere and more lay wrecched Aurelius
Er any foot on erthe he mighte gon;
Ne comfort in this time ne had he non

Sauf of his brother, which that was a clerk:
He knew of all this wo and all this werk;
For to non other creature certain
Of this matere he dorste no word sain:
Under his brest he bare it more secree
Than ever did Pamphilus for Galathee.
His brest was hole withouten for to seen,
But in his herte ay was the arwe kene,
And wel ye knowe that of a sursanure
In surgerie is perilous the cure,
But men might touch the arwe or come therby.
His brother wepeth and waileth prively,
Til at the last him fell in remembrance
That while he was at Orleaunce in France,
As yonge clerkes that ben likerous
To reden artes that ben curious

℣. 11422. *Pamphilus for Galathee*] Mr. Urry, missed by his classical learning, has altered this most licentiously—

Than *Polyphemus* did *for Galathee.*

But the allusion is plainly to the first lines of a Latin poem which was very popular in the time of Chaucer, in which one *Pamphilus* gives a history of his amour with *Galatea.*--The poem begins thus, msf. *Cotton, Titus. A.* xx.;

Liber Pamphili.
Vulneror et clausum porto sub pectore telum,
Crescit et assidue plaga dolorque mihi
Et ferientis adhuc non audeo dicere nomen,
Nec sinet aspectus plaga videre suos.

This poem by the name of *Pamphilus* is quoted in our Author's Melibeus. It is extant in msf. in many libraries, and it has also been printed more than once. *Leyser. Hist. Poet. Medii ævi*, p. 2071, (1171.) *Catal. Gaignat.* n. 2233, 2234.

Seken in every halke and every herne
Particuler ſciences for to lerne,
He him remembred that upon a day
At Orleaunce in ſtudie a book he ſay
Of magike naturel, which his felaw
That was that time a bacheler of law,
Al were he ther to lerne another craft,
Had privелy upon his deſk ylaft;
Which book ſpake moche of operations
Touching the eight-and-twenty manſions
That longen to the mone, and ſwiche folie
As in our dayes n'is not worth a flie;
For holy cherches feith, in our beleve,
Ne ſuffreth non illuſion us to greve.
And whan this book was in his remembrance
Anon for joye his herte gan to dance,
And to himſelf he ſaied prively,
My brother ſhal be wariſhed haſtily;
For I am ſiker that ther be ſciences
By which men maken divers apparences
Swiche as thiſe ſubtil tregetoures play;
For oft at feſtes have I wel herd ſay

ỽ. 11453. *tregetoures*] The profeſſion of a joculator or jogler was anciently very comprehenſive, as appears from this paſſage of the *Breviari d'Amors*. [See the *Diſcourſe*, &c. n. 25.]

Altreſſi peccan *li joglar*,
Que ſſabo *cantar* e *balar*,
E ſſabo *tocar eſtrumens*,
O ſſabon *encantar* las gens,
O ſſar autra joglayria——

In the time of Chaucer the perſons who exerciſed the firſt mentioned branches of the art were called generally Minſtrels, and

That tregetoures, within an halle large,
Have made come in a water and a barge,

the name of Jogelour was, in a manner, appropriated to those who by sleight of hand and machines produced such illusions of the senses as are usually supposed to be effected by enchantment. [See above, ver. 7049.] This species of jogelour is here called a *tregetour*. They are joined together in company with magicians, *H.* of *F.* iii. 169;

> Ther saw I playing *jogelours*,
> *Magiciens* and *tragetours*,
> And Phitonesses, charmeresses——
> And clerkes eke, which conne wel
> All this *magike naturell.*——

See also the following ver. 187—191.——If we compare the feats of the *tregetours*, as described in this passage, with those which are afterwards performed by the *clerkes magike* for the entertainment of his guests, [ver. 11501—11519.] we shall find them very similar, and they may both be illustrated by the following account which Sir John Mandeville has given of the exhibitions before the Grete Chan; "And than comen *jogulours* "and *enchantoures*, that don many marvaylles; for they maken to come in the ayr the sone and the mone, be seminge "to every mannes sight: and after they maken the nyght so "derk that no man may see no thing: and aftre they maken "the day to come ayen fair and plesant with bright sonne to "every mannes sight: and than they bringen in daunces of the "fairest damyselles of the world and richest arrayed: and aftre "they maken to comen in other damyselles, bringinge coupes "of gold fulle of mylk of dyverse bestes, and yeven drynke to "lordes and to ladyes: and than they make knyghtes to jousten in armes fulle lustyly; and they rennen togidre a gret "randoum, and they fruschen togidere fulle fiercely, and they "breken here speres so rudely that the tronchouns flen in sprotes "and peces alle aboute the halle: and than they make to come "in huntyng for the hert and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouthe. And many other thinges they don "be crait of hir enchauntementes, that it is marveyle for to "see. And suche playes of desport they make til the taking

And in the halle rowen up and doun;
Somtime hath femed come a grim leoun,

" up of the boordes." *Mand. Trav.* p. 285, 6. See alfo p. 261; " And wher it be by craft or by nygromancye I wot nere."— The Gloffary derives *tregetour* from the barb. Lat. *tricator;* but the derivatives of that family are *tricheur*, *tricherie*, *trick*, *&c.* Nor can I find the word *tregetour* in any language but our own. It feems clearly to be formed from *treget*, which is frequently ufed by Chaucer for *deceit*, *impofture*, *R.R.* 6267, 6312, 6825; and fo is *tregetry*, *ibid.* 6374, 6382. From whence *treget* itfelf may have been derived is more difficult to fay; but I obferve that *trebuchet* (the French name for a military engine) is called by Chaucer *trepeget*, *R. R.* 6279, and by Knighton, 2672, *trepget;* and that this fame word *trebuchet*, in French, fignified alfo a machine for catching birds. *Du Cange*, in v. *Trepget;* " Hinc appellatio manfit apud nos inftrumentis, aut machinu-" lis, fufpenfis et lapfilibus, ad captandas aviculas. Has enim " etiamnum *trebuchets* appellamus." *Muratori*, in his *Antiq. Med. Æ. Diff.* xxvi. p. 473, informs us that *trabocchello* or *trabocchetto*, in Italian, (which he explains to be the fame as *trebuchet* in French) fignified alfo another inftrument of fraud, which he defcribes thus; " Sæculis Italiæ turbatiffimis—in ufu " fuere teterrima infidiarum loca, id eft, in cubiculis pavimen-" tum perforatum, ac ligneâ tabulâ (*Ribalta* appellabant) ita " caute coopertum, ut qui improvide alteram tabulæ partem " pedibus premeret, cedente ipfâ in ima rueret." This was clearly a fpecies of trapdoor.——The reader will judge whether the *tregetour* may not poffibly have been fo called from his frequent ufe of thefe infidious machines in his operations. —— That a great deal of machinery was requifite to produce the apparences or illufions enumerated by Chaucer in this paffage is very certain; but not long after the art of a *tregetour* feems to have been reduced to that of a modern juggler, mere fleight of hand. In Lydgàte's tranflation of The Dance of Macabre, mf. *Harl.* 116, he has introduced a *tregetour* fpeaking thus;

What may availe mankynde [f. *magike*] naturale,
Or any crafte fhewed by apparence,
Or courfe of fterres above celeftiale,
Or of heven all the influence,

And ſomtime floures ſpring as in a mede,
Somtime a vine, and grapes white and rede,
Somtime a caſtel al of lime and ſton,
And whan hem liketh voideth it anon:
Thus ſemeth it to every mannes ſight.
  Now than conclude I thus; if that I might
At Orleaunce ſom olde felaw find
That hath thiſe mones manſions in mind,
Or other magike naturel above,
He ſhuld wel make my brother have his love;
For with an apparence a clerk may make,
To mannes ſight, that all the rockes blake
Of Bretaigne were yvoided everich on,
And ſhippes by the brinke comen and gon,
And in ſwiche forme endure a day or two:
Than were my brother wariſhed of his wo,
Than muſt ſhe nedes holden hire beheſt,
Or elles he ſhal ſhame hire at the left.
  What ſhuld I make a lenger Tale of this?
Unto his brothers bed he comen is,

Ayenſt deth to ſtand at defence?
Lygarde de mayne now helpith me right nought.
Farewell my craft and all ſuch ſapience,
For Deth hath more maiſtries than I have wrought.

He has alſo the following ſpeech of Death to a famous *tregetour*;

Maiſter John Rykell, ſomtime *tregitour*
Of noble Henri Kinge of Englelond,
And of France the mighty conquerour,
For all the ſleightes and turnyng of thyne honde
Thou muſt come nere this dance to underſtonde:
Nought may avail all thy concluſions,
For Deth ſhortly, nother on ſee nor londe,
Is not dyſceyved by noon illuſions.

And ſwiche comfort he yaf him for to gon
To Orleaunce that he up ſtert anon,
And on his way forthward than is he fare,
In hope for to ben liſſed of his care.
Whan they were come almoſt to that citee,
But if it were a two furlong or three,
A yonge clerk roming by himſelf they mette,
Which that in Latine thriftily hem grette:
And after that he ſayd a wonder thing;
I know, quod he, the cauſe of your coming:
And or they forther any foote went
He told hem all that was in hir entent.
This Breton clerk him axed of felawes
The which he had yknown in olde dawes,
And he anſwered him that they dede were,
For which he wept ful often many a tere.
Doun of his hors Aurelius light anon,
And forth with this magicien is gon
Home to his hous, and made hem wel at eſe:
Hem lacked no vitaille that might hem pleſe.
So wel arraied hous as ther was on
Aurelius in his lif ſaw never non.
He ſhewed him, or they went to ſoupere,
Foreſtes, parkes, ful of wilde dere:
Ther ſaw he hartes with hir hornes hie,
The greteſt that were ever ſeen with eie:
He ſaw of hem an hundred ſlain with houndes,
And ſom with arwes blede of bitter woundes:

He ſaw, when voided were the wilde dere,
Thiſe fauconers upon a faire rivere
That with hir haukes han the heron ſlain.
Tho ſaw he knightes juſten in a plain:
And after this he did him ſwiche pleſance,
That he him ſhewed his lady on a dance,
On which himſelven danced, as him thought.
And whan this maiſter, that this magike wrought,
Saw it was time, he clapped his hondes two,
And farewel, al the revel is ago!
And yet remued they never out of the hous,
While they ſaw all thiſe ſightes merveillous,
But in his ſtudie, ther his bookes be,
They ſaten ſtill, and no wight but they three.
To him this maiſter called his ſquier,
And ſayd him thus, May we go to ſouper?
Almoſt an houre it is, I undertake,
Sin I you bade our ſouper for to make,
Whan that thiſe worthy men wenten with me
Into my ſtudie ther my bookes be.
Sire, quod this ſquier, whan it liketh you,
It is al redy, though ye wol right now.
Go we than ſoupe, quod he, as for the beſt;
Thiſe amorous folk ſomtime moſte han reſt.
At after ſouper fell they in tretee
What ſumme ſhuld this maiſters guerdon be
To remue all the rockes of Bretaigne,
And eke from Gerounde to the mouth of Saine.

He made it ſtrange, and ſwore, ſo God him ſave,
Leſſe than a thouſand pound he wold not have,
Ne gladly for that ſumme he wold not gon.
Aurelius with bliſful herte anon
Anſwered thus; Fie on a thouſand pound!
This wide world, which that men ſayn is round,
I wold it yeve, if I were lord of it.
This bargaine is ful drive, for we ben knit.
Ye ſhul be paied trewely, by my trouth;
But loketh, for non negligence or ſlouth
Ye tarie us here no lenger than to morwe.
Nay, quod this clerk, have here my faith to borwe.
To bed is gon Aurelius whan him leſt,
And wel nigh all that night he had his reſt.
What for his labour and his hope of bliſſe
His woful herte of penance had a liſſe.
Upon the morwe whan that it was day
To Bretaigne token they the righte way,
Aurelie, and this magicien him beſide,
And ben deſcended ther they wold abide:
And this was, as the bookes me remember,
The colde froſty ſeſon of December.
Phebus waxe old and hewed like Laton,
That in his hote declination
Shone as the burned gold with ſtremes bright;
But now in Capricorne adoun he light,
Wher as he ſhone ful pale, I dare wel ſain.
The bitter froſte with the ſleet and rain

Destroyed hath the grene in every yerd;
Janus sit by the fire with double berd,
And drinketh of his bugle horn the wine;
Beforn him stant braune of the tusked swine,
And Nowel crieth every lusty man.
  Aurelius in all that ever he can
Doth to his maister chere and reverence,
And praieth him to don his diligence
To bringen him out of his peines smerte,
Or with a swerd that he wold slit his herte.
  This sotil clerk swiche routh hath on this man,
That night and day he spedeth him that he can
To wait a time of his conclusion;
This is to sayn, to make illusion,
By swiche an apparence or joglerie,
(I can no termes of astrologie)
That she and every wight shuld wene and say
That of Bretaigne the rockes were away,
Or elles they were sonken under ground.
So at the last he hath his time yfound
To make his japes and his wretchednesse
Of swiche a superstitious cursednesse.

V. 11567. *And Nowel crieth*] *Noël*, in French, is derived from *natalis*, and signified originally a cry of joy at Christmas, "Le "jour natal de notre Seigneur." *Menage*, in v. *Novel*. It was afterwards the usual cry of the people upon all occasions of joy and festivity. *Hist. de Charles VII. par Chartier*, p. 3, at the proclamation of H. VI. "Fut crié sur la fosse de son pere à haute "voix, Vive le Roy Henry, Roy de France et d'Angleterre;" and "Avec cela fut crié *Noël*, des assistans, confortans lesdits "Anglois."

His tables Toletanes forth he brought,
Ful wel corrected, that ther lacked nought,
Nother his collect ne his expans yeres,
Nother his rotes ne his other geres,
As ben his centres and his argumentes,
And his proportionel convenientes,
For his equations in every thing:
And by his eighte speres in his werking
He knew ful wel how fer Alnath was shove
Fro the hed of thilke fix Aries above
That in the ninthe spere considered is:
Ful sotilly he calculed all this.
Whan he had found his firste mansion
He knew the remenant by proportion,
And knew the rising of his mone wel,
And in whos face, and terme, and every del;
And knew ful wel the mones mansion
Accordant to his operation;
And knew also his other observances,
For swiche illusions and swiche meschances
As Hethen folk used in thilke daies;
For which no lenger maketh he delaies,

ỽ. 11585. *His tables Toletanes*] The astronomical tables composed by order of Alphonso X. King of Castile, about the middle of the 13th century, were called sometimes *Tabulæ Toletanæ*, from their being adapted to the city of Toledo. There is a very elegant copy of them in ms. *Harl.* 3647. I am not sufficiently skilled in the ancient astronomy to add any thing to the explanation of the following technical terms (drawn chiefly from those tables) which has been given in the addit. to Gloss. *Urr.* v. *Expans yeres.*

But thurgh his magike, for a day or tway,
It semed all the rockes were away.
Aurelius, which that despeired is
Whether he shal han his love or fare amis,
Awaiteth night and day on this miracle;
And whan he knew that ther was non obstacle,
That voided were thise rockes everich on,
Doun to his maisters feet he fell anon,
And sayd, I, woful wretch Aurelius,
Thanke you, my lord, and lady min Venus,
That me han holpen fro my cares cold.
And to the temple his way forth hath he hold,
Theras he knew he shuld his lady see;
And whan he saw his time anon right he
With dredful herte and with ful humble chere
Salued hath his soveraine lady dere.
My rightful Lady, quod this woful man,
Whom I most drede and love as I best can,
And lothest were of all this world displese,
N'ere it that I for you have swiche disese
That I must die here at your foot anon,
Nought wold I tell how me is wo begon;
But certes other must I die or plaine;
Ye sle me gilteles for veray peine:
But of my deth though that ye han no routh
Aviseth you or that you breke your trouth:
Repenteth you, for thilke God above,
Or ye me sle, because that I you love:

For, Madame, wel ye wote what ye have hight;
Not that I chalenge any thing of right
Of you my ſoveraine Lady, but of grace;
But in a gardin yond, in ſwiche a place,
Ye wote right wel what ye behighten me,
And in myn hond your trouthe plighten ye
To love me beſt: God wote ye ſaied ſo,
Although that I unworthy be therto.
Madame, I ſpeke it for the honour of you,
More than to ſave my hertes lif right now,
I have don ſo as ye commanded me,
And if ye vouchefauf ye may go ſee.
Doth as you liſt, have your beheſt in mind,
For quick or ded right ther ye ſhul me find.
In you lith all to do me live or dey,
But wel I wote the rockes ben awey.
He taketh his leve, and ſhe aſtonied ſtood;
In all hire face n'as o drope of blood:
She wened never han come in ſwiche a trappe.
Alas! quod ſhe, that ever this ſhould happe!
For wend I never by poſſibilitee
That ſwiche a monſtre or mervaille might be:
It is again the proceſſe of Nature.
And home ſhe goth a ſorweful creature;
For veray fere unnethes may ſhe go.
She wepeth, waileth, all a day or two,
And ſwouneth that it routhe was to ſee,
But why it was to no wight tolde ſhe,

For out of toun was gon Arviragus;
But to hireſelf ſhe ſpake, and ſaied thus,
With face pale, and with ful ſory chere,
In hire complaint, as ye ſhul after here.
  Alas! quod ſhe, on thee, Fortune, I plain,
That unaware haſt me wrapped in thy chain,
Fro which to eſcapen wote I no ſoccour
Sauf only deth or elles diſhonour:
On of thiſe two behoveth me to cheſe.
But natheles, yet had I lever leſe
My lif than of my body have a ſhame,
Or know myſelven falſe, or leſe my name:
And with my deth I may be quit ywis;
Hath ther not many a noble wif or this,
And many a maid, yſlaine hireſelf, alas!
Rather than with hire body don treſpas?
Yes certes; lo, thiſe ſtories bere witneſſe.
  Whan thirty tyrants ful of curſedneſſe
Had ſlain Phidon in Athens at the feſt,
They commanded his doughtren for to arreſt
And bringen hem beforne hem in deſpit
Al naked, to fulfill hir foule delit;
And in hir fadres blood they made hem dance
Upon the pavement, God yeve hem meſchance!
For which thiſe woful maidens, ful of drede,
Rather than they wold leſe hir maidenhede,
They privelY ben ſtert into a welle,
And dreint hemſelven, as the bookes telle.

ỽ. 11679. *thiſe ſtories bere witneſſe*] They are all taken from *Hieronymus contra Jovinianum*, l. i. c. 39.

They of Meſſene let enquere and ſeke
Of Lacedomie fifty maidens eke
On which they wolden don hir lecherie;
But ther was non of all that compagnie
That ſhe n'as ſlaine, and with a glad entent
Chees rather for to dien than aſſent
To ben oppreſſed of hire maidenhede.
Why ſhuld I than to dien ben in drede?
Lo eke the tyrant Ariſtoclides,
That loved a maid hight Stimphalides,
Whan that hire father ſlaine was on a night,
Unto Dianes temple goth ſhe right,
And hente the image in hire handes two,
Fro which image wold ſhe never go;
No wight her handes might of it arrace
Til ſhe was ſlaine right in the ſelve place.
Now ſin that maidens hadden ſwiche deſpit
To be defouled with mannes foule delit,
Wel ought a wif rather hireſelven ſle
Than be defouled, as it thinketh me.
What ſhal I ſayn of Haſdrubales wif,
That at Cartage beraft hireſelf hire lif?
For whan ſhe ſaw that Romains wan the toun
She toke hire children all, and ſkipt adoun
Into the fire, and chees rather to die
Than any Romain did hire vilanie.
Hath not Lucrece yſlaine hireſelf, alas!
At Rome, whan that ſhe oppreſſed was

Of Tarquine? for hire thought it was a ſhame
To liven whan ſhe hadde loſt hire name.
  The ſeven maidens of Mileſie alſo
Han ſlaine hemſelf, for veray drede and wo,
Rather than folk of Gaule hem ſhuld oppreſſe.
  Mo than a thouſand ſtories, as I geſſe,
Coude I now tell as touching this matere.
  Whan Abradate was ſlain, his wif ſo dere
Hireſelven ſlow, and let hire blood to glide
In Abradates woundes depe and wide,
And ſayd, My body at the leſte way
Ther ſhal no wight defoulen if I may.
  What ſhuld I mo enſamples hereof ſain?
Sin that ſo many han hemſelven ſlain,
Wel rather than they wold defouled be,
I wol conclude that it is bet for me
To ſle myſelf than be defouled thus:
I wol be trewe unto Arviragus,
Or elles ſle myſelf in ſome manere,
As did Demotiones doughter dere,
Becauſe ſhe wolde not defouled be.
  O Sedaſus! it is ful gret pitee
To reden how thy doughtren died, alas!
That ſlowe hemſelven for ſwiche maner cas.
  As gret a pitee was it, or wel more,
The Theban maiden that for Nichanore
Hireſelven ſlow right for ſwiche manere wo.
Another Theban mayden did right ſo,

For on of Macedoine had hire oppreſſed;
She with hire deth hire maidenhed redreſſed.
What ſhal I ſain of Nicerates wif,
That for ſwiche cas beraft hireſelf hire lif?
How trewe was eke to Alcibiades
His love, that for to dien rather chees
Than for to ſuffre his body unburied be?
Lo, which a wif was Alceſte eke? (quod ſhe)
What ſayth Homere of good Penelope?
All Grece knoweth of hire chaſtitee.
Parde of Laodomia is written thus,
That whan at Troye was ſlain Protheſilaus
No lenger wolde ſhe live after his day.
The ſame of noble Portia tell I may;
Withouten Brutus coude ſhe not live,
To whom ſhe had all hol hire herte yeve.
The parfit wifhood of Artemiſie
Honoured is thurghout all Barbarie.
O Teuta quene! thy wifly chaſtitee
To alle wives may a mirrour be.
Thus plained Dorigene a day or twey,
Purpoſing ever that ſhe wolde dey;
But natheles upon the thridde night
Home came Arviragus, the worthy knight,

Ṽ. 11766. *To alle wives*] After this verſe the two following are found in ſeveral mſſ.;

The ſame thing I ſay of Bilia,
Of Rhodogone and of Valeria——

but as they are wanting in mſſ. *A. C.* 1, *Aſk.* 1, 2, *HA.* I was not unwilling to leave them out.

And axed hire why that ſhe weep ſo ſore?
And ſhe gan wepen ever lenger the more.
Alas, quod ſhe, that ever I was yborne!
Thus have I ſaid, (quod ſhe) thus have I ſworne.
And told him all, as ye have herd before:
It nedeth not reherſe it you no more.
This huſbond with glad chere, in frendly wiſe,
Anſwerd and ſayd as I ſhal you deviſe;
Is ther ought elles, Dorigene, but this?
Nay, nay, quod ſhe, God helpe me ſo, as wis
This is to much, and it were Goddes will.
Ye, wif, quod he, let ſlepen that is ſtill;
It may be wel paraventure yet to-day.
Ye ſhal your trouthe holden by my fay;
For God ſo wiſly have mercy on me,
I had wel lever ſtiked for to be,
For veray love which that I to you have,
But if ye ſhuld your trouthe kepe and ſave:
Trouth is the hieſt thing that man may kepe.
But with that word he braſt anon to wepe,
And ſayd; I you forbede, on peine of deth,
That never while you laſteth lif or breth
To no wight tell ye this miſaventure;
As I may beſt I wol my wo endure:
Ne make no contenance of hevineſſe,
That folk of you may demen harme or geſſe.
And forth he cleped a ſquier and a maid.
Goth forth anon with Dorigene, he ſaid,

And bringeth hire to ſwiche a place anon.
They take hir leve, and on hir way they gon:
But they ne wiſten why ſhe thider went;
She n'olde no wight tellen hire entent.
  This ſquier which that highte Aurelius,
On Dorigene that was ſo amorous,
Of aventure happed hire to mete
Amid the toun, right in the quikkeſt ſtrete,
As ſhe was boun to go the way forthright
Toward the gardin, ther as ſhe had hight;
And he was to the gardinward alſo,
For wel he ſpied whan ſhe wolde go
Out of hire hous to any maner place:
But thus they met of aventure or grace,
And he ſalueth hire with glad entent,
And axeth of hire whiderward ſhe went.
  And ſhe anſwered, half as ſhe were mad,
Unto the gardin, as myn huſbond bad,

ỽ. 11802. *She n'olde*] After this verſe ed. *Ca.* 2, has the ſix following;

> Peraventure an hepe of you I wis
> Will holden him a lewed man in this
> That he woll put his wife in jeopardie;
> Herkneth the Tale er ye upon him crie.
> She may have better fortune than you ſemeth;
> And whan that ye han herde the Tale demeth.

Theſe lines are more in the ſtyle and manner of Chaucer than interpolations generally are, but as I do not remember to have found them in any mſ. I could not receive them into the text. I think, too, that if they were written by him he would probably, upon more mature conſideration, have ſuppreſſed them, as unneceſſarily anticipating the cataſtrophe of the Tale.

ỽ. 11807. *As ſhe was boun*] Ready: this old word is reſtored from mſſ. *A. Aſk.* 1, 2. See *P.L.* p. 256, 291.

My trouthe for to hold, alas! alas!
  Aurelius gan wondren on this cas,
And in his herte had gret compassion
Of hire, and of hire lamentation,
And of Arviragus, the worthy knight,
That bad hire holden all that she had hight,
So loth him was his wif shuld breke hire trouthe;
And in his herte he caught of it gret routhe,
Considering the best on every side,
That fro his lust yet were him lever abide
Than do so high a cherlish wretchednesse
Ageins fraunchise and alle gentillesse;
For which in fewe wordes sayd he thus:
  Madame, say to your Lord Arviragus
That sin I see the grete gentillesse
Of him, and eke I see wel your distresse,
That him were lever have shame (and that were routhe)
Than ye to me shuld breken thus your trouthe,
I hadde wel lever ever to suffren wo
Than to depart the love betwix you two.
I you relese, Madame; into your hond
Quit every seurement and every bond
That ye han made to me as herebeforne
Sin thilke time that ye were yborne.
Have here my trouthe, I shal you never repreve
Of no behest; and here I take my leve
As of the trewest and the beste wif
That ever yet I knew in all my lif.

But every wif beware of hire beheſt;
On Dorigene remembreth at the leſt.
Thus can a ſquier don a gentil dede
As wel as can a knight, withouten drede.
She thanketh him upon hire knees bare,
And home unto hire huſbond is ſhe fare,
And told him all as ye han herd me ſayd;
And, truſteth me, he was ſo wel apayd
That it were impoſſible me to write.
What ſhuld I lenger of this cas endite?
Arviragus and Dorigene his wif
In ſoveraine bliſſe leden forth hir lif,
Never eft ne was ther anger hem betwene;
He cheriſhed hire as though ſhe were a quene,
And ſhe was to him trewe for evermore.
Of thiſe two folk ye get of me no more.
Aurelius, that his coſt hath all forlorne,
Curſeth the time that ever he was borne.
Alas! quod he, alas that I behight
Of pured gold a thouſand pound of wight
Unto this philoſophre! how ſhal I do?
I ſee no more but that I am fordo.
Min heritage mote I nedes ſell,
And ben a beggar here I n'ill not dwell,
And ſhamen all my kinrede in this place,
But I of him may geten better grace:
But natheles I wol of him aſſay
At certain daies yere by yere to pay,

And thanke him of his grete curteſie.
My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol not lie.
With herte ſore he goth unto his cofre,
And broughte gold unto this philoſophre,
The value of five hundred pound I geſſe,
And him beſecheth of his gentilleſſe
To graunt him daies of the remenaunt,
And ſayde; Maiſter, I dare wel make avaunt
I failled never of my trouthe as yet;
For ſikerly my dette ſhal be quit
Towardes you, how ſo that ever I fare
To gon a begging in my kirtle bare:
But wold ye vouchen ſauf upon ſeurtee
Two yere or three for to reſpiten me,
Than were I wel, for elles mote I ſell
Min heritage; ther is no more to tell.
This philoſophre ſobrely anſwerd,
And ſaied thus, whan he thiſe wordes herd;
Have I not holden covenant to thee?
Yes, certes, wel and trewely, quod he.
Haſt thou not had thy lady as thee liketh?
No, no, quod he, and ſorwefully he ſiketh.
What was the cauſe? tell me if thou can.
Aurelius his tale anon began,
And told him all as ye han herd before;
It nedeth not reherſe it any more.
He ſayd, Arviragus of gentilleſſe
Had lever die in ſorwe and in diſtreſſe

Than that his wif were of hire trouthe fals.
The sorwe of Dorigene he told him als,
How loth hire was to ben a wicked wif,
And that she lever had lost that day hire lif;
And that her trouth she swore thurgh innocence;
She never erst hadde herd speke of apparence:
That made me han of hire so gret pitee,
And right as freely as he sent hire to me
As freely sent I hire to him again.
This is all and som; ther n'is no more to sain.
  The philosophre answerd; Leve brother,
Everich of you did gentilly to other:
Thou art a squier, and he is a knight,
But God forbede, for his blisful might,
But if a clerk coud don a gentil dede
As wel as any of you, it is no drede.
  Sire, I relese thee thy thousand pound,
As thou right now were crope out of the ground,
Ne never er now ne haddest knowen me:
For, Sire, I wol not take a peny of thee
For all my craft, ne nought for my travaille:
Thou hast ypaied wel for my vitaille.
It is ynough, and farewel, have good day.
And toke his hors, and forth he goth his way.
  Lordings, this question wold I axen now,
Which was the moste free, as thinketh you?
Now telleth me or that ye further wende.
I can no more, my Tale is at an ende.

ỽ. 11926. *Which was the moste free*] The same question is

THE DOCTOURES PROLOGUE.

YE, let that passen, quod our Hoste, as now.
Sire Doctour of Physike, I prey you,
Tell us a Tale of som honest matere.
  It shal be don, if that ye wol it here,
Said this Doctour, and his Tale began anon.
Now, good men, quod he, herkeneth everich on.

THE DOCTOURES TALE.

THER was, as telleth Titus Livius,
A knight that cleped was Virginius,
Fulfilled of honour and worthinesse,
And strong of frendes, and of gret richesse.
  This knight a doughter hadde by his wif;
No children had he mo in all his lif.
Faire was this maid in excellent beautee
Aboven every wight that man may see,
For Nature hath with soveraine diligence
Yformed hire in so gret excellence

stated in the conclusion of Boccace's Tale, *Philoc.* l. v.; "Dubitasi ora qual di costoro fusse maggior liberalità," &c. The queen determines in favour of the husband.

℣. 11929. *Ye, let that passen*] I have said all that I have to say in favour of this Prologue to The Doctour's Tale in the *Discourse*, &c. § 28. It is only found in ms. *A*. In mss. *C*. 1, *HA*. the following note is at the end of The Frankelein's Tale; "Here "endeth the Fr. T. and biginneth The Phisiciens Tale without "a Prologe."

The Doctoures Tale] Virginius sleveth his onely daughter, rather than she shall be defiled by the letcherous judge Appius. *Sp.*

As though ſhe wolde ſayn, Lo, I Nature,
Thus can I forme and peint a creature,
Whan that me liſt: who can me contrefete?
Pigmalion? not though he ay forge and bete,
Or grave, or peinte; for I dare wel ſain
Apelles, Xeuxis, ſhulden werche in vain
Other to grave, or peinte, or forge, or bete,
If they preſumed me to contrefete:
For he that is the former principal
Hath maked me his vicaire general
To forme and peinten erthly creatures
Right as me liſt; and eche thing in my cure is
Under the mone that may wane and waxe;
And for my werk right nothing wol I axe:
My lord and I ben ful of on accord;
I made hire to the worſhip of my lord,
So do I all min other creatures,
What colour that they han or what figures.
Thus ſemeth me that Nature wolde ſay.

This maid of age twelf yere was and tway
In which that Nature hadde ſwiche delit;
For right as ſhe can peint a lily whit
And red a roſe, right with ſwiche peinture
She peinted hath this noble creature
Er ſhe was borne upon hire limmes free,
Wheras by right ſwiche colours ſhulden be;
And Phebus died hath hire treſſes grete
Like to the ſtremes of his burned hete.

And if that excellent were hire beautee,
A thouſand fold more vertuous was ſhe.
In hire ne lacked no condition
That is to preiſe, as by diſcretion.
As wel in goſt as body chaſt was ſhe,
For which ſhe floured in virginitee
With all humilitee and abſtinence,
With all attemperance and patience,
With meſure eke of bering and array.
Diſcrete ſhe was in anſwering alway,
Though ſhe were wiſe as Pallas, dare I ſain,
Hire facounde eke ful womanly and plain:
No contrefeted termes hadde ſhe
To ſemen wiſe, but after hire degree
She ſpake, and all hire wordes more and leſſe
Souning in vertue and in gentilleſſe.
Shamefaſt ſhe was in maidens ſhamefaſtneſſe,
Conſtant in herte, and ever in beſineſſe
To drive hire out of idel ſlogardie.
Bacchus had of hire mouth right no maiſtrie,
For wine and youthe don Venus encreſe,
As men in fire wol caſten oile and greſe.
And of hire owen vertue unconſtreined
She hath hireſelf ful often ſike yfeined,

℣. 11993. *For wine and youthe*] The context, I think, requires that we ſhould read

For wine and *ſlouthe* don Venus encreſe.

He is giving the reaſon why ſhe avoided *ſlogardie*, and did not permit Bacchus to have maiſtrie of hire mouth, becauſe *wine and ſlouthe* encreaſe the amorous inclinations, as oil and greſe do fire. I can make no ſenſe of *youthe* or *thoughte*, as ſome mſſ. read.

For that ſhe wolde fleen the compagnie
Wher likely was to treten of folie,
As is at feſtes, at revels, and at dances,
That ben occaſions of daliances.
Swiche thinges maken children for to be
To ſone ripe and bold, as men may ſee,
Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore;
For al to ſone may ſhe lernen lore
Of boldneſſe whan ſhe woxen is a wif.
   And ye maiſtreſſes in your olde lif,
That lordes doughters han in governance,
Ne taketh of my wordes diſpleſance:
Thinketh that ye ben ſet in governinges
Of lordes doughters only for two thinges,
Other for ye han kept your honeſtee,
Or elles for ye han fallen in freeltee,
And knowen wel ynough the olde dance,
And han forſaken fully ſwiche meſchance
For evermo; therfore for Criſtes ſake
To teche hem vertue loke that ye ne ſlake.
   A theef of veniſon, that hath forlaſt
His likerouſneſſe and all his olde craft,
Can kepe a foreſt beſt of any man:
Now kepeth hem wel, for if ye wol ye can.
Loke wel that ye unto no vice aſſent,
Leſt ye be damned for your wikke entent,
For who ſo doth a traytour is certain:
And taketh kepe of that I ſhal you ſain;

Of alle treſon ſoveraine peſtilence
Is whan a wight betrayeth innocence.
 Ye fathers, and ye mothers eke alſo,
Though ye han children, be it on or mo,
Your is the charge of all hir ſurveance,
While that they ben under your governance:
Beth ware that by enſample of your living,
Or by your negligence in chaſtiſing,
That they ne periſh, for I dare wel ſaye
If that they don ye ſhul it dere abeye.
Under a ſhepherd ſoft and negligent
The wolf hath many a ſhepe and lamb to-rent.
 Sufficeth this enſample now as here,
For I mote turne agen to my matere.
 This maid, of which I tell my Tale expreſſe,
She kept hireſelf, hire neded no maiſtreſſe,
For in hire living maidens mighten rede,
As in a book, every good word and dede
That longeth to a maiden vertuous:
She was ſo prudent and ſo bounteous,
For which the fame out ſprong on every ſide
Both of hire beautee and hire bountee wide,
That thurgh the lond they preiſed hire ech one
That loved vertue, ſauf Envie alone,
That ſory is of other mannes wele,
And glad is of his ſorwe and his unhele.
The Doctour maketh this deſcriptioun.
 This maiden on a day went in the toun

ꝟ. 12051. *The Doctour*] Over againſt this line in the margin

Toward a temple, with hire mother dere,
As is of yonge maidens the manere.
  Now was ther than a juſtice in that toun
That governour was of that regioun;
And ſo befell this juge his eyen caſt
Upon this maid, aviſing hire ful faſt
As ſhe came forth by ther this juge ſtood:
Anon his herte changed and his mood,
So was he caught with beautee of this maid,
And to himſelf ful prively he ſaid,
This maiden ſhal be min for any man.
  Anon the fend into his herte ran,
And taught him ſodenly that he by ſleight
This maiden to his purpos winnen might;
For certes by no force ne by no mede
Him thought he was not able for to ſpede;
For ſhe was ſtrong of frendes, and eke ſhe
Confermed was in ſwiche ſoveraine bountee
That wel he wiſt he might hire never winne
As for to make hire with hire body ſinne:
For which with gret deliberatioun
He ſent after a cherl was in the toun,

of mſ. *C.* 1, is written *Auguſtinus*, which means, I ſuppoſe, that this deſcription of Envy is taken from St. Auſtin: but I doubt whether Chaucer meant to quote that ſaint by the title of The Doctour: it rather ſeems to be an idle parentheſis, like that ver. 7269.

ỽ. 12074. *a cherl*] So the beſt mſſ. and ed. *Ca.* 2. The common editt. have *client*. In the *Rom. de la R.* where this ſtory is

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The which he knew for ſotil and for bold.
This juge unto this cherl his tale hath told
In ſecree wiſe, and made him to enſure
He ſhulde tell it to no creature,
And if he did he ſhulde leſe his hede.
And whan aſſented was this curſed rede
Glad was the juge, and maked him gret chere,
And yaf him yeſtes precious and dere.

  Whan ſhapen was all hir conſpiracie
Fro point to point, how that his lecherie
Parformed ſhulde be ful ſotilly,
As ye ſhul here it after openly,
Home goth this cherl, that highte Claudius;
This falſe juge, that highte Appius,
(So was his name, for it is no fable,
But knowen for an hiſtorial thing notable;
The ſentence of it ſoth is out of doute)
This falſe juge goth now faſt aboute
To haſten his delit all that he may.
And ſo befell, ſone after on a day
This falſe juge, as telleth us the ſtorie,
As he was wont, ſat in his conſiſtorie,
And yaf his domes upon ſondry cas,
This falſe cherl came forth a ful gret pas,

told [ver. 5815—5894,] Claudius is called Sergent of Appius; and accordingly Chaucer a little lower, ver. 12204, calls him Servant—unto—Appius.—In the *Diſcourſe, &c.* § 29, I forgot to mention the *Rom. de la Roſe* as one of the ſources of this Tale, though upon examination I find that our Author has drawn more from thence than from either Gower or Livy.

And ſaide; Lord, if that it be your will,
As doth me right upon this pitous bill,
In which I plaine upon Virginius;
And if that he wol ſayn it is not thus
I wol it preve, and finden good witneſſe
That ſoth is that my bille wol expreſſe.
The juge anſwerd, Of this in his abſence
I may not yeve diffinitif ſentence.
Let don him call, and I wol gladly here:
Thou ſhalt have right and no wrong as now here.
Virginius came to wete the juges will,
And right anon was red this curſed bill;
The ſentence of it was as ye ſhul here.
To you my Lord Sire Appius ſo dere
Sheweth your poure ſervant Claudius
How that a knight called Virginius
Agein the lawe, agein all equitee,
Holdeth, expreſſe agein the will of me,
My ſervant which that is my thral by right,
Which from min hous was ſtolen on a night
While that ſhe was ful yong; I wol it preve
By witneſſe, Lord, ſo that it you not greve:
She n'is his doughter nought, what ſo he ſay;
Wherfore to you, my Lord the juge, I pray;
Yelde me my thral, if that it be your will.
Lo, this was all the ſentence of his bill.
Virginius gan upon the cherl behold;
But haſtily er he his tale told,

And wold han preved it as ſhuld a knight,
And eke by witneſſing of many a wight
That all was falſe that ſaid his adverſary,
This curſed juge wolde nothing tary,
Ne here a word more of Virginius,
But yave his jugement, and ſaide thus:
I deme anon this cherl his ſervant have;
Thou ſhalt no lenger in thin hous hire ſave;
Go bring hire forth, and put hire in our ward:
The cherl ſhal have his thral; thus I award.
And whan this worthy knight Virginius,
Thurgh ſentence of this juſtice Appius,
Muſte by force his dere doughter yeven
Unto the juge, in lecherie to liven,
He goth him home, and ſet him in his hall,
And let anon his dere doughter call;
And with a face ded as aſhen cold
Upon hire humble face he gan behold,
With fadres pitee ſtiking thurgh his herte,
Al wold he from his purpos not converte.
Doughter, quod he, Virginia by thy name,
Ther ben two waies, other deth or ſhame,
That thou muſt ſuffre, alas that I was bore!
For never thou deſervedeſt wherfore
To dien with a ſwerd or with a knif.
O dere doughter, ender of my lif!
Which I have foſtred up with ſwiche pleſance
That thou were never out of my remembrance;

O doughter! which that art my laſte wo,
And in my lif my laſte joye alſo;
O gemme of chaſtitee! in patience
Take thou thy deth, for this is my ſentence;
For love and not for hate thou muſt be ded;
My pitous hond muſt ſmiten of thin hed.
Alas that ever Appius thee ſay!
Thus hath he falſely juged thee to-day.
And told hire all the cas, as ye before
Han herd; it nedeth not to tell it more.
  O mercy, dere father! quod this maid.
And with that word ſhe both hire armes laid
About his necke, as ſhe was wont to do,
(The teres braſt out of hire eyen two)
And ſaid, O goode father! ſhal I die?
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedie?
  No certes, dere doughter min! quod he.
Than yeve me leiſer, father min, quod ſhe,
My deth for to complaine a litel ſpace;
For parde Jepte yave his doughter grace
For to complaine or he hire ſlow, alas!
And God it wot nothing was hire treſpas,

℣. 12159. *For love*] *Rom. de la R.* 5871.;

Car *par amour et ſans haine*
A ſa belle fille Virgine
Tantoſt a *la teſte coupee*,
Et puis *au Juge preſentee*
Devant tous *en plain Conſiſtoire*,
Et le Juge, ſelon l'hyſtoire,
Le commanda tantoſt a prendre——

See below, ver. 12190—3. The ſpeeches of Virginius and his daughter are of Chaucer's own invention.

But for ſhe ran hire father firſt to ſee,
To welcome him with gret ſolempnitee.
And with that word ſhe fell aſwoune anon,
And after, whan hire ſwouning was agon,
She riſeth up, and to hire father ſaid;
Bleſſed be God that I ſhal die a maid!
Yeve me my deth or that I have a ſhame:
Doth with your child your wille a Goddes name.
And with that word ſhe praied him ful oft
That with his ſwerd he wolde ſmite hire ſoft;
And with that word aſwoune again ſhe fell.
Hire father, with ful ſorweful herte and will,
Hire hed of ſmote, and by the top it hent,
And to the juge he gan it to preſent,
As he ſat yet in dome in conſiſtorie.
And whan the juge it ſaw, as ſaith the ſtorie,
He bad to take him and anhang him faſt:
But right anon a thouſand peple in thraſt
To ſave the knight for routh and for pitee,
For knowen was the falſe iniquitee.
The peple anon had ſuſpect in this thing,
By maner of the cherles chalenging,
That it was by the aſſent of Appius;
They wiſten wel that he was lecherous:
For which unto this Appius they gon,
And caſte him in a priſon right anon,
Whereas he ſlow himſelf; and Claudius,
That ſervant was unto this Appius,

Was demed for to hange upon a tree,
But that Virginius of his pitee
So prayed for him that he was exiled,
And elles certes had he ben begiled:
The remenant were anhanged, more and leſſe,
That were conſentant of this curſedneſſe.
  Here men may ſee how ſin hath his merite:
Beth ware, for no man wot whom God wol ſmite
In no degree, ne in which maner wiſe
The worme of conſcience may agriſe
Of wicked lif, though it ſo privee be
That no man wote therof ſauf God and he;
For be he lewed man or elles lered
He n'ot how ſone that he ſhal ben afered:
Therfore I rede you this conſeil take,
Forſaketh ſinne or ſinne you forſake.

THE PARDONERES PROLOGUE.

Our Hoſte gan to ſwere as he were wood,
Harrow! (quod he) by nailes and by blood
This was a falſe cherl and a falſe juſtice.
As ſhameful deth as herte can diviſe
Come to thiſe juges and hir advocas.
Algate this ſely maide is ſlain, alas!
Alas! to dere abought ſhe hire beautee;
Wherfore I ſay that al day man may ſee
That yeſtes of Fortune and of Nature
Ben cauſe of deth to many a creature.

Hire beautee was hire deth, I dare wel ſain:
Alas! ſo pitouſly as ſhe was ſlain.
Of bothe yeftes that I ſpeke of now
Men han ful often more for harm than prow.
 But trewely, min owen maiſter dere,
This was a pitous Tale for to here;
But natheles paſſe over is no force.
I pray to God to ſave thy gentil corps,
And eke thyn urinals and thy jordanes,
Thin Ypocras, and eke thy Galianes,
And every boiſt ful of thy letuarie
God bleſſe hem and our Lady Seinte Marie.
So mote I the thou art a propre man,
And like a prelat, by Seint Ronian.

℣. 12233. *Of bothe yeftes*] This line is reſtored from mſſ. C. 1, *HA*. It had been ſupplied in the common copies by the following;

But hereof wol I not proceed as now.

℣. 12236. *a pitous Tale*] This is the reading of two good mſſ. *A.* and *HA.* but I believe it to be a gloſs: the other copies read *erneful*, which is near the truth. It ſhould be *ermeful*. *Earme*, Sax. ſignifies miſer. Hence *earmelice*, *miſere*, *Chr. Sax.* 65, *earmthe*, *miſeria*, *ibid.* 141. And a little lower, ver. 12246, *to erme* is uſed for *to grieve*, as the Sax. *earmian* is, *Chr. Sax.* 183, 14.

℣. 12239. *thy jordanes*] This word is in *Walſingham*, p. 288; "Duæ ollæ, quas *Jordanes* vocamus, ad ejus collum colligan-"tur." This is part of the puniſhment of a pretended *phiſicus et aſtrologus* who had deceived the people by a falſe prediction. Hollinſhed calls them *two jorden pots*, p. 440.

℣. 12240. *Thin Ypocras*] *Ypocras* (or *Hippocras*) and *Galianes* ſhould both have been printed as proper names, with great initial letters. See the note on ver. 433.

Said I not wel? I cannot ſpeke in terme;
But wel I wot thou doſt min herte to erme,
That I have almoſt caught a cardiacle:
By *corpus Domini* but I have triacle,
Or elles a draught of moiſt and corny ale,
Or but I here anon a mery Tale,
Myn herte is loſt for pitee of this maid.
Thou *bel amy*, thou Pardoner, he ſaid,
Tel us ſom mirth of japes right anon.
It ſhal be don, quod he, by Seint Ronion.
But firſt (quod he) here at this ale-ſtake
I wol both drinke and biten on a cake.
But right anon thiſe gentiles gan to crie;
Nay, let him tell us of no ribaudrie:
Tell us ſom moral thing, that we mow lere
Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly here.
I graunte ywis, quod he; but I muſt thinke
Upon ſom honeſt thing while that I drinke.

ỽ. 12245. *Said I not wel*] All the beſt mſſ. agree in giving this phraſe to the Hoſt in this place. It muſt remind us of the ſimilar phraſe, *Said I wel?* which occurs ſo frequently in the mouth of Shakeſpeare's Hoſt of the Garter, and may be ſufficient, with the other circumſtances of general reſemblance, to make us believe that Shakeſpeare when he drew that character had not forgotten his Chaucer.

THE PARDONERES TALE.

Lordings, quod he, in chirche whan I preche
I peine me to have an hautein ſpeche,
And ring it out as round as goth a bell,
For I can all by rote that I tell.
My teme is alway on, and ever was,
Radix malorum eſt cupiditas.
First I pronounce whennes that I come,
And than my bulles ſhew I all and ſome:
Our liege lordes ſele on my patente
That ſhew I firſt, my body to warrente,
That no man be ſo bold, ne preeſt ne clerk,
Me to diſturbe of Criſtes holy werk:
And after that than tell I forth my tales.
Bulles of popes and of cardinales,
Of patriarkes and biſhoppes, I ſhewe,
And in Latin I ſpeke a wordes fewe
To ſaffron with my predication,
And for to ſtere men to devotion:

The Pardoneres Tale] A company of riotours conſpire to kill Death, who killeth them one after another. *Speght.*

ỿ. 12279. *To ſaffron*] So mſ. *A.* and ed. *Ca.* 2. I have preferred it to the common reading, *favor*, as more expreſſive, and leſs likely to have been a gloſs. *Saffron* was uſed to give colour as well as flavour.——The next lines are thus read in mſſ. *C.* 1, *Aſk.* 1, 2, *HA.*;

> In every village and in every toun
> This is my teme, and ſhal, and ever was,
> *Radix malorum eſt cupiditas.*
> Than ſhew I forth, &c.

And perhaps I ought to have followed them.

Than ſhew I forth my longe criſtal ſtones,
Ycrammed ful of cloutes and of bones;
Relikes they ben, as wenen they echon.
  Than have I in laton a ſhulder bone
Which that was of an holy Iewes ſhepe.
  Good men, ſay I, take of my wordes kepe:
If that this bone be waſhe in any well,
If cow, or calf, or ſhepe, or oxe, ſwell
That any worm hath ete, or worm yſtonge,
Take water of that well and waſh his tonge,
And it is hole anon: and forthermore,
Of pockes and of ſcab, and every ſore,
Shal every ſhepe be hole that of this well
Drinketh a draught: take kepe of that I tell.
  If that the good man that the beſtes oweth
Wol every weke, er that the cok him croweth,
Faſting ydrinken of this well a draught,
As thilke holy Jew our eldres taught,
His beſtes and his ſtore ſhal multiplie:
And, Sires, alſo it heleth jalouſie;
For though a man be falle in jalous rage,
Let maken with this water his potage,
And never ſhal he more his wif miſtriſt,
Though he the ſoth of hire defaute wiſt,
Al had ſhe taken preeſtes two or three.
  Here is a mitaine eke that ye may ſee:
He that his hand wol put in this mitaine
He ſhal have multiplying of his graine,

ỳ. 12297. *Faſting ydrinken*] The prepoſitive particle *y* has been added for the ſake of the metre.

Whan he hath ſowen, be it whete or otes,
So that he offer pens or elles grotes.
  And men and women, o thing warne I you;
If any wight be in this chirche now
That hath don ſinne horrible, ſo that he
Dare not for ſhame of it yſhriven be;
Or any woman, be ſhe yong or old,
That hath ymade hire huſbond cokewold,
Swiche folk ſhul han no power ne no grace
To offer to my relikes in this place:
And who ſo findeth him out of ſwiche blame
He wol come up and offer in Goddes name,
And I aſſoyle him by the auctoritee
Which that by bulle ygranted was to me.
  By this gaude have I wonnen yere by yere
An hundred mark ſin I was Pardonere.
I ſtonde like a clerk in my pulpet,
And whan the lewed peple is doun yſet
I preche ſo as ye han herd before,
And tell an hundred falſe japes more:
Than peine I me to ſtretchen forth my necke,
And eſt and weſt upon the peple I becke,
As doth a dove ſitting upon a berne:
Myn hondes and my tonge gon ſo yerne,
That it is joye to ſee my beſineſſe.
Of avarice and of ſwiche curſedneſſe
Is all my preching, for to make hem free
To yeve hir pens, and namely unto me;

For min entente is not but ſor to winne,
And nothing for correction of ſinne:
I recke never whan that they be beried
Though that hir ſoules gon a blake beried.
For certes many a predication
Cometh oft time of evil entention;
Som for pleſance of folk and flaterie,
To ben avanced by hypocriſie;
And ſom for vaine glorie, and ſom for hate:
For whan I dare non other wayes debate,
Than wol I ſting him with my tonge ſmerte
In preching, ſo that he ſhal not aſterte
To ben defamed falſely, if that he
Hath treſpaſed to my brethren or to me:
For though I telle not his propre name,
Men ſhal wel knowen that it is the ſame
By ſignes, and by other circumſtances.
Thus quite I folk that don us diſpleſances,
Thus ſpit I out my venime under hewe
Of holineſſe, to ſeme holy and trewe.
But ſhortly min entente I wol deviſe;
I preche of nothing but for covetiſe,
Therfore my teme is yet, and ever was,
Radix malorum eſt capiditas.

v. 12340. *gon a blake beried*] So all the mſſ. I think, except *Aſk.* 2, which reads *on blake be ryed.* Skinner explains *blakeberied* to mean "in nigras et inauſpicatas domos miſſus." I really cannot gueſs what it means.

v. 12341. *For certes*] See R. R ver. 5763.;
For oft gode *predicacioun*
Cometh of evil entencioun.

Thus can I preche again the ſame vice
Which that I uſe, and that is avarice.
But though myſelf be gilty in that ſinne,
Yet can I maken other folk to twinne
From avarice, and ſore hem to repente;
But that is not my principal entente:
I preche nothing but for covetiſe.
Of this matere it ought ynough ſuffiſe.
Than tell I hem enſamples many on
Of olde ſtories longe time agon,
For lewed peple loven tales olde;
Swiche thinges can they wel report and holde.
What? trowen ye that whiles I may preche
And winnen gold and ſilver for I teche,
That I wol live in poverte wilfully?
Nay, nay; I thought it never trewely:
For I wol preche and beg in ſondry londes,
I wol not do no labour with min hondes,
Ne make baſkettes for to live therby,
Becauſe I wol not beggen idelly.
I wol non of the apoſtles contrefete;
I wol have money, wolle, cheſe, and whete,
Al were it yeven of the poureſt page,
Or of the poureſt widewe in a village,
Al ſhulde hire children ſterven for famine:
Nay, I wol drinke the licour of the vine,
And have a joly wenche in every toun.
But herkeneth, Lordings, in concluſioun,

Your liking is that I ſhal tell a Tale.
Now I have dronke a draught of corny ale,
By God I hope I ſhal you tell a thing
That ſhal by reſon ben at your liking;
For though myſelf be a ful vicious man,
A moral Tale yet I you tellen can,
Which I am wont to prechen for to winne.
Now hold your pees, my Tale I wol beginne.

In Flandres whilom was a compagnie
Of yonge folk that haunteden folie,
As haſard, riot, ſtewes, and tavernes,
Wheras with harpes, lutes, and giternes,
They dance and plaie at dis bothe day and night,
And ete alſo and drinke over hir might,
Thurgh which they don the devil ſacrifice,
Within the devils temple, in curſed wiſe,
By ſuperfluitee abhominable.
Hir othes ben ſo gret and ſo damnable
That it is griſly for to here hem ſwere.
Our bliſful Lordes body they to-tere;
Hem thought the Jewes rent him not ynough;
And eche of hem at others ſinne lough.

And right anon in comen tombeſteres
Fetis and ſmale, and yonge fruiteſteres,

℣. 12409. *Hem thought the Jewes*] The ſame thought is repeated in The Perſones Tale.

℣. 12411. *tombeſteres*] Women-dancers, from the Sax. *tumban*, to dance. He uſes the word again in *The Teſt. of Lov.* b. 2. The editt. read *tombleſteres*, which is a later word, formed (like our *tumbler*) from *tumbelan*, the frequentative of *tumban*.—

Singers with harpes, baudes, wafereres,
Which ben the veray devils officeres,
To kindle and blow the fire of lecherie,
That is annexed unto glotonie.
The holy writ take I to my witneſſe
That luxurie is in wine and dronkeneſſe.
  Lo, how that dronken Loth unkindely
Lay by his daughters two unwetingly;
So dronke he was he n'iſte what he wrought.
  Herodes, who ſo wel the ſtories ſought,
Whan he of wine replete was at his feſte,
Right at his owen table he yave his heſte
To ſleen the Baptiſt John ful gilteles.
  Seneca ſaith a good word douteles;
He ſaith he can no difference find
Betwix a man that is out of his mind
And a man whiche that is dronkelew;
But that woodneſſe, yfallen in a ſhrew,
Perſevereth lenger than doth dronkeneſſe.
  O glotonie! full of curſedneſſe,
O cauſe firſt of our confuſion!
O original of our damnation!

With reſpect to the termination in *ſtere*, ſee the note on ver. 2019; and in the next line *fruiteſteres* are to be underſtood to be female ſellers of fruit.

℣. 12417. *The holy writ*] In marg. *C.* 1.; "Nolite inebriari "vino, in quo eſt luxuria."

℣. 12426. *Seneca*] Perhaps he refers to Epiſt. 83.; "Extende "in plures dies illum ebrii habitum: nunquid de furore dubi-"tabis? nunc quoque non eſt minor ſed brevior."

Til Criſt had bought us with his blood again:
Loketh how dere, ſhortly for to ſain,
Abought was thilke curſed vilanie:
Corrupt was all this world for glotonie.
  Adam our father, and his wif alſo,
Fro Paradis to labour and to wo
Were driven for that vice, it is no drede;
For while that Adam faſted, as I rede,
He was in Paradis, and whan that he
Ete of the fruit defended on a tree
Anon he was out caſt to wo and peine.
O glotonie! on thee wel ought us plaine.
  O! wiſt a man how many maladies
Folwen of exceſſe and of glotonies,
He wolde ben the more meſurable
Of his diete, ſitting at his table.
Alas! the ſhorte throte, the tendre mouth,
Maketh that eſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
In erthe, in air, in water, men to-ſwinke
To gete a gloton deintee mete and drinke.
Of this matere, O Poule! wel canſt thou trete:
Mete unto wombe, and wombe eke unto mete,
Shal God deſtroien bothe, as Paulus ſaith.
Alas! a foule thing is it by my faith,

ꝟ. 12442. *For while that Adam*] At this line the margin of mſ. *C.* 1, quotes *Hieronym.* c. *Jovinian.*; "Quam diu jejunavit "*Adam* in Paradiſo fuit. Comedit et ejectus eſt. Statim duxit "uxorem."

ꝟ. 12456. *Mete unto wombe*] In marg. *C.* 1.; "Eſca ven-"tri," &c.

To ſay this word, and fouler is the dede,
Whan man ſo drinketh of the white and rede
That of his throte he maketh his privee
Thurgh thilke curſed ſuperfluitee.
The apoſtle ſaith weping ful pitouſly,
Ther walken many of which you told have I;
I ſay it now weping with pitous vois
That they ben enemies of Criſtes crois,
Of whiche the end is deth; womb is hir God:
O wombe, o belley! ſtinking is thy cod,
Fulfilled of dong and of corruptioun;
At either end of thee foule is the ſoun.
How gret labour and coſt is thee to find!
Thiſe cokes how they ſtamp, and ſtrein, and grind,
And turnen ſubſtance into accident,
To fulfill all thy likerous talent!
Out of the hardy bones knocken they
The mary, for they caſten nought away
That may go thurgh the gullet ſoft and ſote:
Of ſpicerie, of leef, of barke, and rote,
Shal ben his ſauſe ymaked, by delit
To make him yet a newer appetit:
But certes he that haunteth ſwiche delices
Is ded while that he liveth in tho vices.

℣. 12463. *The apoſtle ſaith*] *Philippians* iii. 18.

℣. 12468. *ſtinking is thy cod*] So mſ. *C.*; or we may read, with mſ. *B.* δ. *o foule ſtinking cod.*

℣. 12471. *to find*] To ſupply: ſo ver. 14835.;

She *found* hirſelf and eke hire doughtren two.

See alſo *P. P.* fol. 80.;

For a frend that *findeth* him faileth him never at nede.

A lecherous thing is wine, and dronkeneſſe
Is ful of ſtriving and of wretchedneſſe.
O dronken man! disfigured is thy face,
Sour is thy breth, foul art thou to enbrace,
And thurgh thy dronken noſe ſemeth the ſoun
As though thou ſaideſt ay Sampſoun! Sampſoun!
And yet, God wot, Sampſoun dronk never no wine:
Thou faleſt as it were a ſtiked ſwine;
Thy tonge is loſt, and all thin honeſt cure,
For dronkeneſſe is veray ſepulture
Of mannes wit and his diſcretion.
In whom that drinke hath domination
He can no conſeil kepe, it is no drede.
Now kepe you fro the white and fro the rede,
And namely fro the white wine of Lepe,
That is to ſell in Fiſhſtrete and in Chepe.
This wine of Spaigne crepeth ſubtilly
In other wines growing faſte by,

℣. 12497. *the white wine of Lepe*] According to the geographers Lepe was not far from Cadiz. This wine, of whatever ſort it may have been, was probably much ſtronger than the Gaſcon wines uſually drunk in England. La Rochelle and Bourdeaux, [ver. 12505,] the two chief ports of Gaſcony, were both in Chaucer's time part of the Engliſh dominions.—Spaniſh wines might alſo be more alluring upon account of their greater rarity. Among the orders of the royal houſehold, in 1604, is the following; [mſ. *Harl.* 293, fol. 162.] "And whereas in tymes paſt Spaniſh wines, called Sacke, were little or noe whit uſed in our courte, and that in later years, though not of ordinary allowance, it was thought convenient that noblemen, &c. might have a boule or glaſs, &c. We underſtanding that it is now uſed as common drinke, &c. reduce the allowance to xii gallons a day for the court," &c.

Of which ther riſeth ſwiche fumoſitee,
That whan a man hath dronken draughtes three,
And weneth that he be at home in Chepe,
He is in Spaigne, right at the toun of Lepe,
Not at the Rochell, ne at Burdeux toun,
And thanne wol he ſay Sampſoun! Sampſoun!
  But herkeneth, Lordings, o word, I you pray,
That all the ſoveraine actes, dare I ſay,
Of victories in the Olde Teſtament,
Thurgh veray God that is omnipotent,
Were don in abſtinence and in prayere;
Loketh the Bible, and ther ye mow it lere.
  Loke, Attila the grete conquerour
Died in his ſlepe with ſhame and diſhonour,
Bleding ay at his noſe in dronkeneſſe:
A capitaine ſhulde live in ſobreneſſe.
  And over all this aviſeth you right wel
What was commanded unto Lamuel;
Not Samuel, but Lamuel, ſay I.
Redeth the Bible, and find it expreſly
Of wine yeving to hem that have juſtice.
No more of this, for it may wel ſuffice.
  And now that I have ſpoke of glotonie,
Now wol I you defenden haſardrie.
Haſard is veray moder of leſinges,
And of deceite and curſed forſweringes,
Blaſpheming of Criſt, manſlaughter, and waſt alſo
Of catel, and of time; and forthermo

℣. 12520. *Redeth the Bible*] *Proverbs* xxxi. 4.

It is repreve, and contrary of honour
For to ben hold a commun haſardour,
And ever the higher he is of eſtat
The more he is holden deſolat.
If that a prince uſeth haſarderie,
In alle governance and policie
He is, as by commun opinion,
Yhold the leſſe in reputation.

Stilbon, that was a wiſe embaſſadour,
Was ſent to Corinth with ful gret honour
Fro Calidone, to maken hem alliance;
And whan he came he happed him *par chance*
That all the grèteſt that were of that lond
Yplaying atte haſard he hem fond;
For which, as ſone as that it mighte be,
He ſtale him home agein to his contree,

℣. 12537. *Stilbon*] John of Saliſbury (from whom our Author probably took this ſtory and the following) calls him *Chilon. Polycrat.* l. 1. c. 5.; "*Chilon* Lacedæmonius, jungendæ "ſocietatis cauſâ miſſus Corinthum, duces et ſeniores populi "ludentes invenit in aleâ. Infecto itaque negotio reverſus "eſt," &c. Accordingly in ver. 12539, mſ. *C.* 1, reads very rightly *Lacedomye* inſtead of *Calidone*, the common reading. Our Author has uſed before *Lacedomie* for *Lacedæmon*, ver. 11692.

℣. 12542. *Yplaying atte haſard*] I have added the prepoſitive *y* for the ſake of the metre. *Atte* is a diſſyllable. It was originally *atten*, and is ſo uſed by *R. G.* p. 379, 431. It has been frequently corrupted into *at the*; but in Chaucer it may (and I think ſhould) almoſt every where be reſtored. See ver. 125, 3934, 4303, where ſome mſſ. have preſerved the true readings—*atte* Bowe; *atte* full.

And ſayde ther, I wol not leſe my name,
Ne wol not take on me ſo gret defame,
You for to allie unto non haſardours:
Sendeth ſom other wiſe embaſſadours,
For by my trouthe me were lever die
Than I you ſhuld to hasardours allie;
For ye, that ben ſo glorious in honours,
Shal not allie you to non haſardours,
As by my wille, ne as by my tretee.
This wiſe philoſophre thus ſayd he.
Loke eke how to the King Demetrius
The King of Parthes, as the book ſayth us,
Sent him a pair of dis of gold in ſcorne,
For he had uſed haſard therbeforne,
For which he held his glory and his renoun
At no value or reputatioun.
Lordes may finden other maner play
Honeſt ynough to drive the day away.
Now wol I ſpeke of othes falſe and grete
A word or two, as olde bookes trete.
Gret ſwering is a thing abhominable,
And falſe ſwering is yet more reprevable.
The highe God forbad ſwering at al,
Witneſſe on Mathew; but in ſpecial
Of ſwering ſayth the holy Jeremie,
Thou ſhalt ſwere ſoth thin othes, and not lie,
And ſwere in dome, and eke in rightwiſneſſe,
But idel ſwering is a curſedneſſe.

Behold and ſee that in the firſte table
Of highe Goddes heſtes honourable
How that the ſecond heſt of him is this,
Take not my name in idel or amis.
Lo, rather he forbedeth ſwiche ſwering
Than homicide or many an other thing.
I ſay that as by ordre thus it ſtondeth,
This knoweth he that his heſtes underſtondeth
How that the ſecond heſt of God is that:
And forthermore, I wol thee tell all plat
That vengeance ſhal not parten from his hous
That of his othes is outrageous.
By Goddes precious herte, and by his nailes,
And by the blood of Criſt that is in Hailes,
Seven is my chance, and thin is cink and treye:
By Goddes armes if thou falſly pleye

℣. 12585. *his nailes*] *i. e.* with which he was nailed to the croſs. Sir J. Mandeville, c. vii.; "And thereby in the walle is "the place where the 4 *nayles* of our Lord weren hidd, for he "had 2 in his hondes and 2 in his feet; and of one of theiſe the "Emperour of Coſtantynoble made a brydille to his hors, to "bere him in bataylle, and thorgh vertue thereof he over-"came his enemies," &c. He had ſaid before, c. ii. that "On "of the *nayles* that Criſt was naylled with on the croſs" was at Coſtantynoble, and "on in France in the kinges chapele."

℣. 12586. *the blood—in Hailes*] The Abbey of *Hailes*, in Glouceſterſhire was founded by Richard King of the Romans, brother to Henry III. This precious relick, which was afterwards commonly called "the blood of *Hailes*," was brought out of Germany by the ſon of Richard, Edmund, who beſtowed a third part of it upon his father's Abbey of *Hailes*, and ſome time after gave the other two parts to an abbey of his own foundation at Aſhrug near Berkhamſted. *Hollingſh.* v. ii. p. 275.

This dagger ſhal thurghout thin herte go.
This fruit cometh of the bicchel bones two,
Forſwering, ire, falſeneſſe, and homicide.
  Now for the love of Criſt, that for us dide,
Leteth your othes both gret and ſmale.
But, Sires, now wol I tell you forth my Tale.
  Thiſe riotoures three of which I tell,
Long erſt or prime rong of any bell,
Were ſet hem in a taverne for to drinke,
And as they ſat they herd a belle clinke
Beforn a corps was caried to his grave;
That on of hem gan callen to his knave,
Go bet, quod he, and axe redily
What corps is this that paſſeth here forth by,

ỽ. 12590. *the bicchel bones two*] The common reading is *thilke* bones. The alteration which I have ventured to make is not authorized entirely by any mſ. but in part by ſeveral: mſ. *A.* reads *bichet*; *C.* 1, *the becched*; *HA.* and *H. the bicched.*; *C. B.* β. *Nc.* ed. *Ca.* 1, *the bicchid*; *B.* α. *the bicche*; ed. *Ca.* 2, *the bitched*. *Bickel*, as explained by Kilian, is *talus, ovilius et luſorius*, and *bickelen, talis ludere*. See alſo *Had. Junii Nomencl.* n. 213. Our dice indeed are the ancient *tesseræ*, (κυβοι) not *tali*, (αστραγαλοι) but both being games of hazard the implements of one might be eaſily attributed to the other. It ſhould ſeem from *Junius, loc. cit.* that the Germans had preſerved the cuſtom of playing with the natural bones, as they have different names for a game with *tali ovilli*, and another with *tali bubuli*.

ỽ. 12601. *Go bet*] The ſame phraſe is uſed in *Leg. of G. W. Dido*, 288.;

> The herd of hartes founden is anon,
> With hey *go bet*, pricke thou, let gon, let gon——

where it ſeems to be a term of the chaſe.

And loke that thou report his name wel.
Sire, quod this boy, it nedeth never a del;
It was me told or ye came here two houres;
He was parde an old felaw of youres,
And fodenly he was yflain to-night,
Fordronke as he fat on his benche upright;
Ther came a privee theef men clepen Deth,
That in this contree all the peple fleth,
And with his fpere he fmote his herte atwo,
And went his way withouten wordes mo.
He hath a thoufand flain this peftilence;
And, maifter, or ye come in his prefence
Me thinketh that it were ful neceffarie
For to beware of fwiche an adverfarie:
Beth redy for to mete him evermore;
Thus taughte me my dame; I fay no more.
By Seinte Marie, fayd this tavernere,
The child fayth foth, for he hath flain this yere,
Hens over a mile, within a gret village,
Both man and woman, child, and hyne and page;
I trowe his habitation be there:
To ben avifed gret wifdome it were
Or that he did a man a difhonour.
Ye, Goddes armes, quod this riotour,
Is it fwiche peril with him for to mete?
I fhal him feke by ftile and eke by ftrete,
I make a vow by Goddes digne bones.
Herkeneth, felawes, we three ben alle ones;

Let eche of us hold up his hond to other,
And eche of us becomen others brother,
And we wol slen this false traitour Deth:
He shal be slain, he that so many sleth,
By Goddes dignitee, or it be night.
   Togeder han thise three hir trouthes plight
To live and dien eche of hem for other,
As though he were his owen boren brother.
And up they stert al dronken in this rage,
And forth they gon towardes that village
Of which the taverner had spoke beforn,
And many a grisly oth than have they sworn,
And Cristes blessed body they to-rent,
Deth shal be ded, if that we may him hent.
   Whan they han gon not fully half a mile,
Right as they wold han troden over a stile,
An olde man and a poure with hem mette:
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
And sayde thus; Now, Lordes, God you see!
   The proudest of thise riotoures three
Answerd agen; What? cherl, with sory grace,
Why art thou all forwrapped save thy face?
Why livest thou so longe in so gret age?
   This olde man gan loke in his visage,
And sayde thus; For I ne cannot finde
A man, though that I walked into Inde,
Neither in citee ne in no village,
That wolde change his youthe for min age;

And therfore mote I han min age ftill
As longe time as it is Goddes will.
Ne Deth, alas! ne wil not han my lif:
Thus walke I like a refteles caitif,
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knocke with my ftaf erlich and late,
And fay to hire, Leve mother, let me in.
Lo, how I vanifh, flefh, and blood, and fkin.
Alas! whan fhul my bones ben at refte?
Mother, with you wold I changen my chefte,
That in my chambre longe time hath be,
Ye, for an heren clout to wrap in me.
But yet to me fhe wol not don that grace,
For which ful pale and welked is my face.
But, Sires, to you it is no curtefie
To fpeke unto an olde man vilanie,
But he trefpafe in word or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye moun yourfelven rede
Ageins an olde man hore upon his hede
Ye fhuld arife: therfore I yeve you rede
Ne doth unto an olde man non harm now,
No more than that ye wold a man did you
In age, if that ye may fo long abide;
And God be with you wher ye go or ride:
I mofte go thider as I have to go.
Nay, olde cherl, by God thou fhalt not fo,
Sayde this other hafardour anon;
Thou parteft not fo lightly, by Seint John.

Thou ſpake right now of thilke traitour Deth,
That in this contree all our frendes ſleth;
Have here my trouth, as thou art his eſpie,
Tell wher he is, or thou ſhalt it abie
By God and by the holy ſacrement,
For ſothly thou art on of his aſſent
To ſlen us yonge folk, thou falſe theſe.
Now, Sires, quod he, if it be you ſo leſe
To finden Deth, tourne up this croked way,
For in that grove I left him by my fay
Under a tree, and ther he wol abide,
Ne for your boſt he wol him nothing hide.
Se ye that oke? right ther ye ſhuln him find.
God ſave you that bought agen mankind,
And you amende! Thus ſayd this olde man.
And everich of thiſe riotoures ran
Til they came to the tree, and ther they found
Of Floreins fine of gold ycoined round
Wel nigh an eighte buſhels, as hem thought:
No lenger than after Dethe they ſought,
But eche of hem ſo glad was of the ſight,
For that the Floreins ben ſo faire and bright,
That doun they ſette hem by the precious hord;
The werſte of hem he ſpake the firſte word.
Brethren, quod he, take kepe what I ſhal ſay;
My wit is gret though that I bourde and play.
This treſour hath Fortune unto us yeven,
In mirth and jolitee our lif to liven,

And lightly as it cometh ſo wol we ſpend.
Ey, Goddes precious dignitee! who wend
To-day that we ſhuld han ſo faire a grace?
But might this gold be caried fro this place
Home to myn hous, or elles unto youres,
(For wel I wote that all this gold is oures)
Thanne were we in high felicitee;
But trewely by day it may not be,
Men wolden ſay that we were theeves ſtrong,
And for our owen treſour don us hong.
This treſour muſt ycaried be by night
As wiſely and as ſleighly as it might;
Wherfore I rede that cut among us alle
We drawe, and let ſee wher the cut wol falle;
And he that hath the cut, with herte blith,
Shal rennen to the toun, and that ful ſwith,
And bring us bred and win ful prively;
And two of us ſhal kepen ſubtilly
This treſour wel; and if he wol not tarien,
Whan it is night we wol this treſour carien
By on aſſent wher as us thinketh beſt.
  That on of hem the cut brought in his feſt,
And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it wold falle,
And it fell on the yongeſt of hem alle,
And forth toward the toun he went anon:
And al ſo ſone as that he was agon
That on of hem ſpake thus unto that other:
Thou woteſt wel thou art my ſworen brother,

Thy profite wol I tell thee right anon.
Thou woſt wel that our ſelaw is agon,
And here is gold, and that ful gret plentee,
That ſhal departed ben among us three;
But natheles, if I can ſhape it ſo
That it departed were among us two
Had I not don a frendes turn to thee?
That other anſwerd, I n'ot how that may be:
He wote wel that the gold is with us tweye.
What ſhuln we don? what ſhuln we to him ſeye?
Shal it be conſeil? ſayd the firſte ſhrewe,
And I ſhal tellen thee in wordes fewe
What we ſhul don, and bring it wel aboute.
I grante, quod that other, out of doute,
That by my trouth I wol thee not bewreie.
Now, quod the firſt, thou woſt wel we ben tweie,
And tweie of us ſhul ſtrenger be than on.
Loke, whan that he is ſet thou right anon
Ariſe, as though thou woldeſt with him play,
And I ſhal rive him thurgh the ſides tway
While that thou ſtrogleſt with him as in game,
And with thy dagger loke thou do the ſame;
And than ſhal all this gold departed be,
My dere frend! betwixen thee and me;
Than moun we bothe our luſtes al fulfille,
And play at dis right at our owen wille.
And thus accorded ben thiſe ſhrewes tweye
To ſlen the thridde, as ye han herd me ſeye.

This yongeſt, which that wente to the toun,
Ful oft in herte he rolleth up and doun
The beautee of thiſe Floreins newe and bright.
O Lord! quod he, if ſo were that I might
Have all this treſour to myſelf alone,
Ther n'is no man that liveth under the trone
Of God that ſhulde live ſo mery as I.
And at the laſt the fend our enemy
Putte in his thought that he ſhuld poiſon beye,
With which he mighte ſlen his felaws tweye:
For why? the fend fond him in ſwiche living
That he had leve to forwe him to bring;
For this was outrely his ful entente,
To ſlen hem both and never to repente.
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he tary,
Into the toun unto a potecary,
And praied him that he him wolde ſell
Som poiſon, that he might his ratouns quell;
And eke ther was a polkat in his hawe
That, as he ſayd, his capons had yſlawe:
And fayn he wolde him wreken, if he might,
Of vermine that deſtroied hem by night.
The potecary anſwerd, Thou ſhalt have
A thing, as wiſly God my ſoule ſave,
In all this world ther n'is no creature
That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,
Not but the mountance of a corne of whete,
That he ne ſhal his lif anon forlete,

Ye, fterve he fhal, and that in leffe while
Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile;
This poifon is fo ftrong and violent.
This curfed man hath in his hond yhent
This poifon in a box, and fwithe he ran
Into the nexte ftrete unto a man,
And borwed of him large botelles three,
And in the two the poifon poured he;
The thridde he kepte clene for his drinke,
For all the night he fhope him for to fwinke
In carying of the gold out of that place.
And whan this riotour with fory grace
Hath filled with win his grete botelles three
To his felawes agen repaireth he.
What nedeth it therof to fermon more?
For right as they had caft his deth before
Right fo they han him flain, and that anon.
And whan that this was don thus fpake that on;
Now let us fit and drinke, and make us mery,
And afterward we wiln his body bery.
And with that word it happed him *par cas*
To take the botelle ther the poifon was,
And dronke, and yave his felaw drinke alfo,
For which anon they ftorven bothe two.
But certes I fuppofe that Avicenne
Wrote never in no canon ne in no fenne
Mo wonder fignes of empoifoning
Than had thife wretches two or hir ending.

Thus ended ben thise homicides two,
And eke the false empoisoner also.
O cursednesse of alle cursednesse!
O traitours homicide! o wickednesse!
O glotonie, luxurie, and hasardrie!
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vilanie
And othes grete of usage and of pride!
Alas! mankinde, how may it betide
That to thy Creatour, which that thee wrought,
And with his precious herte-blood thee bought,
Thou art so false and so unkind? alas!
Now, good men, God foryeve you your trespas,
And ware you fro the sinne of avarice.
Min holy pardon may you all warice,
So that ye offre nobles or starlinges,
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes.
Boweth your hed under this holy bulle.
Cometh up, ye wives, and offreth of your wolle;
Your names I entre here in my roll anon;
Into the blisse of heven shul ye gon:
I you assoile by min high powere,
You that wiln offre, as clene and eke as clere
As ye were borne. Lo, Sires, thus I preche;
And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
So graunte you his pardon to receive,
For that is best, I wol you not deceive.
But, Sires, o word forgate I in my Tale;
I have relikes and pardon in my male

As faire as any man in Englelond,
Which were me yeven by the Popes hond.
If any of you wol of devotion
Offren, and han min abſolution,
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth here adoun,
And mekely receiveth my pardoun;
Or elles taketh pardon as ye wende,
Al newe and freſhe at every tounes ende,
So that ye offren alway newe and newe
Nobles or pens which that ben good and trewe.
It is an honour to everich that is here
That ye moun have a ſuffiſant Pardonere
To aſſoilen you in contree as ye ride
For aventures which that moun betide.
Paraventure ther may falle on or two
Doun of his hors, and breke his necke atwo.
Loke, which a ſeurtee is it to you alle
That I am in your felawſhip yfalle,
That may aſſoile you both more and laſſe,
Whan that the ſoule ſhal fro the body paſſe.
I rede that our Hoſte ſhal beginne,
For he is moſt envoluped in ſinne.
Come forth, Sire Hoſte, and offre firſt anon,
And thou ſhalt kiſſe the relikes everich on,
Ye for a grote: unbokel anon thy purſe.
  Nay, nay, quod he; than have I Criſtes curſe.
Let be, quod he; it ſhal not be, ſo the ich.
Thou woldeſt make me kiſſe thin olde brech,

And ſwere it were a relike of a ſeint,
Though it were with thy foundement depeint:
But by the crois which that Seint Heleine fond
I wolde I had thin coilons in min hond
Inſtede of relikes or of ſeintuarie.
Let cut hem of, I wol thee help hem carie:
They ſhul be ſhrined in an hogges tord.
This Pardoner anſwered not a word;
So wroth he was no worde ne wolde he ſay.
Now, quod our Hoſte, I wol no lenger play
With thee, ne with non other angry man.
But right anon the worthy knight began,
(Whan that he ſaw that all the peple lough)
No more of this, for it is right ynough.
Sire Pardoner, be mery and glad of chere;
And ye, Sire Hoſte, that ben to me ſo dere,
I pray you that ye kiſſe the Pardoner;
And, Pardoner, I pray thee draw thee ner,
And as we diden let us laugh and play.
Anon they kiſſed, and riden forth hir way.

℣. 12885. *Seint Heleine*] Sir John Mandeville, c. vii. p. 93; "And nyghe that awtier is a place undre erthe, 42 degrees of "depeneſſe, where the holy croys was founden be the wytt of "*Seynte Elyne*, undir a roche, where the Jewes had hidde it; "and that was the veray croys aſſayed; for they founden 3 "croſſes, on of oure Lord, and 2 of the 2 theves: and *Seynte* "*Elyne* proved hem on a ded body, that aros from dethe to "lyve, whan that it was leyd on it that oure Lord dyed on." See alſo c. ii. p. 15.

THE SHIPMANNES PROLOGUE.

OUR Hoſte upon his ſtirrops ſtode anon,
And ſaide, Good men, herkeneth everich on,
This was a thrifty Tale for the nones.
Sire Pariſh Preeſt, quod he, for Goddes bones
Tell us a Tale, as was thy forward yore;
I ſee wel that ye lerned men in lore
Can mochel good, by Goddes dignitee.
The Perſon him anſwerd, *Benedicite!*
What eileth the man ſo ſinfully to ſwere?
Our Hoſte anſwerd, O Jankin! be ye there?
Now good men, quod our Hoſte, herkneth to me;
I ſmell a Loller in the wind, quod he:
Abideth for Goddes digne paſſion,
For we ſhul han a predication:
This Loller here wol prechen us ſomwhat.
Nay, by my fathers ſoule, that ſhal he nat,
Sayde the Shipman; here ſhal he nat preche;
He ſhal no goſpel gloſen here ne teche.

ỽ. 12914. *I ſmell a Loller*] This is in character, as appears from a treatiſe of the time, *Harl. Catal.* n. 1666.; "Now in Engelond it is a comun protectioun ayens perſecutioun—if a man is cuſtomable to ſwere nedeles, and fals, and unaviſed, by the bones, nailes, and ſides, and other membres of Criſt.—And to abſteyne fro othes nedeles and unleful—and repreve ſinne by way of charite, is mater and cauſe now why prelates and ſum lordes ſclaundren men, and clepen hem *Lollardes*, *Eretikes*," &c.

ỽ. 12919. *Sayde the Shipman*] So mſ. *B. δ.* the *one* mſ. (as I have ſaid in the *Diſcourſe*, &c. § 31,) which countenances the

We leven all in the gret God, quod he:
He wolde ſowen ſom difficultee,
Or ſpringen cockle in our clene corne;
And therfore Hoſte, I warne thee beforne
My joly body ſhal a Tale telle,
And I ſhal clinken you ſo mery a belle
That I ſhal waken all this compagnie;
But it ſhal not ben of philoſophie,
Ne of phyſike, ne termes queinte of lawe:
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe.

THE SHIPMANNES TALE.

A Marchant whilom dwelled at Seint Deniſe
That riche was, for which men held him wiſe:
A wif he had of excellent beautee,
And compaignable and revelous was ſhe,

giving of this Prologue to the Shipman. In mſſ. *C.* and *D.* this paſſage is given to the Somptnour, but not by way of Prologue to his Tale. In *C.* it is followed by The Wife of Bathes Prologue, and in *D.* by the Prologue which in this edit. is prefixed to The Squieres Tale.——When theſe diverſities are conſidered, and alſo that the whole paſſage is wanting in the five beſt mſſ. it may perhaps appear not improbable that theſe twenty eight lines, though compoſed by Chaucer, had not been inſerted by him in the body of his Work, that they were therefore omitted in the firſt copies, and were afterwards injudiciouſly prefixed to The Squieres Tale when the true Prologue of that Tale, as printed above, was become unſuitable, by reaſon of the Tale itſelf being removed out of its proper place.

℣. 12923. *ſpringen cockle*] This ſeems to allude to *Loller* as derived from *lolium*; but *Du Cange*, in v. *Lollardus*, rather ſuppoſes that *Lollard* was a word of German original, ſignifying *muſſitator*, a mumbler of prayers. See alſo *Kilian*, in v. *Lolaerd*.

The Shipmannes Tale] A marchant of St. Deniſe is couſined

Which is a thing that cauſeth more diſpence
Than worth is all the chere and reverence
That men hem don at feſtes and at dances:
Swiche ſalutations and contenances
Paſſen as doth a ſhadwe upon the wal;
But wo is him that payen mote for all.
The ſely huſbond algate he mote pay,
He mote us clothe and he mote us array
All for his owen worſhip richely,
In which array we dancen jolily:
And if that he may not paraventure,
Or elles luſt not ſwiche diſpence endure,
But thinketh it is waſted and yloſt,
Than mote another payen for our coſt,
Or lene us gold, and that is perilous.
  This noble marchant held a worthy hous,
For which he had all day ſo gret repaire
For his largeſſe, and for his wif was faire,
That wonder is. But herkeneth to my Tale.
  Amonges all thiſe geſtes gret and ſmale
There was a monk, a faire man and a bold,
I trow a thritty winter he was old,
That ever in on was drawing to that place.
This yonge monk, that was ſo faire of face,

by his owne wife, and by a monke called Dan John. This Argument is taken out of Bochas and his Novels. *Speght.*

℣. 12942. *He mote us clothe*] In ed. *Urr.* it is *them*; but all the mſſ. that I have ſeen read *us*, which would lead one to ſuſpect that this Tale was originally intended for a female character.

Acquainted was ſo with this goode man,
Sithen that hir firſte knowlege began,
That in his hous as familier was he
As it poſſible is any frend to be.
And for as mochel as this goode man
And eke this monk of which that I began
Were bothe two yborne in o village,
The monk him claimeth as for coſinage,
And he again him ſayd not ones nay,
But was as glad therof as foule of day,
For to his herte it was a gret pleſance.
Thus ben they knit with eterne alliance,
And eche of hem gan other for to enſure
Of brotherhed while that hir lif may dure.
Free was Dan John, and namely of diſpence,
As in that hous, and ful of diligence
To don pleſance, and alſo gret coſtage:
He not forgate to yeve the leſte page
In all that hous, but after hir degree
He yave the lord and ſithen his meinee,
Whan that he came, ſom maner honeſt thing,
For which they were as glad of his coming
As foule is fayn whan that the ſonne up riſeth.
No more of this as now, for it ſuffiſeth.
But ſo befell this marchant on a day
Shope him to maken redy his array
Toward the toun of Brugges for to fare,
To byen ther a portion of ware,

For which he hath to Paris sent anon
A messager, and praied hath Dan John
That he shuld come to Seint Denis, and pleie
With him and with his wif a day or tweie,
Or he to Brugges went, in alle wise.
  This noble monk, of which I you devise,
Hath of his abbot as him list licence,
(Because he was a man of high prudence,
And eke an officer out for to ride
To seen hir granges and hir bernes wide)
And unto Seint Denis he cometh anon.
  Who was so welcome as my Lord Dan John,
Our dere cousin, ful of curtesie?
With him he brought a jubbe of Malvesie,
And eke another ful of fine Vernage,
And volatile, as ay was his usage.
And thus I let hem ete, and drinke, and pleye,
This marchant and this monk, a day or tweye.
  The thridde day this marchant up ariseth,
And on his nedes sadly him aviseth,
And up into his countour hous goth he,
To reken with himselven, wel may be,
Of thilke yere how that it with him stood,
And how that he dispended had his good,
And if that he encresed were or non.
His bookes and his bagges many on

ỽ. 13000. *Malvesie*] See the note on ver. 9681.

He layth beforn him on his counting bord.
Ful riche was his treſour and his hord,
For which ful faſt his countour dore he ſhet,
And eke he n'olde no man ſhuld him let
Of his accountes for the mene time;
And thus he ſit til it was paſſed prime.
   Dan John was riſen in the morwe alſo,
And in the gardin walketh to and fro,
And hath his thinges ſayd ful curteiſly.
   This goode wif came walking prively
Into the gardin ther he walketh ſoft,
And him ſalueth, as ſhe hath don oft:
A maiden child came in hire compagnie,
Which as hire luſt ſhe may governe and gie,
For yet under the yerde was the maide.
   O dere coſin min! Dan John, ſhe ſaide,
What aileth you ſo rathe for to ariſe?
   Nece, quod he, it ought ynough ſuffiſe
Five houres for to ſlepe upon a night,
But it were for an olde appalled wight,

℣. 13027. *under the yerde*] This was properly ſaid of children. Mſ. *Bod. Jun. 66. Monachicum Colloquium*, Sax. Lat. p. 15.;

Mag. *Quid manducas in die?*
Hwæt ytſt thu on dæg?
Diſ. *Adhuc carnibus veſcor,*
Gyt flæſcmetum ic bruce,
quia puer *ſum*
Fortham cild ic com
ſub virga *degens.*
under gyrda drohtniende.

See before, ver. 7898.

As ben thiſe wedded men, that lie and dare,
As in a fourme ſitteth a wery hare
Were al forſtraught with houndes gret and ſmale.
But, dere nece! why be ye ſo pale?
I trowe certes that our goode man
Hath you laboured ſith this night began,
That you were nede to reſten haſtily.
And with that word he lough ful merily,
And of his owen thought he wexe all red.
This faire wif gan for to ſhake hire hed,
And ſaied thus; Ye, God wote all, quod ſhe:
Nay, coſin min, it ſtant not ſo with me;
For by that God that yave me ſoule and lif
In all the reame of Fraunce is ther no wif
That laſſe luſt hath to that ſory play,
For I may ſing alas and wala wa
That I was borne! but to no wight (quod ſhe)
Dare I not tell how that it ſtant with me;
Wherfore I thinke out of this lond to wende,
Or elles of myſelf to make an ende,
So ful am I of drede and eke of care.
This monk began upon this wif to ſtare,
And ſayd, Alas! my nece, God forbede
That ye for any ſorwe or any drede
Fordo yourſelf: but telleth me your greſe,
*Paraventure I may in your miſchefe
Conſeile or helpe; and therſore telleth me
All your annoy, for it ſhal ben ſecree;

He layth beforn him on his counting bord.
Ful riche was his trefour and his hord,
For which ful faft his countour dore he fhet,
And eke he n'olde no man fhuld him let
Of his accountes for the mene time;
And thus he fit til it was paffed prime.
  Dan John was rifen in the morwe alfo,
And in the gardin walketh to and fro,
And hath his thinges fayd ful curteifly.
  This goode wif came walking prively
Into the gardin ther he walketh foft,
And him falueth, as fhe hath don oft:
A maiden child came in hire compagnie,
Which as hire luft fhe may governe and gie,
For yet under the yerde was the maide.
  O dere cofin min! Dan John, fhe faide,
What aileth you fo rathe for to arife?
  Nece, quod he, it ought ynough fuffife
Five houres for to flepe upon a night,
But it were for an olde appalled wight,

℣. 13027. *under the yerde*] This was properly faid of children. Mf. *Bod.Jun.*66. *Monachicum Colloquium*, Sax. Lat. p.15.;

Mag. *Quid manducas in die?*
Hwæt ytft thu on dæg?
Dif. *Adhuc carnibus vefcor,*
Gyt flæfemetum ic bruce,
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Fortham cild ic com
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See before, ver. 7898.

As ben thiſe wedded men, that lie and dare,
As in a fourme ſitteth a wery hare
Were al forſtraught with houndes gret and ſmale.
But, dere nece! why be ye ſo pale?
I trowe certes that our goode man
Hath you laboured ſith this night began,
That you were nede to reſten haſtily.
And with that word he lough ful merily,
And of his owen thought he wexe all red.
  This faire wif gan for to ſhake hire hed,
And ſaied thus; Ye, God wote all, quod ſhe:
Nay, coſin min, it ſtant not ſo with me;
For by that God that yave me ſoule and lif
In all the reame of Fraunce is ther no wif
That laſſe luſt hath to that ſory play,
For I may ſing alas and wala wa
That I was borne! but to no wight (quod ſhe)
Dare I not tell how that it ſtant with me;
Wherfore I thinke out of this lond to wende,
Or elles of myſelf to make an ende,
So ful am I of drede and eke of care.
  This monk began upon this wif to ſtare,
And ſayd, Alas! my nece, God forbede
That ye for any ſorwe or any drede
Fordo yourſelf: but telleth me your greſe,
*Paraventure I may in your miſchefe
Conſeile or helpe; and therfore telleth me
All your annoy, for it ſhal ben ſecree;

For on my portos here I make an oth
That never in my lif, for leſe ne loth,
Ne ſhal I of no conſeil you bewray.
  The ſame agen to you, quod ſhe, I ſay.
By God and by this portos I you ſwere,
Though men me wolden all in peces tere,
Ne ſhal I never, for to gon to helle,
Bewrey o word of thing that ye me tell;
Nought for no coſinage ne alliance,
But veraily for love and affiance.
Thus ben they ſworne, and hereupon they kiſte,
And eche of hem told other what hem liſte.
  Coſin, quod ſhe, if that I had a ſpace,
As I have non, and namely in this place,
Than wold I tell a legend of my lif,
What I have ſuffred ſith I was a wif
With min huſbond, al be he your coſin.
  Nay, quod this monk, by God and Seint Martin
He n'is no more coſin unto me
Than is the leef that hangeth on the tree;
I clepe him ſo, by Seint Denis of France,
To han the more cauſe of acquaintance
Of you, which I have loved ſpecially
Aboven alle women ſikerly;

ꝟ. 13061. *on my portos*] *i. e.* Breviary. *Du Cange*, in v. *Portiforium*. *Portuaſſes* are mentioned among other prohibited books in the ſtat. 3 and 4 E. VI. c. 10.; and in the parliament-roll of 7 E. IV. n. 40. there is a petition that the robbing of—*Porteous*—Grayell, Manuell, &c. ſhould be made felony without clergy, to which the king anſwered *Le Roy s'aviſera*.

This swere I you on my professioun.
Telleth your grefe, lest that he come adoun,
And hasteth you, and goth away anon.
  My dere love! quod she, o my Dan John!
Ful lefe were me this conseil for to hide,
But out it mote, I may no lenger abide.
  Myn husbond is to me the werste man
That ever was sith that the world began:
But sith I am a wif it sit not me
To tellen no wight of our privetee
Neither in bed ne in non other place;
God shilde I shulde it tellen for his grace:
A wif ne shal not sayn of hire husbond
But all honour, as I can understond;
Save unto you thus moch I tellen shal:
As helpe me God he is nought worth at all,
In no degree the value of a flie.
But yet me greveth most his nigardie:
And wel ye wot that women naturally
Desiren thinges sixe as well as I;
They wolden that hir husbondes shulden be
Hardy, and wise, and riche, and therto free,
And buxome to his wif, and fresh a-bedde.
But by that ilke Lord that for us bledde,
For his honour myselven for to array,
A Sonday next I muste nedes pay
An hundred franks, or elles am I lorne;
Yet were me lever that I were unborne

Than were don a sclandre or vilanie.
And if min husbond eke might it espie
I n'ere but lost; and therfore I you prey
Lene me this summe, or elles mote I dey:
Dan John, I say, lene me this hundred frankes;
Parde I wol not faille you my thankes,
If that you list to do that I you pray;
For at a certain day I wol you pay,
And do to you what plesance and service
That I may don, right as you list devise;
And but I do God take on me vengeance
As foul as ever had Genelon of France.
  This gentil monk answerd in this manere:
Now trewely, min owen lady dere!
I have (quod he) on you so grete a routhe,
That I you swere, and plighte you my trouthe,
That whan your husbond is to Flandres fare
I wol deliver you out of this care,
For I wol bringen you an hundred frankes.
And with that word he caught hire by the flankes,
And hire embraced hard, and kisse hire oft.
Goth now your way, quod he, al stille and soft,
And let us dine as sone as that ye may,
For by my kalender it is prime of day:
Goth now, and beth as trewe as I shal be.
  Now elles God forbede, Sire, quod she.
And forth she goth as joly as a pie,
And bad the cokes that they shuld hem hie,

So that men mighten dine, and that anon.
Up to hire huſbond is this wif ygon,
And knocketh at his countour boldely.
Qui eſt la? quod he. Peter, it am I,
Quod ſhe. What, Sire, how longe wol ye faſt?
How longe time wol ye reken and caſt
Your ſummes, and your bookes, and your thinges?
The devil have part of all ſwiche rekeninges!
Ye han ynough parde of Goddes ſonde.
Come doun to-day, and let your bagges ſtonde.
Ne be ye not aſhamed that Dan John
Shal faſting all this day elenge gon?
What! let us here a maſſe, and go we dine.
  Wif, quod this man, litel canſt thou divine
The curious beſineſſe that we have;
For of us chapmen, all ſo God me ſave,
And by that lord that cleped is Seint Ive,
Scarſly amonges twenty ten ſhul thrive
Continuelly, laſting unto oure age.
We moun wel maken chere and good viſage,
And driven forth the world as it may be,
And kepen oure eſtat in privitee
Til we be ded, or elles that we play
A pilgrimage, or gon out of the way:
And therfore have I gret neceſſitee
Upon this queinte world to aviſen me;
For evermore mote we ſtond in drede
Of hap and fortune in our chapmanhede.

To Flanders wol I go to-morwe at day,
And come agein as ſone as ever I may,
For which, my dere wif! I thee beſeke
As be to every wight buxom and meke,
And for to kepe our good be curious,
And honeſtly governe wel our hous.
Thou haſt ynough in every maner wiſe
That to a thrifty houſhold may ſuffice.
Thee lacketh non array ne no vitaille;
Of ſilver in thy purſe ſhalt thou not faille.
And with that word his countour dore he ſhette,
And doun he goth; no lenger wold he lette;
And haſtily a maſſe was ther ſaide,
And ſpedily the tables were ylaide,
And to the diner faſte they hem ſpedde,
And richely this monk the chapman fedde.
And after diner Dan John ſobrely
This chapman toke apart, and prively
He ſaid him thus; Coſin, it ſtondeth ſo
That wel I ſee to Brugges ye wol go;
God and Seint Auſtin ſpede you and gide!
I pray you, coſin, wiſely that ye ride;
Governeth you alſo of your diete
Attemprely, and namely in this hete.
Betwix us two nedeth no ſtrange fare:
Farewel, coſin, God ſhilde you fro care!
If any thing ther be by day or night,
If it lie in my power and my might,

That ye me wol command in any wiſe,
It ſhal be don right as ye wol deviſe.
But o thing or ye go, if it may be;
I wolde prayen you for to lene me
An hundred frankes for a weke or tweye,
For certain beſtes that I muſte beye,
To ſtoren with a place that is oures,
(God help me ſo I wold that it were youres)
I ſhal not faille ſurely of my day,
Not for a thouſand frankes, a mile way.
But let this thing be ſecree, I you preye;
For yet to-night thiſe beſtes mote I beye.
And fare now wel, min owen coſin dere!
Grand mercy of your coſt and of your chere.
This noble marchant gentilly anon
Anſwerd and ſaid, O coſin min, Dan John!
Now ſikerly this is a ſmal requeſte;
My gold is youres, whan that it you leſte,
And not only my gold but my chaffare:
Take what you leſt, God ſhilde that ye ſpare.
But o thing is, ye know it wel ynough
Of chapmen that hir money is hir plough:
We moun creancen while we han a name,
But goodles for to ben it is no game.
Pay it agen whan it lith in your eſe:
After my might ful fayn wold I you pleſe.
Thiſe hundred frankes ſet he forth anon,
And prively he toke hem to Dan John:

No wight in al this world wist of this lone
Saving this marchant and Dan John alone.
They drinke, and speke, and rome a while and pleye,
Til that Dan John rideth to his abbeye.
The morwe came, and forth this marchant rideth
To Flandres ward; his prentis wel him gideth
Til he came in to Brugges merily.
Now goth this marchant faste and besily
About his nede, and bieth, and creanceth;
He neither playeth at the dis ne danceth,
But as a marchant, shortly for to tell,
He ledeth his lif; and ther I let him dwell.
The Sonday next the marchant was agon
To Seint Denis ycomen is Dan John,
With croune and berde all fresh and newe yshave.
In all the hous ther n'as so litel a knave,
Ne no wight elles, that he n'as ful fain
For that my Lord Dan John was come again.
And shortly to the point right for to gon,
This faire wif accordeth with Dan John
That for thise hundred frankes he shuld all night
Haven hire in his armes bolt upright:
And this accord parformed was in dede.
In mirth all night a besy lif they lede

ỳ. 13246. *Haven hire*] The final *n* in *Haven* has been added for the sake of the metre, but unnecessarily, as the *e* feminine may be pronounced before *h* as before a consonant. See the n. on ver. 300.

Til it was day, that Dan John yede his way,
And bad the meinie farewel, have good day:
For non of hem, ne no wight in the toun,
Hath of Dan John right non fuspectioun:
And forth he rideth home to his abbey,
Or wher him lifte; no more of him I fey.
  This marchant, whan that ended was the faire,
To Seint Denis he gan for to repaire,
And with his wif he maketh fefte and chere,
And telleth hire that chaffare is fo dere
That nedes mufte he make a chevifance,
For he was bonde in a recognifance
To payen twenty thoufand fheldes anon:
For which this marchant is to Paris gon
To borwe of certain frendes that he hadde
A certain frankes, and fom with him he ladde.
And whan that he was come in to the toun,
For gret chiertee and gret affectioun
Unto Dan John he goth him firft to pleye,
Not for to axe or borwe of him moneye,
But for to wete and feen of his welfare,
And for to tellen him of his chaffare,
As frendes don whan they ben mette in fere.
  Dan John him maketh fefte and mery chere,
And he him tolde agen ful fpecially
How he had wel ybought and gracioufly
(Thanked be God) all hole his marchandife,
Save that he muft in alle manere wife

Maken a cheviſance, as for his beſte,
And than he ſhulde ben in joye and reſte.
Dan John anſwered, Certes I am fain
That ye in hele be comen home again;
And if that I were riche, as have I bliſſe,
Of twenty thouſand ſheldes ſhuld ye not miſſe,
For ye ſo kindely this other day
Lente me gold, and as I can and may
I thanke you, by God and by Seint Jame.
But natheles I toke unto our dame,
Your wif, at home, the ſame gold again
Upon your benche; ſhe wote it wel certain,
By certain tokenes that I can hire tell.
Now by your leve I may no lenger dwell;
Our abbot wol out of this toun anon,
And in his compagnie I muſte gon.
Grete wel our dame, min owen nece ſwete!
And farewel, dere coſin! til we mete.
  This marchant, which that was ful ware and wiſe,
Creanced hath, and paide eke in Paris
To certain Lumbardes, redy in hir hond,
The ſumme of gold, and gate of hem his bond,
And home he goth mery as a popingay,
For wel he knew he ſtood in ſwiche array
That nedes muſte he winne in that viage
A thouſand frankes above all his coſtage.
  His wif ful redy mette him at the gate,
As ſhe was wont of old uſage algate;

And all that night in mirthe they ben ſette,
For he was riche, and clerely out of dette.
Whan it was day this marchant gan enbrace
His wif all newe, and kiſte hire in hire face,
And up he goth, and maketh it ful tough.
No more, quod ſhe; by God ye have ynough;
And wantonly agen with him ſhe plaide,
Til at the laſt this marchant to hire ſaide:
By God, quod he, I am a litel wrothe
With you my wif, although it be me lothe;
And wote ye why? by God, as that I geſſe
That ye han made a manere ſtrangeneſſe
Betwixen me and my coſin Dan John.
Ye ſhuld have warned me or I had gon
That he you had an hundred frankes paide
By redy token, and held him evil apaide
For that I to him ſpake of chevifance:
(Me ſemed ſo as by his contenance)
But natheles, by God our heven king
I thoughte not to axe of him no thing.
I pray thee, wif, ne do thou no more ſo:
Tell me alway, er that I fro thee go,
If any dettour hath in min abſence
Ypaide thee, leſt thurgh thy negligence
I might him axe a thing that he hath paide.
This wif was not aferde ne affraide,
But boldely ſhe ſaid, and that anon,
Mary! I defie that falſe monk Dan John;

I kepe not of his tokenes never a del:
He toke me certain gold, I wote it wel.
What! evil thedome on his monkes ſnoute;
For God it wot I wend withouten doute
That he had yeve it me becauſe of you,
To don therwith min honour and my prow
For coſinage and eke for *belle chere*
That he hath had ful often times here:
But ſith I ſee I ſtonde in ſwiche disjoint
I wol anſwere you ſhortly to the point.
Ye have mo ſlakke dettours than am I;
For I wol pay you wel and redily
Fro day to day; and if ſo be I faille,
I am your wif, ſcore it upon my taile,
And I ſhal pay as ſone as ever I may;
For by my trouth I have on min array,
And not in waſte, beſtowed it every del:
And for I have beſtowed it ſo wel
For your honour, for Goddes ſake I ſay
As beth not wrothe, but let us laugh and play:
Ye ſhal my joly body han to wedde;
By God I n'ill not pay you but a-bedde:
Foryeve it me, min owen ſpouſe dere!
Turne hitherward, and maketh better chere.
This marchant ſaw ther was no remedy,
And for to chide it n'ere but a foly,
Sith that the thing may not amended be.
Now wif, he ſaid, and I foryeve it thee;

But by thy lif be ne no more ſo large;
Kepe bet my good; this yeve I thee in charge.
Thus endeth now my Tale, and God us ſende
Taling ynough unto our lives ende.

THE PRIORESSES PROLOGUE.

WEL ſaid, by *corpus Domini*, quod our Hoſte;
Now longe mote thou ſailen by the coſte,
Thou gentil maiſter, gentil marinere.
God give the monke a thouſand laſt quad yere.
A ha! felawes, beth ware of ſwiche a jape.
The monke put in the mannes hode an ape,
And in his wifes eke, by Seint Auſtin.
Draweth no monkes more into your in.
  But now paſſe over, and let us ſeke aboute
Who ſhal now tellen firſt of all this route
Another Tale: and with that word he ſaid,
As curteiſly as it had ben a maid;
  My Lady Prioreſſe, by your leve,
So that I wiſt I ſhuld you not agreve,
I wolde demen that ye tellen ſhold
A Tale next, if ſo were that ye wold.
Now wol ye vouchefauf, may Lady dere?
  Gladly, quod ſhe; and ſaide as ye ſhul here.

℣. 13368. *a thouſand laſt quad yere*] *Laſt*, in Teut. is *onus*, *ſarcina*, Kilian; and *quaed* in the ſame language is *malus*: the meaning therefore is, God give the monke *a thouſand laſt* (ever ſo great a weight) of *quad yere* (bad years, misfortune.) The Italians uſe *mal anno* in the ſame ſenſe.

THE PRIORESSES TALE.

O Lord our Lord! thy name how merveillous
Is in this large world ysprad! (quod she)
For not al only thy laude precious
Parfourmed is by men of dignitee,
But by the mouth of children thy bountee
Parfourmed is, for on the brest souking
Somtime shewen they thin herying.

Wherfore in laude, as I can best and may,
Of thee and of the white lily flour
Which that thee bare, and is a maide alway,
To tell a storie I wol do my labour;
Not that I may encresen hire honour,
For she hireselven is honour and rote
Of bountee, next hire sone, and soules bote.

O mother maide! o maide and mother fre!
O bushe unbrent! brenning in Moyses sight,
That ravishedest doun fro the deitee,
Thurgh thin humblesse, the gost that in thee alight,
Of whos vertue, whan he thin herte light,

The Prioresses Tale] A miracle of a Christian child murdered by the Jews. *Urry.*

ỽ. 13383. *O Lord our Lord*] The Prioresse begins her legend with the first verses of the 8th psalm; "Domine, Dominus "noster," *&c.*

ỽ. 13401. *whan he thin herte light*] *i.e.* Lighted, made light or pleasant. So in *Tro.* b. iii. 1088.;

Whan wroth is he that sheld my sorrowes *light.*

Conceived was the fathers ſapience,
Helpe me to tell it in thy reverence.

Lady! thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertue and thy gret humilitee,
Ther may no tonge expreſſe in no ſcience;
For ſomtime, Lady! or men pray to thee
Thou goſt beforn of thy benignitee
And geteſt us the light of thy prayere
To giden us unto thy ſone ſo dere.

My conning is ſo weke, o bliſful Quene!
For to declare thy grete worthineſſe,
That I ne may the weighte not ſuſtene;
But as a child of twelf moneth old or leſſe,
That can unnethes any word expreſſe,
Right ſo fare I, and therfore I you pray
Gideth my ſong that I ſhal of you ſay.

Ther was in Aſie, in a gret citee,
Amonges Criſten folk a Jewerie,
Suſtened by a lord of that contree,
For foule uſure and lucre of vilanie
Hateful to Criſt and to his compagnie,
And thurgh the ſtrete men mighten ride and wende,
For it was free, and open at eyther ende.

A litel ſcole of Criſten folk ther ſtood
Doun at the ferther end, in which ther were
Children an hepe comen of Criſten blood,
That lerned in that ſcole yere by yere
Swiche manere doctrine as men uſed there;

This is to ſay, to ſingen and to rede,
As ſmale children don in hir childhede.
  Among thiſe children was a widewes ſone,
A litel clergion, ſevene yere of age,
That day by day to ſcole was his wone,
And eke alſo, wheras he ſey the image
Of Criſtes moder, had he in uſage,
As him was taught, to knele adoun, and ſay
Ave Marie as he goth by the way.
  Thus hath this widewe hire litel ſone ytaught
Our bliſful Lady, Criſtes moder dere,
To worſhip ay, and he forgate it naught,
For ſely childe wol alway ſone lere.
But ay whan I remembre on this matere
Seint Nicholas ſtant ever in my preſence,
For he ſo yong to Criſt did reverence.
  This litel childe his litel book lerning,
As he ſate in the ſcole at his primere,
He *Alma Redemptoris* herde ſing,
As children lered hir antiphonere,
And as he dorſt he drow him nere and nere,
And herkened ay the wordes and the note,
Til he the firſte vers coude al by rote.

℣. 13444. *Seint Nicholas*] We have an account of the very early piety of this ſaint in his leſſon, *Brev. Roman.* vi. *Decemb.*; "Cujus viri ſanctitas, quanta futura eſſet, jam ab incunabulis "apparuit. Nam infans, cum reliquas dies lac nutricis frequens "fugeret, quartâ et ſextâ feriâ *(on Wedneſdays and Fridays)* "ſemel duntaxat, idque veſperi, ſugebat."

Nought wift he what this Latin was to fay,
For he fo yonge and tendre was of age;
But on a day his felaw gan he pray
To expounden him this fong in his langage,
Or telle him why this fong was in ufage:
This prayde he him to conftrue and declare
Ful often time upon his knees bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Anfwerd him thus; This fong, I have herd fay,
Was maked of our blisful Lady fre,
Hire to falue, and eke hire for to prey
To ben our help and focour whan we dey.
I can no more expound in this matere:
I lerne fong; I can but fmal grammere.

And is this fong maked in reverence
Of Criftes moder? faid this innocent:
Now certes I wol don my diligence
To conne it all or Criftemaffe be went,
Though that I for my primer fhal be fhent,
And fhal be beten thries in an houre,
I wol it conne our Ladie for to honoure.

His felaw taught him homeward prively
Fro day to day til he coude it by rote,
And than he fong it wel and boldely
Fro word to word according with the note:
Twies a day it paffed thurgh his throte,
To fcoleward and homeward whan he wente;
On Criftes moder fet was his entente.

As I have ſaid, thurghout the Jewerie
This litel child, as he came to and fro,
Ful merily than wold he ſing and crie
O Alma Redemptoris! ever mo.
The ſweteneſſe hath his herte perſed ſo
Of Criſtes moder, that to hire to pray
He cannot ſtint of ſinging by the way.

Our firſte fo, the ſerpent Sathanas,
That hath in Jewes herte his waſpes neſt,
Up ſwale and ſaid, O Ebraike peple, alas!
Is this to you a thing that is honeſt,
That ſwiche a boy ſhal walken as him leſte
In your deſpit, and ſing of ſwiche ſentence,
Which is again our lawes reverence?

From thennesforth the Jewes han conſpired
This innocent out of this world to chace:
An homicide therto han they hired,
That in an aleye had a privee place,
And as the child gan forthby for to pace
This curſed Jew him hent and held him faſt,
And cut his throte, and in a pit him caſt.

I ſay that in a wardrope they him threwe
Wher as thiſe Jewes purgen hir entraille.
O curſed folk! of Herodes alle-newe,
What may your evil entente you availle?
Mordre wol out, certein it wol not faille;
And namely ther the honour of God ſhal ſprede
The blood out crieth on your curſed dede.

O martyr souded in virginitee!
Now maist thou singe and folwen ever in on
The white Lamb celestial, quod she,
Of which the gret evangelist Seint John
In Pathmos wrote, which sayth that they that gon
Beforn this Lamb, and singe a song al newe,
That never fleshly woman they ne knewe.

This poure widewe awaiteth al that night
After hire litel childe, and he came nought,
For which as sone as it was dayes light,
With face pale of drede and besy thought
She hath at scole and elles wher him sought,
Til finally she gan so fer aspie
That he last seen was in the Jewerie.

With modres pitee in hire brest enclosed
She goth, as she were half out of hire minde,
To every place wher she hath supposed
By likelihed hire litel child to finde;
And ever on Cristes moder meke and kinde
She cried, and at the laste thus she wrought,
Among the cursed Jewes she him sought.

She freyneth and she praieth pitously
To every Jew that dwelled in thilke place
To telle hire if hire child went ought forth by;

ỽ. 13509. *souded in virginitee*] Or, (according to the better mss.) *souded to virginitee*. *Souded* is from the Fr. *souldé*, and that from the Lat. *solidatus*, consolidated, fastened together. In Wickliffe's *N. T. Dedis*. iii. *consolidate* is rendered *sowdid*. The latter part of this stanza refers to *Rev.* xiv. 3, 4.

They ſayden Nay; but Jeſu of his grace
Yave in hire thought, within a litel ſpace,
That in that place after hire ſone ſhe cride
Ther he was caſten in a pit beſide.

O grete God, that parformeſt thy laude
By mouth of innocentes, lo here thy might!
This gem of chaſtitee, this emeraude,
And eke of martirdome the rubie bright,
Ther he with throte ycorven lay upright
He *Alma Redemptoris* gan to ſinge
So loude, that all the place gan to ringe.

The Criſten folk that thurgh the ſtrete wente
In comen for to wondre upon this thing,
And haſtifly they for the provoſt ſente:
He came anon withouten tarying,
And herieth Criſt, that is of heven king,
And eke his moder, honour of mankind,
And after that the Jewes let he binde.

This child with pitous lamentation
Was taken up, ſinging his ſong alway,
And with honour and gret proceſſion
They carien him unto the next abbey;
His moder ſwouning by the bere lay:
Unnethes might the peple that was there
This newe Rachel bringen fro his bere.

With turment and with ſhameful deth eche on
This provoſt doth thiſe Jewes for to ſterve
That of this morder wiſte, and that anon:

He n'olde no ſwiche curſedneſſe obſerve:
Evil ſhal he have that evil wol deſerve;
Therfore with wilde hors he did hem drawe,
And after that he heng hem by the lawe.
  Upon his bere ay lith this innocent
Beforn the auter while the maſſe laſt,
And after that the abbot with his covent
Han ſpedde hem for to berie him ful faſt;
And whan they holy water on him caſt
Yet ſpake this child, whan ſpreint was the holy water,
And ſang *O Alma Redemptoris Mater!*
  This abbot, which that was an holy man,
As monkes ben, or elles ought to be,
This yonge child to conjure he began,
And ſaid; O dere child! I halſe thee,
In vertue of the holy trinitee,
Tell me what is thy cauſe for to ſing,
Sith that thy throte is cut to my ſeming.
  My throte is cut unto my nekke bon,
Saide this child, and as by way of kinde
I ſhuld have deyd, ye longe time agon,

ŷ. 13575. *I halſe thee*] Mſſ. *Aſk.* 1, 2, read I *conjure* thee—but that ſeems to be a gloſs. *To halſe* ſignifies properly to embrace round the neck, from the Sax. *hals*, the neck. [See ver. 10253.] So in *C. L.* ver. 1290.;

> I ſtand and ſpeke, and laugh, and kiſſe, and *halſe*.

It ſignifies alſo to ſalute, *P. P.* fol. 22.;

> I *halſe* hym hendlich, as I hys frende were.

And fol. 39, to ſalute with reverence;

> And the eleven ſterres *halſed* him all——

ch ſeems to be the ſenſe here.

But Jeſu Criſt, as ye in bookes finde,
Wol that his glory laſt and be in minde,
And for the worſhip of his moder dere
Yet may I ſing *O Alma* loude and clere.

This welle of mercie, Criſtes moder ſwete,
I loved alway, as after my conning;
And whan that I my lif ſhulde forlete
To me ſhe came, and bad me for to ſing
This antem veraily in my dying,
As ye han herde; and whan that I had ſonge
Me thought ſhe laid a grain upon my tonge.

Wherfore I ſing, and ſing I mote certain,
In honour of that bliſful maiden free,
Til fro my tonge of taken is the grain.
And after that thus ſaide ſhe to me;
My litel child, than wol I fetchen thee,
Whan that the grain is fro thy tonge ytake:
Be not agaſte, I wol thee not forſake.

This holy monk, this abbot him mene I,
His tonge out caught, and toke away the grain,
And he yave up the goſt ful ſoftely.
And whan this abbot had this wonder ſein
His ſalte teres trilled adoun as reyne,
And groff he fell al platte upon the ground,
And ſtill he lay as he had ben ybound.

v. 13597. *than wol I fetchen thee*] The beſt mſſ. read *now*, which is ſcarce reconcileable to any rules of ſpeech. Even with the correction which I have adopted there is a greater confuſion in this narration than I recollect to have obſerved in any other of Chaucer's ſtories.

The covent lay eke upon the pavement
Weping and herying Criſtes moder dere;
And after that they riſen, and forth ben went,
And toke away this martir fro his bere,
And in a tombe of marble ſtones clere
Encloſen they his litel body ſwete:
Ther he is now God lene us for to mete.

O yonge Hew of Lincoln! ſlain alſo
With curſed Jewes, as it is notable,
For it n'is but a litel while ago,
Pray eke for us, we ſinful folk unſtable,
That of his mercy God ſo merciable
On us his grete mercie multiplie,
For reverence of his moder Marie.

PROLOGUE TO SIRE THOPAS.

WHAN ſaid was this miracle every man
As ſober was that wonder was to ſee,
Til that our Hoſte to japen he began,
And than at erſt he loked upon me,
And ſaide thus; What man art thou? quod he:
Thou lokeſt as thou woldeſt find an hare,
For ever upon the ground I ſee thee ſtare.

Approche nere, and loke up merily.
Now ware you, Sires, and let this man have place;
He in the waſte is ſhapen as wel as I.

ỽ. 13623. *to japen he began*] So mſ. *E.*; ſome mſſ. read—*tho* began.

This were a popet in an arme to enbrace
For any woman, ſmal and faire of face.
He ſemeth elviſh by his contenance,
For unto no wight doth he daliance.
Say now ſomwhat, ſin other folk han ſaide;
Tell us a Tale of mirthe, and that anon.
Hoſte, quod I, ne be not evil apaide,
For other Tale certes can I non
But of a rime I lerned yore agon.
Ye, that is good, quod he; we ſhullen here
Som deintee thing me thinketh by thy chere.

THE RIME OF SIRE THOPAS.

LISTENETH, Lordinges, in good entent,
And I wol tel you *verament*
Of mirthe and of ſolas,
Al of a knight was faire and gent
In bataille and in turnament,
His name was Sire Thopas.
Yborne he was in fer contree,
In Flandres, al beyonde the ſee,
At Popering in the place:
His father was a man ful free,

The Rime of Sire Thopas] A northern Tale of an outlandiſh knight, purpoſely uttered by Chaucer in a rime and ſtyle differing from the reſt, as though he himſelf were not the author but only the reporter of the other Tales. *Urry.*

v. 13650. *At Popering*] Poppering or Poppeling was the name of a pariſh in the marches of Calais: our famous antiquary Leland was once Rector of it. *Tanner, Bibl. Brit.* in v. *Leland.*

And lord he was of that contree,
As it was Goddes grace.
  Sire Thopas was a doughty ſwain,
White was his face as paindemaine,
His lippes red as roſe:
His rudde is like ſcarlet in grain,
And I you tell in good certain
He had a ſemely noſe.
  His here, his berde, was like ſafroun,
That to his girdle raught adoun;
His ſhoon of Cordewane;
Of Brugges were his hoſen broun;
His robe was of chekelatoun,
That coſte many a Jane.

℣. 13655. *paindemaine*] That this muſt have been a ſort of remarkably white bread is clear enough. Skinner derives it from *panis matutinus*, *pain de matin;* and indeed Du Cange mentions a ſpecies of loaves or rolls called Matinelli. However, I am more inclined to believe that it received its denomination from the province of Maine, where it was perhaps made in the greateſt perfection. I find it twice in a northern tale called *The Freiris of Berwick*, mſ. *Maitland;*

And als that creil is full of *breid of Mane.*

And again—the *Mane breid.*

℣. 13664. *chekelatoun*] The gloſſaries ſuppoſe this word to be compounded of *cheke* and *latoun*, a ſpecies of baſe metal like gold; but it ſeems rather to be merely a corruption of the Fr. *ciclaton*, which originally ſignified a circular robe of ſtate, from the Gr. Lat. *cyclas*, and afterwards the cloth of gold of which ſuch robes were generally made. *Du Cange*, in v. *Cyclas*, has produced inſtances enough of both ſenſes. In fact ſeveral mſſ. read *ciclaton;* and I have no excuſe for not having followed them but that I was miſled by the authority of Spenſer, as quoted by Mr. Warton, *Obſ. on Spenſ.* v. i. p. 194. Upon further conſideration I think it is plain that Spenſer was miſtaken in the

He coude hunt at the wilde dere,
And ride on hauking for the rivere
With grey goſhauk on honde;
Therto he was a good archere:
Of wraſtling was ther non his pere
Ther ony ram ſhuld ſtonde.
Ful many a maide bright in bour
They mourned for him *par amour*
Whan hem were bet to ſlepe;
But he was chaſte and no lechour,
And ſwete as is the bramble flour
That bereth the red hepe.
And ſo it fell upon a day,
Forſoth, as I you tellen may,
Sire Thopas wold out ride;
He worth upon his ſtede gray,
And in his hond a launcegay,
A long ſwerd by his ſide.

very foundation of his notion, "that the quilted Iriſh jacket "embroidered with gilded leather" had any reſemblance to the "robe of *ſheckIaton.*" He ſuppoſes that Chaucer is here deſcribing Sir Thopas as he went to fight againſt the giant, in his robe of *ſheckIaton*; whereas, on the contrary, it is evident that Sir Thopas is here deſcribed in his uſual habit in time of peace: his warlike apparel, when he goes to fight againſt the giant, is deſcribed below, ver. 13786, and foll. and is totally different.

℣. 13665. *a Jane*] A coin of Janua, (Genoa) called in our ſtatutes *galley halfpence*. See the quotations from Stow in Mr. Warton's *Obſ. on Spenſ.* v. i. p. 180.

℣. 13667. *hauking for the rivere*] See the note on ver. 6466.

℣. 13671. *Ther ony ram*] See the note on ver. 550.

℣. 13682. *a launcegay*] The editt. have ſplit this improperly into two words, as if *gay* were an epithet. It occurs as one word

He priketh thurgh a faire foreſt,
Therin is many a wilde beſt,
Ye bothe buck and hare;
And as he pricked north and eſt,
I telle it you, him had almeſte
Betidde a ſory care.
Ther ſpringen herbes grete and ſmale,
The licoris and the ſetewale,
And many a cloue gilofre,
And notemuge to put in ale,
Whether it be moiſt or ſtale,
Or for to lain in cofre.
The briddes ſingen, it is no nay,
The ſperhauk and the popingay,
That joye it was to here,

in *Rot. Parl.* 29 H.VI. n. 8.; "And the ſaid Evan then and there "with *a launcegay* ſmote the ſaid William Threſham threughe "the body a foote and more, whereof he died." Nicot deſcribes a *zagaye* to be a Mooriſh lance longer and ſlenderer than a pike, from the Span. Arab. *azagāya*.

ỽ. 13692. *cloue gilofre*] *Clou de giroſle*, Fr. *caryophyllus*, Lat. a clove-tree, or the fruit of it. Sir J. Mandeville, c. xxvi. deſcribing a country beyond Cathaie, ſays; "And in that con-"tree, and in other contrees thereabouten, growen many trees "that beren *clowe gylofres* and notemuges, and grete notes of "Ynde, and of canelle and of many other ſpices."----But the moſt appoſite illuſtration of this paſſage is a ſimilar deſcription in Chaucer's *R. R.* ver. 1360—72—in the original, ver. 1347—50. See alſo a note of an ingenious correſpondent in Mr. Warton's *Obſ. on Spenſ.* v. i. p. 139, ed. 1762, where this paſſage is very properly adduced to ſhew that The Rime of Sire Thopas was intended as a burleſque on the old ballad romances.

The throſtel cok made eke his lay,
The wode dove upon the ſpray
He ſang ful loude and clere.
Sire Thopas fell in love-longing
Al whan he herd the throſtel ſing,
And priked as he were wood;
His faire ſtede in his priking
So ſwatte that men might him wring,
His ſides were al blood.
Sire Thopas eke ſo wery was
For priking on the ſofte gras,
So fiers was his corage,
That doun he laid him in that place
To maken his ſtede ſom ſolace,
And yaf him good forage.
A, Seinte Mary, *benedicite!*
What aileth this Love at me
To binde me ſo ſore?
Me dremed all this night parde
An elf quene ſhal my lemman be,
And ſlepe under my gore.
An elf quene wol I love ywis,
For in this world no woman is
Worthy to be my make || in toun——

℣. 13722. || *in toun*] Theſe two laſt words, which are plainly ſuperfluous, are diſtinguiſhed by a mark of this kind in mſ. *C.* 1, and the ſame mark is repeated in ver. 13743, 13752, and 13815, where the two final ſyllables are alſo ſuperfluous to the metre. Whether in all theſe caſes the words thus ſeparated are to be conſidered as idle additions, for the purpoſe of introdu-

All other women I forſake,
And to an elf quene I me take
By dale and eke by doun.
  Into his ſadel he clombe anon,
And priked over ſtile and ſton
An elf quene for to eſpie,
Til he ſo long had riden and gone
That he fond in a privee wone
The contree of Faerie.
  Wherin he ſoughte north and ſouth,
And oft he ſpied with his mouth

cing the rhyme which anſwers to them, or whether ſome lines which originally connected them with the context have been loſt it is not eaſy to determine. Upon the latter ſuppoſition, which I confeſs appears to me the moſt probable, we may imagine that in the preſent inſtance the three laſt lines of this ſtanza and the three firſt of the following (except the words *in toun)* have dropped out: in the three other inſtances only two lines and the two firſt feet of the third may be ſuppoſed to be wanting.——In ſupport of this hypotheſis it may be obſerved, that in the very next ſtanza the laſt line, ver. 13731, and the following line, in mſ. *C.* 1, ſtand thus;

The contree of Faerie ſo wilde,
For in that contree n'as ther non
[That to him durſt ride or gon]
Neither wif ne childe.

Whether the two lines and part of another which I have inſerted before *wilde* from other mſſ. be genuine I will not be poſitive, but it is very clear, I think, that ſomething is wanting. The line between hooks, which is inſerted in mſ. *C.* 1, in a later hand, is in mſſ. *HA. D.*

ỽ. 13733. *he ſpied*] Ed. *Urr.* reads *ſpired*, I know not upon what authority; but the emendation is probable enough, as the expreſſion of *ſpying with the mouth* ſeems to be too extravagantly abſurd even for this compoſition. To *ſpire* or *ſpere*, Gl. *Doug.* ſignifies to inquire, from the Sax. *ſpyrian*. See *P. L.* p. 327. *Gower, Conf. Amant.* fol. 182.

In many a foreſt wilde,
For in that contree n'as ther non
That to him dorſt ride or gon,
Neither wif ne childe.

Til that ther came a gret geaunt,
His name was Sire Oliphaunt,
A perilous men of dede;*
He ſayde, Child, by Termagaunt
But if thou prike out of myn haunt
Anon I ſlee thy ſtede || with mace——
Here is the Quene of Faerie,
With harpe, and pipe, and ſimphonie,
Dwelling in this place.

℣. 13739. *Sire Oliphaunt*] Sir Elephant, a proper name for a giant. Mandeville, p. 283.; "And there ben alſo many wylde "beſtes, and nameliche of *olyfauntes*." The very learned and ingenious author of Letters on Chivalry, *&c.* ſuppoſes "that "the boke of The Giant *Olyphant* and Chylde Thopas was not "a fiction of Chaucer's own, but a ſtory of antique fame, and "very celebrated in the days of chivalry." I can only ſay that I have not been ſo fortunate as to meet with any traces of ſuch a ſtory of an earlier date than The Canterbury Tales.

℣. 13741. *by Termagaunt*] This Saracen deity in an old romance, mſ. *Bod.* 1624, is conſtantly called *Tervagan*;

> De devant ſei fait porter ſun dragon,
> E l'eſtendart *Tervagan* e *Mahum*,
> E un ymagene *Apollin* le felun.

And again;

> Pleignent lur deus *Tervagan* et *Mahum*,
> E *Apollin*, dunt il mie rien unt.

This romance, which in the mſ. has no title, may poſſibly be an older copy of one which is frequently quoted by Du Cange under the title of *Le Roman de Ronceveaux*. The author's name was Turold, as appears from the laſt line;

> Ci falt le geſte que *Turold'* declinet.

He is not mentioned by any of the writers of French literary hiſtory that I have ſeen.

The child ſayd, Al ſo mote I the
To morwe wol I meten thee,
Whan I have min armoure,
And yet I hope *par ma fay*
That thou ſhalt with this launcegay
Abien it ful ſoure ‖: thy mawe
Shal I perce, if I may,
Or it be fully prime of the day,
For here thou ſhalt be ſlawe.

Sire Thopas drow abak ful faſt;
This geaunt at him ſtones caſt
Out of a fel ſtaffe ſling:
But faire eſcaped child Thopas,
And all it was thurgh Goddes grace,
And thurgh his faire bering.

Yet liſteneth, Lordings, to my Tale,
Merier than the nightingale,
For now I wol you roune
How Sire Thopas with ſides ſmale,
Priking over hill and dale,
Is comen agein to toune.

His mery men commandeth he
To maken him bothe game and gle,
For nedes muſt he fighte
With a geaunt with hedes three
For paramour and jolitee
Of on that ſhone ful brighte.

‖ v. 13758. *a fel ſtaffe ſling*] This is the reading of the beſt mſſ. but what kind of ſling is meant I know not. See *Gloſſ.* in v. *Staffſling*.

Do come, he ſayd, my mineſtrales
And geſtours for to tellen tales
Anon in min arming,
Of romaunces that ben reales,
Of popes and of cardinales,
And eke of love-longing.

ṽ. 13775. *geſtours for to tellen tales*] The proper buſineſs of a *geſtour* was to recite tales or jeſts, which was only one of the branches of the minſtrel's profeſſion.——*Minſtrels* and *geſtours* are mentioned together in the following lines, from William of Naſſyngton's tranſlation of a religious treatiſe by John of Walby, mſ. *Reg.* 17 *C.* viii. p. 2.;

> I warne you furſt at the begynninge
> That I will make no vain carpinge
> Of dedes of armys ne of amours,
> As dus *mynſtrelles* and *jeſtours*,
> That makys carpinge in many a place
> Of Octoviane and Iſembraſe,
> And of many other jeſtes,
> And namely whan they come to feſtes,
> Ne of the life of Bevys of Hampton,
> That was a knight of gret renoun,
> Ne of Sir Gye of Warwyke,
> All if it might ſum men lyke.——

I cite theſe lines to ſhew the ſpecies of tales related by the ancient *geſtours*, and how much they differed from what we now call *jeſts*.

ṽ. 13777. *Of romaunces that ben reales*] So in the *Rom. of Ywain and Gawain*, mſ. *Cott. Galb. E.* ix.;

> He fund a knight under a tre;
> Upon a cloth of gold he lay;
> Byfor him ſat a ful fayr may:
> A lady ſat with tham in fere;
> The maiden red, that thai might here
> A *real romance* in that place.——

The original of this title, which is an uncommon one, I take to have been this: when the French romances found their way into Italy, (not long before the year 1300, *Creſcimb.* t. i. p. 336,) ſome Italian undertook to collect together all thoſe relating to Charlemagne and his family, and to form them into a regular body of hiſtory. The ſix firſt books of this work come down to

They fet him first the swete win,
And mede eke in a maselin
And real spicerie,
Of ginger-bred that was ful fin,
And licoris and eke comin,
With suger that is trie.
He didde next his white lere
Of cloth of lake fin and clere
A breche and eke a sherte,

the death of Pepin. They begin thus; "Qui se comenza la hy-"storia el *Real di Franza* comenzando a Constantino Impera-"tore Secondo molte lezende che io ho attrovate e racolte in-"sieme." Edit. *Mutinæ*, 1491, fol. It was reprinted in 1537 under this title; "*I reali di Franza*, nel quale si contiene la "generazione di tutti i Re, Duchi, Principi e Baroni di Franza, "e delli Paladini, colle battaglie da loro fatte," &c. *Quadrio*, t. vi. p. 530. Salviati had seen a mſ. of this work written about 1350, [*Crescimb*. t. i. p. 330,] and I do not believe that any mention of a *real* (or *royal) romance* is to be found in French or English prior to that date.

℣. 13786. *He didde next his white lere*] He did, or put, on next his white skin. To *don (do on)* and *doff (do off)* have been in use as vulgar words long since Chaucer's time. *Lere* seems to be used for skin in *Isumbras*, mſ. *Cott. Cal.* 11, fol. 129.;

His lady is *white* as wales bone,
Here *lere* brygte to se upon,
So faire as blosme on tre——

though it more commonly signifies only what we call complexion.——In the romance of *Li Beau Desconus* his arming is thus described, fol. 42.;

They caste on him a scherte of selk,
A gypell as *white* as melk
In that semely sale,
And syzt an hawberk brygt,
That richely was adygt
With maylles thykke and smale.——

And next his ſhert an haketon,
And over that an habergeon
For percing of his herte;
  And over that a fin hauberk
Was all ywrought of jewes werk,
Ful ſtrong it was of plate,
And over that his cote-armoure,
As white as is the lily floure,
In which he wold debate.
  His ſheld was all of gold ſo red,
And therin was a bores hed,
A charboucle beſide;
And ther he ſwore on ale and bred
How that the geaunt ſhuld be ded,
Betide what ſo betide.
  His jambeux were of cuirbouly,
His ſwerdes ſheth of ivory,

℣. 13793. *of jewes werk*] I do not recollect to have ſeen the Jews celebrated any where as remarkable artificers; I am therefore inclined to adopt an explanation of this word which I find in a note of the learned editor of *Ancient Scottiſh Poems*, p. 230.; "This *jow*, not this Jew, but this juggler or magi-"cian. The words to *jowk*, to deceive, and *jowkery-pawkry*, "juggling tricks, are ſtill in uſe. In Lord Hyndford's mſ. p. 136, "there is a fragment of a ſort of fairy tale, where *Scho is the* "*quene of jowis* means She is the queen of magicians."—According to this explanation *jewes werke* may ſignify the work of magicians or fairies.

℣. 13800. *A charboucle*] *A carbuncle (eſcarboucle*, Fr.) was a common bearing. *Guillim's Heraldry*, p. 109.

℣. 13804. *cuirbouly*] *Cuir bouilli*, of which Sir Topaſes boots were made, was alſo applied to many other purpoſes. See *Froiſſ.* v. i. c. 110, 120, and v. iv. c. 19. In this laſt paſſage he ſays

His helme of latoun bright,
His ſadel was of rewel bone,
His bridel as the ſonne ſhone,
Or as the mone light.
His ſpere was of fin cypres,
That bodeth werre and nothing pees,
The hed ful ſharpe yground:
His ſtede was all dapple gray,
It goth an aumble in the way
Ful ſoftely and round ‖ in londe——
Lo, Lordes min, here is a fit,
If ye wol ony more of it
To telle it wol I fond.
Now hold your mouth *pour charitee*
Bothe knight and lady fre,
And herkeneth to my ſpell;
Of bataille and of chevalrie,
Of ladies love and druerie,
Anon I wol you tell.

the Saracens covered their targes with "*cuir boulli de Capadoce*, ou nul fer ne peut prendre n'attacher; ſi le cuir n'eſt "trop échaufé."

℣. 13807. *rewel bone*] What kind of material this was I profeſs myſelf quite ignorant. In the *Turnam. of Tottenham*, ver. 75, [*Anc. Poet.* v. ii. p. 18.] Tibby is introduced with a garland on her head full of *ruell bones*. The derivation in Gloſſ. *Urr.* of this word from the Fr. *riolé*, diverſly coloured, has not the leaſt probability. The other, which deduces it from the Fr. *rouelle*, *rotula*, the whirlbone or kneepan, is more plauſible, though, as the gloſſariſt obſerves, that ſenſe will hardly ſuit here.

℣. 13823. *Of ladies love and druerie*] I have taken the liberty here of departing from the mſſ. which read——

And of ladies love druerie.

Men ſpeken of romaunces of pris,
Of Hornchild and of Ipotis,
Of Bevis and Sire Guy,
Of Sire Libeux and Pleindamour,
But Sire Thopas he bereth the flour
Of real chevalrie.

His goode ſtede he al beſtrode,
And forth upon his way he glode
As ſparcle out of bronde;
Upon his creſt he bare a tour,
And therin ſtiked a lily flour;
God ſhilde his corps fro ſhonde!

Upon ſecond thoughts I am more inclined to throw out *love* as a gloſs for *druerie*, and to read thus;

And of ladies druerie.

Druerie is ſtrangely explained in Gloſſ. *Urr. ſobriety, modeſty:* it means courtſhip, gallantry.

ỽ. 13828. *Of Sire Libeux*] His romance is in mſ. *Cott. Cal.* ii. In the 12th ſtanza we have his true name and the reaſon of it. King Arthur ſpeaks;

Now clepeth him alle thus,
Ly Beau Deſconus,
For the love of me,
Than may ye wete arowe,
The fayre unknowe
Certes ſo hatte he.

Ibid. Pleindamour] This is the reading of the mſſ. and I know not why we ſhould change it for *Blandamour*, as both names ſound equally well.

ỽ. 13833. *As ſparcle*] The ſame ſimile is in *Iſumbras*, fol. 130, b.;

He ſpronge forth, *as ſparke* on [ſ. *of*] glede.

Glode in the preceding verſe is probably for *glowde*, glowed, from the Sax. *glowan, candere.*

And for he was a knight auntrous
He n'olde ſlepen in non hous,
But liggen in his hood;
His brighte helm was his wanger,
And by him baited his deſtrer
Of herbes fin and good.

Himſelf drank water of the well,
As did the knight Sire Percivell
So worthy under wede,
Til on a day ——————

PROLOGUE TO MELIBEUS.

No more of this for Goddes dignitee,
Quod our Hoſte, for thou makeſt me
So wery of thy veray lewedneſſe,
That al ſo wiſly God my ſoule bleſſe

℣. 13844. *Sire Percivell*] The romance of Perceval le Galois, or de Galis, was compoſed in octoſyllable French verſe by Chreſtein de Troyes, one of the oldeſt and beſt French romancers before the year 1191. *Fauchet*, l. ii. c. x. It conſiſted of above ſixty thouſand verſes, [*Bibl. des Rom.* t. ii. p. 250,] ſo that it would be ſome trouble to find the fact which is probably here alluded to. The romance under the ſame title in French proſe, printed at Paris 1530, fol. can be only an abridgement, I ſuppoſe, of the original poem.

℣. 13845. *So worthy under wede*] This phraſe occurs repeatedly in the romance of Emaré;

fol. 70. b. Than ſayde that *worthy unther wede.*
— 74. b. The childe was *worthy unther wede*,
And ſate upon a nobyl ſtede.

See alſo fol. 71, b. 73, a.

Min eres aken of thy drafty ſpeche.
Now ſwiche a rime the devil I beteche;
This may wel be rime dogerel, quod he.
  Why ſo? quod I; why wolt thou letten me
More of my Tale than an other man,
Sin that it is the beſte rime I can?
  By God, quod he, for plainly at o word
Thy drafty riming is not worth a tord:
Thou doſt nought elles but diſpendeſt time.
Sire, at o word thou ſhalt no lenger rime.
Let ſee wher thou canſt tellen ought in geſte,
Or tellen in proſe ſomwhat at the leſte

℣. 13852. *the devil I beteche*] I betake (recommend or give) to the devil. See ver. 3748.;

> My ſoule *betake I unto* Sathanas——

and ver. 8037, 17256, where the prepoſition is omitted as here. *To take*, in our old language, is alſo uſed for *to take to*, *to give*. See ver. 13334.;

> He *toke* me certain gold, I wote it wel.

And compare ver. 13224, 13286.—The change of *betake* into *beteche* was not ſo great a licenſe formerly as it would be now, as *ch* and *k* ſeem once to have been pronounced in nearly the ſame manner. See ver. 3307, 8, 11, 12, where *werk* is made to rhyme to *cherche* and *clerk*. It may be obſerved too that the Saxons had but one verb, *tæcan*, to ſignify *capere* and *docere*; and though our anceſtors, even before Chaucer's time, had ſplit that ſingle verb into two, *to take* and *to teche*, and had diſtinguiſhed each from the other by a different mode of inflexion, yet the compound verb *betake*, which according to that mode of inflexion ought to have formed its paſt time *betoke*, formed it often, I believe, *betaught*, as if no ſuch diſtinction had been eſtabliſhed. See *R. R.* ver. 4438.; *Gamelyn*, 666. The regular paſt time *betoke* occurs in ver. 16009.

In which ther be ſom mirthe or ſom doctrine.
  Gladly, quod I; by Goddes ſwete pine
I wol you tell a litel thing in proſe
That oughte liken you, as I ſuppoſe,
Or elles certes ye be to dangerous.
It is a moral Tale vertuous,
Al be it told ſomtime in ſondry wiſe
Of ſondry folk, as I ſhal you deviſe.
  As thus; ye wot that every evangeliſt
That telleth us the peine of Jeſu Criſt
Ne ſaith not alle thing as his felaw doth;
But natheles hir ſentence is al ſoth,
And alle accorden as in hir ſentence,
Al be ther in hir telling difference;
For ſom of hem ſay more and ſom ſay leſſe
Whan they his pitous paſſion expreſſe;
I mene of Mark and Mathew, Luke and John,
But douteles hir ſentence is all on.
Therfore, Lordinges all, I you beſeche,
If that ye thinke I vary in my ſpeche,
As thus, though that I telle ſom del more
Of proverbes than ye han herde before
Comprehended in this litel tretiſe here,
To enforcen with the effect of my matere,
And though I not the ſame wordes ſay
As ye han herde, yet to you alle I pray

℣. 13879. *I mene of Mark and Mathew*] The conjunction *and* has been added for the ſake of the metre without authority, and perhaps without neceſſity, as *Mark* was probably written by Chaucer *Marke*, and pronounced as a diſſyllable.

Blameth me not, for as in my ſentence
Shul ye nowher finden no difference
Fro the ſentence of thilke tretiſe lite
After the which this mery Tale I write;
And therfore herkeneth what I ſhal ſay,
And let me tellen all my Tale I pray.

THE TALE OF MELIBEUS.

A Yonge man called Melibeus, mighty and riche, begate upon his wif that called was Prudence a doughter which that called was Sophie.

Upon a day befell that he for his diſport is went into the feldes him to playe. His wif and eke his doughter hath he left within his hous, of which the dores weren faſt yſhette. Foure of his olde foos han it eſpied, and ſetten ladders to the walles of his hous, and by the windowes ben entred, and beten his wif, and wounded his doughter with five mortal woundes in five ſondry places; this is to ſay, in hire feet, in hire hondes, in hire eres, in hire noſe, and in hire mouth, and leften hire for dede, and wenten away.

The Tale of Melibeus] Prudence, the diſcreet wife of Melibeus, perſuadeth her huſband to patience, and to receive his enemies to mercie and grace. A Tale full of moralitie, wherein both high and low may learne to governe their affections. *Speght.*

The Tale of Melibeus] Mr. Thomas has obſerved that this Tale ſeems to have been written in blank verſe. [*MSſ. notes upon Ch.* ed. *Urr.* in *Brit. Muſ.*] It is certain that in the former part of it we find a number of blank verſes intermixed in a much greater proportion than in any of our Author's other proſe writings, but this poetical ſtyle is not, I think, remarkable beyond the firſt four or five pages.

Whan Melibeus retorned was into his hous, and fey al this mefchief, he like a madman rending his clothes gan to wepe and crie.

Prudence his wif, as fer forth as fhe dorfte, befought him of his weping for to ftint: but not forthy he gan to crie and wepen ever lenger the more.

This noble wif Prudence remembred hire upon the fentence of Ovide*, in his book that cleped is The Remedie of Love, wheras he faith, He is a fool that diftourbeth the moder to wepe in the deth of hire childe til fhe have wept hire fille, as for a certain time; and than fhal a man don his diligence with amiable wordes hire to reconforte, and preye hire of hire weping for to ftinte. For which refon this noble wif Prudence fuffred hire houfbond for to wepe and crie as for a certain fpace, and whan fhe faw hire time fhe fayde to him in this wife: Alas! my Lord, quod fhe, why make ye yourfelf for to be like a fool? forfothe it apperteineth not to a wife man to maken fwiche a forwe. Youre doughter with the grace of God fhal warifh and efcape. And al were it fo that fhe right now were dede, ye ne ought not as for hire deth yourefelf to de-

* *the fentence of Ovide*] *Rem. Am.* 125.;

Quis matrem, nifi mentis inops, in funere nati
Flere vetet? &c.

It would be a laborious and thanklefs tafk to point out the exact places of all the quotations which are made ufe of in this treatife, I fhall therefore confine my obfervations of that kind to a few paffages, which are taken from authors not commonly to be met with.

ſtroye. Senek ſaith, The wiſe man ſhal not take to gret diſcomfort for the deth of his children, but certes he ſhulde ſuffren it in patience, as wel as he abideth the deth of his owen propre perſone.

This Melibeus anſwered anon and ſaide; What man (quod he) ſhulde of his weping ſtinte that hath ſo gret a cauſe for to wepe? Jeſu Criſt our Lord himſelf wepte for the deth of Lazarus his frend. Prudence anſwered; Certes wel I wote attempre weping is nothing defended to him that ſorweful is among folk in ſorwe, but it is rather graunted him to wepe. The apoſtle Poule unto the Romaines writeth, Man ſhal rejoyce with hem that maken joye, and wepen with ſwiche folk as wepen. But though attempre weping be ygranted, outrageous weping certes is defended. Meſure of weping ſhulde be conſidered after the lore that techeth us Senek. Whan that thy frend is dede (quod he) let not thin eyen to moiſte ben of teres ne to muche drie; although the teres comen to thin eyen let hem not falle. And whan thou haſt forgon thy frend do diligence to get agein another frend; and this is more wiſdom than for to wepe for thy frend which that thou haſt lorne, for therin is no bote. And therfore if ye governe you by ſapience put away ſorwe out of youre herte. Remembreth you that Jeſus Sirak ſayth, A man that is joyous and glad in herte it him conſerveth floriſhing in his age; but ſothly a ſorweful herte maketh his bones drie. He ſaith eke thus,

that sorwe in herte sleeth ful many a man. Salomon sayth, that right as mouthes in the shepes fleese anoien to the clothes, and the smale wormes to the tree, right so anoieth sorwe to the herte of man; wherfore us ought as wel in the deth of oure children as in the losse of oure goodes temporel have patience.

Remembre you upon the patient Job; whan he hadde lost his children and his temporel substaunce, and in his body endured and received ful many a grevous tribulation, yet sayde he thus; Oure Lord hath yeve it to me, oure Lord hath beraft it me; right as oure Lord hath wold right so is it don; yblessed be the name of oure Lord. To thise foresaide thinges answered Melibeus unto his wif Prudence: All thy wordes (quod he) ben trewe, and therto profitable, but trewely min herte is troubled with this sorwe so grevously that I n'ot what to don. Let calle (quod Prudence) thyn trewe frendes alle, and thy linage, which that ben wise, and telleth to hem your cas, and herkeneth what they saye in conseilling, and governe you after hir sentence. Salomon saith, Werke all thinges by conseil and thou shalt never repente.

Than by conseil of his wif Prudence this Melibeus let callen a gret congregation of folk, as surgiens, phisiciens, olde folk and yonge, and som of his olde enemies reconciled (as by hir semblant) to his love and to his grace; and therwithal ther comen some of his neigheboures that diden him reverence more for drede

than for love, as it happeth oft: ther comen also ful many subtil flaterers, and wise advocats lerned in the lawe.

And whan thise folk togeder assembled weren this Melibeus in sorweful wise shewed hem his cas, and by the manere of his speche it semed that in herte he bare a cruel ire, ready to don vengeaunce upon his foos, and sodeinly desired that the werre shulde beginne, but natheles yet axed he his conseil upon this matere. A surgien, by licence and assent of swiche as weren wise, up rose, and unto Melibeus sayde as ye moun here.

Sire, (quod he) as to us surgiens apperteineth that we do to every wight the beste that we can, wher as we ben withholden, and to our patient that we do no damage, wherfore it happeth many time and ofte that whan twey men han everich wounded other o same surgien heleth hem both, wherfore unto our art it is not pertinent to norice werre, ne parties to supporte: but certes as to the warishing of youre doughter, al be it so that perilously she be wounded, we shuln do so ententif besinesse fro day to night, that with the grace of God she shal be hole and sound as sone as is possible. Almost right in the same wise the phisiciens answerden, save that they saiden a fewe wordes more; that right as maladies ben cured by hir contraries, right so shal man warishe werre. His neighboures ful of envie, his feined frendes that semed reconciled, and his flater-

ers, maden femblant of weping, and empeired and agregged muchel of this matere, in preyfing gretly Melibee of might, of power, of richeffe, and of frendes, defpifing the power of his adverfaries, and faiden outrely that he anon fhulde wreken him on his foos, and beginnen werre.

Up rofe than an advocat that was wife, by leve and by confeil of other that were wife, and fayde; Lordinges, the nede for the which we ben affembled in this place is a ful hevie thing, and an heigh matere, becaufe of the wrong and of the wikkedneffe that hath be don, and eke by refon of the grete damages that in time coming ben poffible to fallen for the fame caufe, and eke by refon of the gret richeffe and power of the parties bothe, for the which refons it were a ful gret peril to erren in this matere; wherfore, Melibeus, this is oure fentence: we confeille you, aboven alle thing, that right anon thou do thy diligence in keping of thy propre perfone in fwiche a wife that thou ne want non efpie ne watche thy body for to fave; and after that we confeille that in thin hous thou fette fuffifant garnifon, fo that they moun as wel thy body as thy hous defende: but certes for to meeven werre, ne fodenly for to do vengeaunce, we moun not deme in fo litel time that it were profitable; wherfore we axen leifer and fpace to have deliberation in this cas to deme; for the comune proverbe faith thus, He that fone demeth fone fhal repente; and eke men fain that thilke juge

is wise that sone understondeth a matere and jugeth by leiser: for al be it so that al tarying be anoiful, algates it is not to repreve in yeving of jugement, ne in vengeance taking, whan it is suffisant and resonable: and that shewed our Lord Jesu Crist by ensample, for whan that the woman that was taken in advoutrie was brought in his presence, to knowen what shuld be don with hire persone, al be it that he wist wel himself what that he wolde answere, yet ne wolde he not answere sodeinly, but he wolde have deliberation, and in the ground he wrote twies: and by thise causes we axen deliberation, and we shuln than by the grace of God conseille the thing that shal be profitable.

Up sterte than the yonge folk at ones, and the most partie of that compagnie han scorned this olde wise man, and begonnen to make noise, and saiden; Right so as while that iren is hot men shulde smite, right so men shuln do wreken hir wronges while that they ben freshe and newe: and with loude voys they criden Werre! werre! Up rose tho on of thise olde wise, and with his hand made countenaunce that men shuld holde hem stille and yeve him audience. Lordinges, (quod he) ther is ful many a man that crieth Werre! werre! that wote ful litel what werre amounteth. Werre at his beginning hath so gret an entring and so large, that every wight may enter whan him liketh, and lightly find werre; but certes what end that shal befalle it is not light to know; for sothly whan that werre is ones begonne there is ful many a child un-

borne of his moder that ſhal ſterve yong by cauſe of thilke werre, other elles live in ſorwe, and dien in wretchedneſſe; and therfore or that any werre be begonne men muſt have gret conſeil and gret deliberation. And whan this olde man wende to enforcen his tale by reſons, wel nie alle at ones begonne they to riſe for to breken his tale, and bidden him ful oft his wordes for to abregge; for ſothly he that precheth to hem that liſten not heren his wordes his ſermon hem anoieth; for Jeſus Sirak ſayth that muſike in weping is a noious thing; this is to ſayn, as muche availleth to ſpeke beforn folk to which his ſpeche anoieth as to ſinge beforne him that wepeth. And whan this wiſe man ſaw that him wanted audience al ſhamefaſt he ſette him doun agein; for Salomon ſaith, Ther as thou ne mayſt have non audience enforce thee not to ſpeke. I ſee wel (quod this wiſe man) that the comune proverbe is ſoth, that good conſeil wanteth whan it is moſt nede.

Yet had this Melibeus in his conſeil many folk that prively in his ere conſeilled him certain thing, and conſeilled him the contrary in general audience. Whan Melibeus had herd that the greteſt partie of his conſeil were accorded that he ſhulde make werre, anon he conſented to hire conſeilling, and fully affermed hir ſentence. Than Dame Prudence, whan that ſhe ſaw how that hire hoſbonde ſhope him for to awreke him on his foos, and to beginne werre, ſhe in ful humble

wise, whan she saw hire time, sayde him these wordes: My Lord, (quod she) I you beseche, as hertly as I dare and can, ne haste you not to faste, and for alle guerdons as yeve me audience; for Piers Alphonse † sayth, Who

† *Piers Alphonse*] He calls himself *Petrus Alfunsi* in his *Dialogus contra Judæos*, mſ. *Harl.* 3861. He there informs us that he was himself originally a Jew, but converted and baptized in the year 1106, in July, *die natalis App. Petri et Pauli*, upon which account he took the name of *Peter*; "Fuit autem pater meus "spiritualis *Alfunsus*, gloriosus Hispanie Imperator," (the first King of Arragon of that name and the seventh of Castile)—— "quare, nomen ejus prefato nomini meo apponens, *Petrus Al-* "*funsi* mihi nomen imposui." After his conversion he wrote the dialogue above-mentioned, and also another work which is here quoted by Chaucer, and of which therefore I think myself obliged to give some account.—It is extant in mſ. in many libraries, but the only copy which I have had an opportunity of examining is in the Museum, *Bib. Reg.* 10 *B.* xii.: it is there entitled *Petri Adelfonsi de Clericali disciplinâ*, and begins thus; "Dixit *Petrus Adelfonsus*, servus compositor hujus li- "bri—Libellum compegi partim ex proverbiis et castigatio- "nibus Arabicis et fabulis et versibus, et partim ex animalium "et volucrum similitudinibus."—After a short proem he enters thus upon his main subject; "*Ehoc* igitur philosophus, qui "linguâ Arabicâ cognominatur *Edric*, dixit filio suo; Timor "Domini sit tua negotiatio," &c.—The work then proceeds in the form of a dialogue between the philosopher and his son, in which the precepts of the former are for the most part illustrated by apposite fables and examples. *Edris* (according to *D'Herbelot*, in v.) was the name of Enoch among the Arabians, who attribute to him many fabulous compositions. Whether Alfonsus had any of them in his view I know not, nor is it material: the manner and style of his work shew both many marks of an eastern original, and one of his stories *Of a trick put upon a thief* is entirely taken from the *Calilah u Damnah* *, a cele-

* Though the exact age of the *Calilah u Damnah* be by no means clear, we know that it was translated out of Arabick into Greek by Symeon Seth several years before Alfonsus wrote. The story mentioned

ſo that doth to thee outher good or harme haſte thee not to quite it, for in this wiſe thy frend wol abide, and

brated collection of oriental apologues.——In this part of the world, however, Alfonſus may be conſidered as an original writer. His work was very early tranſlated into French verſe. In an old copy, mſ. *Reg.* 16 *E.* viii. the tranſlation is entitled *Proverbes Peres Anforſe;* and there is a ſhort introduction by the tranſlator, in which he ſays, "Voil *Peres Anfors* tranſlater."—In a later copy, mſ. *Bod.* 1687, the introduction is omitted, but the poem is entitled *Le Romaunz Peres Aunfour coment il apriſt et chaſtia ſun fils belement.*---In another copy, mſ. *Harl.* 4388, there is neither introduction nor title, ſo that by the mere omiſſions of tranſcribers the French tranſlation has put on the appearance of an original work, and is quoted as ſuch by M. le

here is not in that copy of Symeon's tranſlation which Starkius has printed under the title of *Specimen Sapientiæ Indorum*, Berolin 1697, 8vo, but it is in mſ. *Bod.* 510, and in the Lat. verſion of Symeon's book which Pouſſin publiſhed by way of Appendix to the hiſtory of Pachymeres, *inter Script. Hiſt. Byzant.* The various titles under which this eaſtern romance has paſſed through Europe may be ſeen in the preface of Starkius, and in *Fabr. Bib. Gr.* vi. 460, and x. 324, though neither of them has taken notice of an Italian tranſlation or imitation by Firenzulo, entitled *Diſcorſi degli animali.* See his *Proſe*, *Fir.* 1548. The other Italian verſion, which they mention, by Doni, was tranſlated into Engliſh under the title of *The Moral Philoſophy of Doni out of Italian by Sir Thomas North Knight*, 4to, 1601, [*Ames*, p. 435,] and is alluded to, I ſuppoſe, by Jonſon in his *Epicœne*, p. 494, by the name of *Done's Philoſophy*, though he has made the ſpeaker Sir Am. La-Fool (whether deſignedly or not I am uncertain) confounds it with Reynard the Fox. Since they wrote there has been an ed. at Paris in 1724 with this title, *Contes et fables Indiennes, de Bidpai et de Lokman, traduites D'Ali Tchelebi-Ben-Saleh, Auteur Turc. Oeuvre poſthume. par M. Galland.* The words *et de Lokman* in this title I ſuſpect to have been added by the bookſeller, for I cannot find any thing of Lokman in the work itſelf. Perhaps M. Galland might have intended to annex the fables of Lokman, but was prevented by death. For the reſt, there is no material difference between this edition and a former French verſion, which was made from the Perſick, and printed in 1698, except in the ſtyle: they both differ very conſiderably from the Greek.———I will juſt take notice that one of the fables in the Greek, p. 444, has been inſerted (but with great variations) by Matthew Paris in his Hiſtory, *ad ann.* 1195, as a parable which Rich. I. after his return from the eaſt was uſed frequently to relate *ingratos redarguendo.*

thin enemie shal the lenger live in drede. The proverbe sayth, He hasteth wel that wisely can abide; and in wikked hast is no profite.

Comte de Caylus in his *Memoire sur les Fabliaux*, [*Acad. des Inf.* t. xx. p. 361.] under the general title of *Le chastoiement du pere au fils*. The fable of the Sheep, of which M. de Caylus has there given an abstract, is in the Latin Alfonsus, fab. ix. I will add, that the same fable, in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, N. xxx. is fathered upon *uno novellatore di messer Azzolino*; and Cervantes, changing the sheep for goats, has put it into the mouth of Sancho, *Don Quix.* p. 1. c. xx. Cervantes indeed has also altered the application of it, but I think not for the better.——I am inclined to believe that Hebers, the author or translator of the French romance called *Dolopatos*, in the beginning of the 13th century, had read this work of Alfonsus perhaps before it was translated into French. The story of the stone thrown into the well, *Decameron*, vii. 4, which Fauchet supposes Boccace to have taken from Hebers, is in Alfonsus, fab. xi.: it is not in the Greek Syntipas †, which I imagine to have been the ground-

† The only copy which I have ever seen of Syntipas is in ms. *Harl.* 5560. I should guess that it agreed in substance with that which Du Cange made use of in his *Glossarium Med. et Inf. Græcitatis*, [see his *Index Auctorum*, p. 33,] though it seems to be of a later age and in a more depraved dialect. They differ in this, that the Harleian copy is said to have been translated from the Persick [*απο περσιακης βιβλȣ εις Ρωμαϊκην γλωτταν*,] and Du Cange's from the Syriack [*απο Συριακης βιβλȣ, ως ειχεν αυταις λεξεσιν, εις την Ελλαδα γλωτταν.*] However, I would not vouch that it really was translated either from the Persick or Syriack. Among the oriental mss. in the Bodleian library the catalogue mentions one in Turkish, [*Rawlinson*, 31,] *De uxore Chasikini Turcarum regis et filio*, which I suspect to contain this same story, translated perhaps from the Greek or from the Italian *Erasto.*——Syntipas is said to have been printed at Venice, *Lingua Græca vulgari*, *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* x. 515. How far that edition may agree with the Harleian ms. I cannot say, having never seen it: to judge by the ms. only it seems probable that if Syntipas was the groundwork of the Dolopatos Hebers must have departed as much from his original as the succeeding compilers of *Les sept Sages* and of *Erasto* have from Hebers. Neither the story mentioned in the text, nor the two others which

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This Melibee anfwered unto his wif Prudence; I purpofe not (quod he) to werken by thy confeil for

work of the Dolopatos, and therefore I prefume that it was inferted by Hebers, (or the monk whofe Latin he tranflated) and poffibly from Alfonfus, at leaft it is not more probable that Boccace fhould take it from Hebers than from Alfonfus, with whofe work he appears to have been well acquainted. One of his novels, *Decam.* vii. 6, is plainly copied from thence, fab. viii. and his celebrated novel of the two friends Tito and Gifippo, *Decam.* x. 8, is borrowed, with hardly any variation except in the names of perfons and places, from the 2d of Alfonfus, or, which is the fame thing, from the *Gefta Romanorum* ‡, into which col-

Fauchet refers to as borrowed by Boccace from Hebers, *viz. Decam.* iii. 2, and viii. 8, are to be found in the mf. Syntipas. On the other hand the ftory in *The Decam.* vii. 6, which is faid in the text to be probably copied from Alfonfus, is alfo in Syntipas, though from the filence of Fauchet we may prefume that it was not in the Dolopatos.—The plan of Syntipas is exactly the fame with that of *Les fept Sages*, the Italian *Erafto*, the French *Erafte*, and our little ftory-book *The Seven wife Mafters*, except that inftead of Dioclefian of Rome the king is called Cyrus of Perfia, and inftead of one tale each of the philofophers tells two. This laft circumftance is an argument, I think, for the originality of Syntipas, and another may be drawn from the infipidity of the greateft part of the tales. The only one of them which, as I remember, is retained in the modern Eraftus is that of the knight who in a fit of groundlefs paffion killed a faithful dog, *Erafte*, ch. 8. It is plainly borrowed from a ftory in the *Calilah u Damnah*, p. 339 of the Gr. tranflation, though there inftead of a dog the animal is called Νυμφη, by fome miftake, as I fufpect, of the tranflator.———There is a tranflation of this romance, in Englifh octofyllable verfe, not later than Chaucer's time, as I imagine, in mf. *Cotton, Galba, E.* ix. It is entitled *The Proces of the Seven Sages*, and agrees exactly with *Les fet Sages de Rome* in French profe in mf. *Harl.* 3890.

‡ The title in the printed copies is *Ex Geftis Romanorum hiftorie notabiles collecte; de viciis virtutibufque tractantes; cum applicationibis moralifatis et myfticis.* The author of this ftrange work is quite unknown, nor is it eafy to fix with precifion the time of its compofition. Upon the whole I have no doubt that it is of a later date than Alfonfus, *viz.* the beginning of the 12th century, and I fhould guefs that it was compofed about the end of that century, or the beginning of the 13th.——Three couplets of Englifh verfes in ch. 68, and fome Englifh names in ch. 128, which are to be found in feveral old mff. (the former ch. being there numbered liii. and the latter xxviii.) though they have been left

many caufes and refons, for certes every wight wold hold me than a fool; this is to fayn, if I for thy con-

lection, after a time, almoft all the beft fables of Alfonfus were incorporated.—This laft circumftance, though certainly very

out of the editt. afford a reafonable ground for conjecturing that one of our countrymen was the author.—As it continued to be a popular book at the time of the invention of printing it was very early put to the prefs, and feveral editt. of it were publifhed in different places before the year 1500. The earlieft editt. that I have feen agree together exactly, and contain 152 chapters. The edit. at Rouen in 1521 contains 181 chapters, the hiftory of Apollonius Tyrius being the firft of the additional chapters. [See *Difcourfe, &c.* n. 16.] In mff. *Harl.* 2270 and 5259, which are both feemingly complete, the number of chapters does not exceed 102; and yet notwithftanding there are fo many more ftories in the printed books there are ftill feveral in the mff. which I apprehend have never been printed. [See a note upon the plot of Shakefpeare's Merchant of Venice, with the fignature of T. T. vol. iii. p. 224, and an addition to it in *Appendix* ii. See alfo a note of Mr. Farmer's in the fame Appendix, where he mentions his having found the ftory of the Cafkets in an old tranflation of the *Gefta Romanorum* firft printed by Winkin de Worde. As he fays nothing of the ftory of the Bond, we may prefume (from the known accuracy of Mr. Farmer's refearches) that it is not contained in that tranflation.]—It has been faid above that feveral of the fables in the *Gefta Romanorum* are taken from Alfonfus. The author has alfo borrowed from the *Calilah u Damnah*, by the help I fuppofe of fome Latin tranflation from the Greek of Symeon Seth. The originals of the greateft part of his ftories are not fo eafy to be traced; I fpeak of thofe which are found in the mff.; for of thofe in the editt. many are plainly taken from well-known authors, fome of which are quoted by name, as Aulus Gellius, Macrobius, Auguftinus, Gervafius Tilberienfis, and others.—I will add here a few inftances which occur to me at prefent of ftories which writers of the 14th century have (or rather may have) borrowed from the *Gefta Romanorum*; for in fome of thefe inftances it is poffible that they may have had recourfe to the very books from which the compiler of that work drew his materials. I fhall cite the chapters as they are numbered in the edit. of 1521, and in mf. *Harl.* 2270. Where reference is made to only one of thefe it fhould be underftood that I have not obferved that ftory in the other.—Ch. 8 (mf. 96) is copied by *Gower, Conf. Amant.* b. v. fol. 122. b.—Ch. 57, (mf. 16.) This ftory is in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, nov. vi.—Ch. 61 is in *Gower, Conf. Amant.* b. iii. fol. 54.—Ch. 89. This is the ftory of the Three Rings, which has been faid (but I think without any reafon) to have been of ufe to Swift in his Tale of a Tub: it is in the *C. N. A.* nov. 71, and in *The Decameron*, I, 3.—Ch. 109. There is a great fimilitude between this ftory and one which is told in the *C. N. A.* nov. 65, and in *The Deca-*

feilling wolde change thinges that ben ordeined and affirmed by fo many wife men. Secondly, I fay that all women ben wicke, and non good of hem all; for

honourable to Alfonfus, has been very prejudicial to his fame: for inftance, a tranflation, as I fuppofe, of his laft mentioned ftory of the two friends is entitled, in a mf. of Lydgate belonging to the late Dr. Afkew, *A Tale of two Marchants of Egypt and of Baldad, ex Geftis Romanorum*, [Mr. Farmer's Notes on *The Merch. of Ven.* laft edit. of *Shakefp. App.* ii.] as if the tale had firft appeared in that work. However fomebody, not long after the invention of printing as I guefs, did a little more juftice to Alfonfus, by putting together his principal tales, and inferting them, with his name, in a collection of the fables of Æfop and other eminent fabulifts in Latin. This collection was foon turned into French, and from that verfion Caxton made the tranflation into Englifh which has been mentioned in the *Difcourfe, &c.* n. 22. Caxton's book has been reprinted more than once: I have feen an edition of it in 1647, and I doubt whether there has been one fince.

meron, x. 1. See alfo *Gower, Conf. Amant.* b. v. fol. 96, 7.—Ch. 118 is from Alfonfus: it is repeated in the *C. N. A.* nov. 84.—Ch. 119 (mf. 102) has been verfified by *Gower, Conf. Amant.* b. v. fol. 110, b. It has been mentioned in note *, p. 138, as taken originally from the *Sapientiæ Indorum*, p. 444.—Ch. 124 (mf. 20) makes the laft novel of the *C. N. A.* —Ch. 157 makes the 50th novel of the *C. N. A.* but it may have been taken from Alfonfus.—Ch. 171 (mf. 55) is the ftory of the two friends mentioned in the text.—Ch. 48, mf. contains the ftory of the Cafkets; and ch. 99, mf. that of the Bond, the two principal incidents in Shakefpeare's Merchant of Venice. It is faid in the additional note, *App.* ii. laft ed. of Shakefp. that Ser Giovanni had worked up thefe two ftories into one, as they are in the play: but that is a miftake which I beg leave to retract here. The novel of Ser Giovanni [*Pecorone Giorn.* iv. nov. 1,] is founded only upon the ftory of the Bond; it is probable therefore that Shakefpeare took the ftory of the Cafkets from the Englifh *Gefta Romanorum*, and ingrafted it upon the other.——Ch. 98, mf. is copied with very little alteration in the *C. N. A.* nov. 68.—Many more ftories in Gower, which feem to be founded upon ancient hiftory, will appear upon examination to be taken from this book. It would lead me too far to particularize thofe which Lydgate, Occleve, and other later writers, have borrowed from it: I will only mention, for the credit of the collection, that ch. 80 contains the complete fable of Parnell's Hermit.

of a thousand men, saith Salomon, I found o good man; but certes of alle women good woman found I never. And also, certes if I governed me by thy conseil it shulde seme that I had yeve thee over me the maistrie; and God forbede that it so were; for Jesus Sirak sayth, that if the wif have the maistrie she is contrarious to hire husbond; and Salomon sayth, Never in thy lif to thy wif, ne to thy child, ne to thy frend, ne yeve no power over thyself; for better it were that thy children axe of thee thinges that hem nedeth than thou see thy self in the handes of thy children. And also if I wol werche by thy conseilling certes it must be somtime secree, til it were time that it be knowen, and this ne may not be if I shulde be conseilled by thee. [For it is written †, The janglerie of women ne can no thing hide save that which they wote not; after the philosophre sayth, In wikked conseil women venquishen men: and for thise resons I ne owe not to be conseilled by thee.]

† [*For it is written, &c.*] What is included between hooks is wanting in all the mss. which I have examined: it is plainly necessary to the sense, as it shews us what the fourth and fifth reasons of Melibeus were to which Prudence replies: I have therefore inserted as literal a translation as I imagine Chaucer might have made of the following passage in the Fr. Melibée, ms. *Reg.* 19, *C.* vii.; "Car il est escript, la genglerie des "femmes ne puet riens celler fors ce qu'elle ne scet. Apris le "philosophre dit, en mauvais conseil les femmes vainquent "les hommes, et par ces raisons je ne dois point user de ton "conseil."

Whan Dame Prudence, ful debonairly and with gret pacience, had herd all that hire housbonde liked for to say, than axed she of him licence for to speke, and sayde in this wise: My Lord, (quod she) as to your first reson it may lightly ben answerd, for I say that it is no folie to chaunge conseil whan the thing is chaunged, or elles whan the thing semeth otherwise than it semed afore. And moreover, I say though that ye have sworne and behight to performe your emprise, and nevertheles ye weive to performe thilke same emprise by just cause, men shuld not say therfore ye were a lyer ne forsworn; for the book sayth that the wise man maketh no lesing whan he turneth his corage for the better. And al be it that your emprise be established and ordeined by gret multitude of folk, yet thar you not accomplish thilke ordinance but you liketh, for the trouthe of thinges and the profit ben rather founden in fewe folk that ben wise and ful of reson than by gret multitude of folk ther every man cryeth and clattereth what him liketh; sothly swiche multitude is not honest. As to the second reson, wheras ye say that alle women ben wicke; save your grace, certes ye despise alle women in this wise, and he that all despiseth, as saith the book, all despleseth. And Senek saith, that who so wol have sapience shal no man dispreise, but he shal gladly teche the science that he can without presumption or pride, and swiche thinges as he nought can he shal not ben ashamed to lere hem,

and to enquere of lesse folk than himself. And, Sire, that ther hath ben ful many a good woman may lightly be preved; for certes, Sire, our Lord Jesu Crist n'olde never han descended to be borne of a woman if all women had be wicked; and after that for the gret bountee that is in women our Lord Jesu Crist whan he was risen from deth to lif appered rather to a woman than to his apostles. And though that Salomon sayde he found never no good woman, it folweth not therfore that all women be wicked; for though that he ne found no good woman, certes many another man hath founde many a woman ful good and trewe: or elles, peraventure, the entent of Salomon was this, that in soveraine bountee he found no woman; this is to say, that ther is no wight that hath soveraine bountee save God alone, as he himself recordeth in his Evangelies; for ther is no creature so good that him ne wanteth somwhat of the perfection of God that is his maker. Youre thridde reson is this; ye say that if that ye governe you by my conseil it shulde seme that ye had yeve me the maistrie and the lordship of your person. Sire, save your grace, it is not so; for if so were that no man shulde be conseilled but only of hem that han lordship and maistrie of his person men n'olde not be conseilled so often; for sothly thilke man that asketh conseil of a purpos yet hath he free chois whether he wol werke after that conseil or non. And as to your fourth reson, ther as ye sain that the janglerie of women can hide

thinges that they wot not, as who so sayth that a woman can not hide that she wote; Sire, thise wordes ben understonde of women that ben jangleresses and wicked, of which women men sain that three thinges driven a man out of his hous, that is to say, smoke, dropping of raine, and wicked wives; and of swiche women Salomon sayth, that a man were better dwell in desert than with a woman that is riotous: and, Sire, by your leve, that am not I, for ye have ful often assaied my gret silence and my gret patience, and eke how wel that I can hide and hele thinges that men oughten secretly to hiden. And sothly as to your fifthe reson, wheras ye say that in wicked conseil women venquishen men, God wote that thilke reson stant here in no stede; for understondeth now ye axen conseil for to do wickednesse, and if ye wol werken wickednesse, and your wif restraineth thilke wicked purpos, and overcometh you by reson and by good conseil, certes your wif ought rather to be preised than to be blamed: thus shulde ye understonde the philosophre that sayth, In wicked conseil women venquishen hir husbondes. And ther as ye blamen all women and hir resons, I shal shewe you by many ensamples that many women have ben ful good, and yet ben, and hir conseil holesome and profitable. Eke som men han sayd that the conseil of women is either to dere or elles to litel of pris: but al be it so that ful many a woman be bad, and hire conseil vile and nought worth, yet han men

founden ful many a good woman, and difcrete and wife in confeilling. Lo Jacob, thurgh the good confeil of his mother Rebecke, wan the benifon of his father and the lordfhip over all his brethren; Judith by hire good confeil delivered the citee of Bethulie, in which fhe dwelt, out of the honde of Holofern, that had it befeged, and wolde it al deftroye; Abigail delivered Nabal hire houfbond fro David the king, that wolde han flain him, and appefed the ire of the king by hire wit and by hire good confeilling; Hefter by hire confeil enhaunced gretly the peple of God in the regne of Affuerus the king; and the fame bountee in good confeilling of many a good woman moun men rede and tell. And furthermore, whan that oure Lord had created Adam oure forme father he fayd in this wife; It is not good to be a man allone; make we to him an helpe femblable to himfelf. Here moun ye fee that if that women weren not good, and hir confeil good and profitable, oure Lord God of heven wolde neither han wrought hem ne called hem helpe of man, but rather confufion of man. And ther fayd a clerk ones in two vers, What is better than gold? jafpre; what is better than jafpre? wifdom; and what is better than wifdom? woman; and what is better than a good woman? nothing. And, Sire, by many other refons moun ye feen that many women ben good, and hir confeil good and profitable: and therfore, Sire, if ye wol trofte to my confeil I fhal reftore you your doughter

hole and ſound, and I wol don to you ſo muche that ye ſhuln have honour in this cas.

Whan Melibee had herd the wordes of his wif Prudence he ſayd thus; I ſe wel that the word of Salomon is ſoth, for he ſaith that wordes that ben ſpoken diſcretly by ordinaunce ben honiecombes, for they yeven ſweteneſſe to the ſoule and holſomneſſe to the body: and, wif, becauſe of thy ſwete wordes, and eke for I have preved and aſſaied thy grete ſapience and thy grete trouthe, I wol governe me by thy conſeil in alle thing.

Now, Sire, (quod Dame Prudence) and ſin that ye vouchesafe to be governed by my conſeil I wol enforme you how that ye ſhuln governe yourſelf in cheſing of youre conſeillours. Ye ſhuln firſt in alle your werkes mekely beſechen to the heigh God that he wol be your conſeillour, and ſhapeth you to ſwiche entente that he yeve you conſeil and comforte, as taught Tobie his ſone; At alle times thou ſhalt bleſſe God, and preie him to dreſſe thy wayes; and loke that alle thy conſeils ben in him for evermore. Seint James eke ſayth, If any of you have nede of ſapience axe it of God. And afterwarde than ſhullen ye take conſeil in yourſelf, and examine wel your owen thoughtes of ſwiche thinges as you thinketh that ben beſt for your profit; and than ſhuln ye drive fro your herte three thinges that ben contrarious to good conſeil, that is to ſayn, ire, coveitiſe, and haſtineſſe.

First, he that axeth conseil of himself certes he must be withouten ire for many causes. The first is this; he that hath gret ire and wrath in himself he weneth alway that he may do thing that he may not do. And, secondly, he that is irous and wroth he may not wel deme; and he that may not wel deme may not wel conseille. The thridde is this; he that is irous and wroth, as sayth Senek, ne may not speke but blameful thinges, and with his vicious wordes he stirreth other folk to anger and to ire. And eke, Sire, ye must drive coveitise out of your herte, for the apostle sayth that coveitise is the rote of alle harmes: and trosteth wel that a coveitous man ne can not deme ne thinke but only to fulfille the end of his coveitise and certes that ne may never ben accomplised, for ever the more haboundance that he hath of richesse the more he desireth. And, Sire, ye must also drive out of youre herte hastinesse; for certes ye ne moun not deme for the beste a soden thought that falleth in your herte, but ye must avise you on it ful ofte, for, as ye have herde herebeforn, the commune proverbe is this, He that sone demeth sone repenteth.

Sire, ye ne be not alway in like disposition, for certes som thing that somtime semeth to you that it is good for to do another time it semeth to you the contrarie.

And whan ye han taken conseil in yourself, and han demed by good deliberation swiche thing as you se-

meth beste, than rede I you that ye kepe it secree. Bewreye not your conseil to no persone, but if so be that ye wenen sikerly that thurgh youre bewreying youre condition shal ben to you more profitable; for Jesus Sirak saith, Neither to thy foo ne to thy frend discover not thy secree ne thy folie, for they woln yeve you audience and loking, and supportation, in your presence, and scorne you in youre absence. Another clerk sayth, that scarsly shalt thou finden any persone that may kepe thy conseil secrely. The book sayth, While that thou kepest thy conseil in thin herte thou kepest it in thy prison, and whan thou bewreyest thy conseil to any wight he holdeth thee in his snare: and therfore you is better to hide your conseil in your herte than to preye him to whom ye han bewreyed youre conseil that he wol kepe it close and stille; for Seneca sayth, If so be that thou ne mayst not thin owen conseil hide how darest thou preyen any other wight thy conseil secrely to kepe? But natheles, if thou wene sikerly that thy bewreying of thy conseil to a persone wol make thy condition to stonden in the better plight, than shalt thou telle him thy conseil in this wise. First, thou shalt make no semblant whether thee were lever pees or werre, or this or that, ne shewe him not thy will ne thin entente; for troste wel that communly these conseillours ben flaterers, namely the conseillours of grete lordes, for they enforcen hem alway rather to speken plesant wordes, enclining to the lordes

luſt, than wordes that ben trewe or profitable, and therfore men ſayn that the riche man hath ſelde good conſeil but if he have it of himſelf. And after that thou ſhalt conſider thy frendes and thin enemies. And as touching thy frendes, thou ſhalt conſider which of hem ben moſt feithful and moſt wiſe, and eldeſt and moſt appreved, in conſeilling, and of hem ſhalt thou axe thy conſeil as the cas requireth.

I ſay, that firſt ye ſhuln clepe to youre conſeil youre frendes that ben trewe; for Salomon ſaith that right as the herte of a man deliteth in ſavour that is ſwote, right ſo the conſeil of trewe frendes yeveth ſweteneſſe to the ſoule: he ſayth alſo, Ther may nothing be likened to the trewe frend, for certes gold ne ſilver ben not ſo muche worth as the good will of a trewe frend: and eke he ſayth, that a trewe frend is a ſtrong defence; who ſo that it findeth, certes he findeth a gret treſor. Than ſhuln ye eke conſider if that your trewe frendes ben diſcrete and wiſe, for the book ſaith, Axe alway thy conſeil of hem that ben wiſe. And by this ſame reſon ſhuln ye clepen to youre conſeil youre frendes that ben of age, ſwiche as han ſeyn and ben expert in many thinges, and ben appreved in conſeillinges; for the book ſayth, In olde men is al the ſapience, and in longe time the prudence: and Tullius ſayth that grete thinges ne ben not ay accompliſed by ſtrengthe ne by deliverneſſe of body, but by good conſeil, by auctoritee of perſones, and by ſcience; the which three thinges ne ben not feble by age, but cer-

tes they enforcen and encresen day by day. And than shuln ye kepe this for a general reule; first, ye shuln clepe to your conseil a fewe of your frendes that ben especial; for Salomon saith, Many frendes have thou, but among a thousand chese thee on to be thy conseillour. For al be it so that thou first ne telle thy conseil but to a fewe, thou mayest afterwarde tell it to mo folk if it be nede But loke alway that thy conseillours have thilke three conditions that I have sayd before; that is to say, that they be trewe, wise, and of olde experience. And werke not alway in every nede by on conseillour allone, for somtime behoveth it to be conseilled by many; for Salomon sayth, Salvation of thinges is wher as ther ben many conseillours.

Now sith that I have told you of which folk ye shulde be conseilled, now wol I teche you which conseil ye ought to eschue. First, ye shuln eschue the conseilling of fooles; for Salomon sayth, Take no conseil of a fool, for he ne cannot conseille but after his owen lust and his affection: the book sayth, The propertee of a fool is this, he troweth lightly harme of every man, and lightly troweth all bountee in himself. Thou shalt eke eschue the conseilling of all flaterers, swiche as enforcen hem rather to preisen youre persone by flaterie than for to tell you the sothfastnesse of thinges.

Wherfore Tullius sayth, Among alle the pestilences that ben in frendship the gretest is flaterie; and therfore it is more nede that thou eschue and drede flate-

rers than any other peple. The book ſaith, Thou ſhalt rather drede and flee fro the ſwete wordes of flatering preiſers than fro the egre wordes of thy frend that ſaith thee ſothes: Salomon ſaith, that the wordes of a flaterer is a ſnare to cacchen innocentes: he ſayth alſo, He that ſpeketh to his frend wordes of ſweteneſſe and of pleſaunce he ſetteth a net beforne his feet to cacchen him: and therfore ſayth Tullius, Encline not thin eres to flaterers, ne take no conſeil of wordes of flaterie: and Caton ſayth, * Aviſe thee wel, and eſchue wordes of ſweteneſſe and of pleſaunce. And eke thou ſhalt eſchue the conſeilling of thin olde enemies that ben reconciled. The book ſayth, that no wight retourneth ſafely into the grace of his olde enemie: and Yſope ſayth, Ne troſt not to hem to which thou haſt ſomtime had werre or ennitee, ne telle hem not thy conſeil: and Senek telleth the cauſe why; It may not be, ſayth he, ther as gret fire hath long time endured that ther ne dwelleth ſom vapour of warmneſſe; and therfore ſaith Salomon, In thin olde foo troſt thou never; for ſikerly though thin enemie be reconciled, and maketh thee chere of humilitee, and louteth to thee with his hed, ne troſt him never, for certes he maketh thilke feined humilitee more for his profite than for any love of thy perſone, becauſe that he demeth to have victorie over thy perſone by ſwiche feined contenance, the which victorie he might not have by ſtrif of werre.

* *Aviſe thee wel*] He refers, I preſume, to *Cato*, l. iii. diſt. 6.; Sermones blandos blæſoſque cavere memento.

And Peter Alphonse sayth, Make no felawship with thin olde enemies, for if thou do hem bountee they wollen perverten it to wickednesse. And eke thou must eschue the conseiling of hem that ben thy servaunts, and beren thee gret reverence, for paraventure they fein it more for drede than for love; and therfore saith a philosophre in this wise, Ther is no wight parfitly trewe to him that he to sore dredeth. And Tullius sayth, Ther n'is no might so gret of any emperour that longe may endure but if he have more love of the peple than drede. Thou shalt also eschue the conseilling of folk that ben dronkelewe, for they ne can no conseil hide; for Salomon sayth, Ther n'is no privetee ther as regneth dronkennesse. Ye shuln also have in suspect the conseilling of swiche folk as conseille you o thing prively and conseille you the contrarie openly; for Cassiodore sayth that it is a manere sleighte to hinder his enemy whan he sheweth to don a thing openly and werketh prively the contrary. Thou shalt also have in suspect the conseilling of wicked folk, for hir conseil is alway ful of fraude. And David sayth, Blisful is that man that hath not folwed the conseilling of shrewes. Thou shalt also eschue the conseilling of yonge folk, for hir conseilling is not ripe, as Salomon saith.

Now, Sire, sith I have shewed you of which folk ye shullen take youre conseil, and of which folk ye shullen eschue the conseil, now wol I teche you how ye shuln examine your conseil after the doctrine of

Tullius. In examining than of your conseillours ye shuln considre many thinges. Alderfirst, thou shalt considre that in thilke thing that thou purposest, and upon what thing that thou wolt have conseil, that veray trouthe be said and conserved; this is to say, telle trewely thy tale; for he that sayth falfe may not wel be conseilled in that cas of which he lieth. And after this thou shalt considre the thinges that accorden to that thou purposest for to do by thy conseillours, if reson accord therto, and eke if thy might may atteine therto, and if the more part and the better part of thin conseillours accorden therto or no. Than shalt thou considre what thing shal folwe of that conseilling, as hate, pees, werre, grace, profite, or domage, and many other thinges, and in alle thinges thou shalt chese the beste, and weive alle other thinges. Than shalt thou considre of what roote is engendred the matere of thy conseil, and what fruit it may conceive and engendre. Thou shalt eke considre alle the causes from whennes they ben sprongen. And whan thou hast examined thy conseil, as I have said, and which partie is the better and more profitable, and hast appreved it by many wise folk and olde, than shalt thou considre if thou mayst performe it and maken of it a good ende; for certes reson wol not that any man shulde beginne a thing but if he mighte performe it as him oughte, ne no wight shulde take upon him so hevy a charge that he might not beren it; for the proverbe

ſayth, He that to muche embraceth diſtreineth litel; and Caton ſaith, * Aſſay to do ſwiche thinges as thou haſt power to don, leſt the charge oppreſſe thee ſo ſore that thee behoveth to weive thing that thou haſt begonne. And if ſo be that thou be in doute whether thou mayſt performe a thing or non, cheſe rather to ſuffre than to beginne. And Peter Alphonſe ſayth, If thou haſt might to don a thing of which thou muſt repente it is better nay than ya; this is to ſayn, that thee is better to holde thy tonge ſtille than for to ſpeke. Than mayſt thou underſtonde by ſtronger reſons that if thou haſt power to performe a werk of which thou ſhalt repente, than is thee better that thou ſuffre than beginne. Wel ſain they that defenden every wight to aſſaye a thing of which he is in doute whether he may performe it or non. And after whan ye han examined youre conſeil as I have ſaid beforne, and knowen wel that ye moun performe your empriſe, conferme it than ſadly til it be at an ende. Now is it reſon and time that I ſhewe you whan and wherfore that ye moun chaunge your conſeil withouten repreve. Sothly a man may change his purpos and his conſeil if the cauſe ceſeth, or whan a newe cas betideth; for the lawe ſaith, that upon thinges that newly betiden behoveth newe conſeil; and Seneca ſayth, If thy conſeil is comen to the

* *Aſſay to do ſwiche thinges*] This precept of *Cato* is in l. iii. diſt. 16.;

> Quod potes id tentato; operis ne pondere preſſus
> Succumbat labor, et fruſtra tentata relinquas.

eres of thin enemies chaunge thy confeil. Thou mayſt alſo chaunge thy conſeil if ſo be that thou find that by errour or by other cauſe harme or damage may betide: alſo if thy conſeil be diſhoneſte, other elles come of diſhoneſte cauſe, chaunge thy conſeil; for the lawes ſain that all beheſtes that ben diſhoneſte ben of no value; and eke if ſo be that it be impoſſible, or may not goodly be performed or kept.

And take this for a general reule, that every conſeil that is affermed ſo ſtrongly that it may not be chaunged for no condition that may betide, I ſay that thilke conſeil is wicked.

This Melibeus, whan he had herd the doctrine of his wif Dame Prudence, anſwered in this wiſe: Dame, quod he, as yet unto this time ye han wel and covenably taught me, as in general, how I ſhal governe me in the cheſing and in the withholding of my conſeillours; but now wold I fain that ye wold condeſcend in eſpecial, and telle me how liketh you or what ſemeth you by oure conſeillours that we han choſen in oure preſent nede.

My Lord, quod ſhe, I beſeche you in alle humbleſſe that ye wol not wilfully replie agein my reſons, ne diſtempre your herte, though I ſpeke thing that you diſpleſe, for God wote that as in min entente I ſpeke it for your beſte, for youre honour and for youre profit eke, and ſothly I hope that youre benignitee wol taken it in patience. And troſteth me wel, quod ſhe,

that youre conſeil as in this cas ne ſhulde not (as to ſpeke proprely) be called a conſeilling, but a motion or a meving of folie, in which conſeil ye han erred in many a ſondry wiſe.

First and forward, ye han erred in the aſſembling of youre conſeillours, for ye ſholde firſt han cleped a fewe folk to youre conſeil, and after ye mighte han ſhewed it to mo folk if it hadde be nede; but certes ye han ſodeinly cleped to your conſeil a gret multitude of peple ful chargeant and ful anoyous for to here. Alſo ye han erred, for ther as ye ſhulde han only cleped to youre conſeile youre trewe frendes olde and wiſe, ye han cleped ſtraunge folk, yonge folk, falſe flaterers, and enemies reconciled, and folk that don you reverence withouten love. And eke ye han erred, for ye han brought with you to youre conſeil ire, coveitiſe, and haſtifneſſe, the which three thinges ben contrary to every conſeil honeſt and profitable, the which three thinges ye ne han not anientiſſed or deſtroyed neither in youreſelf ne in youre conſeillours as you ought. Ye han erred alſo, for ye han ſhewed to youre conſeillours youre talent and youre affections to make werre anon, and for to do vengeaunce, and they han eſpied by youre wordes to what thing ye ben enclined, and therfore han they conſeilled you rather to youre talent than to youre profite. Ye han erred alſo, for it ſemeth that you ſufficeth to han ben conſeilled by thiſe conſeillours only, and with litel avis, wheras in ſo high and ſo gret

a nede it had ben necessarie mo conseillours and more deliberation to performe youre emprise. Ye han erred also, for ye han not examined your conseil in the foresaid manere, ne in due manere as the cas requireth. Ye han erred also, for ye han maked no division betwix youre conseillours; this is to sayn, betwix youre trewe frendes and youre feined conseillours; ne ye han not knowe the wille of your trewe frendes olde and wise, but ye han cast alle hir wordes in an hochepot, and enclined your herte to the more part and to the greter nombre, and ther be ye condescended: and sith ye wot wel that men shuln alway finde a greter nombre of fooles than of wise men, and therfore the conseillings that ben at congregations and multitudes of folk, ther as men take more regard to the nombre than to the sapience of persones, ye seen wel that in swiche conseillings fooles han the maistrie. Melibeus answered and said agein; I graunte wel that I have erred, but ther as thou hast told me herebeforne that he n'is not to blame that chaungeth his conseil in certain cas, and for certain and just causes, I am al ready to chaunge my conseil right as thou wolt devise. The proverbe sayth, For to don sinne is mannish, but certes for to perseverc long in sinne is werke of the divel.

To this sentence answered anon Dame Prudence, and saide; Examineth (quod she) wel your conseil, and let us see the which of hem han spoken most resonably, and taught you best conseil: and for as muche

as the examination is neceſſarie, let us beginne at the ſurgiens and at the phyſiciens that firſt ſpaken in this mater. I ſay that phyſiciens and ſurgiens han ſayde you in youre conſeil diſcretly as hem oughte, and in hir ſpeche ſaiden ful wiſely that to the office of hem apperteineth to don to every wight honour and profite, and no wight to anoye, and after hir craft to don gret diligence unto the cure of hem which that they han in hir governaunce. And, Sire, right as they han anſwered wiſely and diſcretly, right ſo rede I that they be highly and ſoverainly guerdoned for hir noble ſpeche, and eke for they ſhulden do the more ententif beſineſſe in the curation of thy dere doughter: for al be it ſo that they ben youre frendes, therfore ſhullen ye not ſuffren that they ſerve you for nought, but ye oughte the rather guerdone hem, and ſhewe hem youre largeſſe. And as touching the propoſition which the phyſiciens entreteden in this cas, this is to ſain, that in maladies that a contrarie is wariſhed by another contrarie, I wold fain knowe how ye underſtonde thilke text, and what is youre ſentence. Certes, quod Melibeus, I underſtond it in this wiſe, that right as they han don me a contrarie, right ſo ſhulde I don hem another; for right as they han venged hem upon me and don me wrong, right ſo ſhal I venge me upon hem and don hem wrong, and than have I cured a contrarie by another.

Lo, lo! quod Dame Prudence, how lightly is every

man enclined to his owen desire and his owen plesaunce! Certes (quod she) the wordes of the physiciens ne shulden not han ben understonden in that wise, for certes wickednesse is not contrarie to wickednesse, ne vengeaunce to vengeaunce, ne wrong to wrong, but they ben semblable, and therfore a vengeaunce is not warished by another vengeaunce, ne a wrong by another wrong, but everich of hem encreseth and aggreggeth other. But certes the wordes of the physiciens shulden ben understonde in this wise, for good and wickednesse ben two contraries, and pees and werre, vengeaunce and suffraunce, discord and accord, and many other thinges; but certes wickednesse shal be warished by goodnesse, discord by accord, werre by pees, and so forth of other thinges. And hereto accordeth Seint Poule the apostle in many places; he sayth, Ne yelde not harme for harme, ne wicked speche for wicked speche, but do wel to him that doth to thee harme, and blesse him that saith to thee harme: and in many other places he amonesteth pees and accord. But now wol I speke to you of the conseil which that was yeven to you by the men of lawe, and the wise folk and old folke, that sayden alle by on accord as ye han herd beforne, that over alle thinges ye shuln do youre diligence to kepe youre persone, and to warnestore your house; and saiden also, that in this cas you oughte for to werchen ful avisely and with gret deliberation. And, Sire, as to the first point, that touch-

eth the keping of youre perfone, ye fhuln underftond that he that hath werre fhal ever more devoutly and mekely preien beforne alle thinges that Jefu Crift of his mercie wol han him in his protection, and ben his foveraine helping at his nede; for certes in this world ther is no wight that may be confeilled ne kept fuffifantly withoute the keping of oure Lord Jefu Crift. To this fentence accordeth the prophete David, that fayth, If God ne kepe the citee in idel waketh he that kepeth it. Now, Sire, than fhuln ye committe the keping of youre perfone to youre trewe frendes that ben appreved and yknowe, and of hem fhuln ye axen helpe youre perfone for to kepe; for Caton faith, * If thou have nede of helpe axe it of thy frendes, for ther n'is non fo good a phyficien as thy trewe frend. And after this than fhuln ye kepe you fro alle ftraunge folk, and fro lieres, and have alway in fufpect hir compaignie; for Piers Alphonfe fayth, Ne take no compaignie by the way of a ftraunge man, but if fo be that thou have knowen him of lenger time; and if fo be that he falle into thy compaignie paraventure withouten thin affent, enquere than as fubtilly as thou maift of his converfation, and of his lif beforne, and feine thy way, faying thou wolt go thider as thou wolt not go; and if he bere a fpere hold thee on the right fide, and if he bere a fwerd hold thee on his left fide. And

* *If thou have nede*] *Cato*, l. iv. dift. 14.;
Auxilium a notis petito, fi forte laboras;
Nec quifquam melior medicus quam fidus amicus.

after this than shuln ye kepe you wisely from all swiche manere peple as I have sayed before, and hem and hir conseil eschue. And after this than shuln ye kepe you in swiche manere that for any presumption of youre strengthe that ye ne despise not ne account not the might of youre adversary so lite that ye let the keping of youre persone for your presumption, for every wise man dredeth his enemie: and Salomon sayth, Welful is he that of alle hath drede; for certes he that thurgh the hardinesse of his herte, and thurgh the hardinesse of himself, hath to gret presumption him shal evil betide. Than shuln ye evermo countrewaite emboyssements and alle espiaile; for Senek sayth that the wise man that dredeth harmes eschueth harmes, ne he ne falleth into perils that perils eschueth. And al be it so that it seme that thou art in siker place, yet shalt thou alway do thy diligence in keping of thy persone; this is to sayn, ne be not negligent to kepe thin persone not only fro thy gretest enemy but also fro thy leste enemy. Senek sayth, A man that is wel avised he dredeth his leste enemie; Ovide sayth that the litel wesel wol slee the gret boll and the wilde hart; and the book sayth, A litel thorne may prikke a king ful sore, and a litel hound wol hold the wilde bore. But natheles I say not thou shalt be so coward that thou doute wher as is no drede. The book saith that * som men [than

* *som men, &c.*] This passage, which is defective in all the mss. I have patched up as well as I could, by adding the words between hooks from the French Melibée, where it stands thus;

taught hir deceivour, for they han to muche dreded] to be deceived. Yet ſhalt thou drede to be empoyſoned and [therfore ſhalt thou] kepe thee fro the compagnie of ſcorners; for the book ſayth, With ſcorners ne make no compagnie, but flee hir wordes as venime.

Now as to the ſecond point, wheras youre wiſe conſeillours conſeilled you to warneſtore your hous with gret diligence, I wolde fain knowe how that ye underſtode thilke wordes, and what is youre ſentence.

Melibeus anſwered and ſaide; Certes I underſtond it in this wiſe, that I ſhal warneſtore min hous with toures, ſwiche as han caſtelles and other manere edifices, and armure, and artelries, by which thinges I may my perſone and myn hous ſo kepen and defenden that min enemies ſhuln ben in drede min hous for to approche.

To this ſentence anſwered anon Prudence: Warneſtoring (quod ſhe) of heighe toures and of grete edifices is with grete coſtages and with grete travaille, and whan that they ben accompliced yet ben they not worth a ſtre but if they ben defended by trewe frendes that ben olde and wiſe. And underſtonde wel that the greteſte and ſtrongeſte garneſon that a riche

* "Aucunes gens ont enſeigne leur decevour, car ils ont trop "doubte que on ne les deceuſt. Apres tu te dois garder de venim, et ſi te dois garder de compaignie de moqueurs, car il "eſt eſcript, Avec les moqueurs n'aies compaignie, et fuy leurs "paroles comme le venim."

man may have, as wel to kepen his persone as his goodes, is, that he be beloved with his subgets and with his neigheboures; for thus sayth Tullius, that ther is a maner garneson that no man may venquish ne discomfite, and that is a lord to be beloved of his citizeins and of his peple.

Now, Sire, as to the thridde point, wheras youre olde and wise conseillours sayden that you ne oughte not sodeinly ne hastily proceden in this nede, but that you oughte purveyen and appareilen you in this cas with gret diligence and gret deliberation, trewely I trowe that they sayden right wisely and right soth; for Tullius sayth, In every nede er thou beginne it appareile thee with gret diligence. Than say I that in vengeaunce taking in werre, in bataille, and in warnestoring, er thou beginne I rede that thou appareile thee therto, and do it with gret deliberation; for Tullius sayth that longe appareiling tofore the bataille maketh short victorie; and Cassiodorus sayth, The garneson is stronger whan it is longe time avised.

But now let us speken of the conseil that was accorded by youre neigheboures swiche as don you reverence withouten love, youre olde enemies reconciled, your flatereres, that conseilled you certain thinges prively, and openly conseilled you the contrarie, the yonge folk also, that conseilled you to venge you and to make werre anon. Certes, Sire, as I have sayde beforne, ye han gretly erred to han cle-

ped swiche maner folk to youre conseil, which conseillours ben ynough reproved by the resons aforesaid: but natheles, let us now descende to the special. Ye shul first proceden after the doctrine of Tullius. Certes the trouthe of this matere or of this conseil nedeth not diligently to enquire, for it is wel wist which they ben that han don to you this trespas and vilanie, and how many trespasours, and in what manere, they han don to you all this wrong and all this vilanie. And after this than shuln ye examine the second condition which that the same Tullius addeth in this matere; for Tullius putteth a thing which that he clepeth Consenting; this to sayn, who ben they, and which ben they, and how many, that consenten to thy conseil in thy wilfulnesse to don hastif vengeaunce. And let us considre also who ben they, and how many ben they, and which ben they, that consenteden to youre adversaries. As to the first point, it is wel knowen which folk they be that consenteden to youre wilfulnesse, for trewely all tho that conseileden you to maken sodein werre ne ben not youre frendes. Let us now considre which ben they that ye holden so gretly youre frendes as to youre persone, for al be it so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ne ben but allone; for certes ye ne han no child but a doughter, ne ye ne han no brethren, ne cosins germains, ne non other nigh kinrede, wherfore that your enemies for drede shulde stinte to plede with you or to destroye youre persone. Ye

knowen alſo that your richeſſes moten ben diſpended in diverſe parties, and whan that every wight hath his part they ne wollen taken but litel regard to venge youre deth. But thin enemies ben three, and they han many brethren, children, coſins, and other nigh kinrede; and though ſo were that thou haddeſt ſlain of hem two or three, yet dwellen ther ynow to wreken hir deth, and to ſlee thy perſone. And though ſo be that youre kinrede be more ſtedefaſt and ſiker than the kin of your adverſaries, yet natheles youre kinrede is but a fer kinrede; they ben but litel ſibbe to you, and the kin of youre enemies ben nigh ſibbe to hem; and certes as in that hir condition is better than youres. Than let us conſidre alſo of the conſeilling of hem that conſeilled you to take ſodein vengeance, whether it accorde to reſon; and certes ye knowe wel nay; for as by right and reſon ther may no man taken vengeaunce on no wight but the juge that hath the juriſdiction of it, whan it is ygraunted him to take thilke vengeaunce haſtily or attemprely as the lawe requireth. And yet moreover of thilke word that Tullius clepeth Conſenting, thou ſhalt conſidre if thy might and thy power may conſente and ſuffice to thy wilfulneſſe and to thy conſeillours; and certes thou mayeſt wel ſay that Nay; for ſikerly, as for to ſpeke proprely, we moun do nothing but only ſwiche thing as we moun don rightfully; and certes rightfully ye ne mowe take no vengeance, as of your propre auc-

torite. Than mowe ye sen that your power ne consenteth not ne accordeth not to youre wilfulnesse. Now let us examine the thridde point, that Tullius clepeth Consequent. Thou shalt understonde that the vengeaunce that thou purposest for to take is the consequent, and therof folweth another vengeance, peril, and werre, and other damages withouten nombre, of which we ben not ware as at this time. And as touching the fourthe point, that Tullius clepeth Engendring, thou shalt consider that this wrong which that is don to thee is engendred of the hate of thin enemies, and of the vengeaunce taking upon that wold engender another vengeaunce, and muchel sorwe and wasting of richesses, as I sayde ere.

Now, Sire, as to the point that Tullius clepeth Causes, which that is the last point, thou shalt understonde that the wrong that thou hast received hath certaine causes which that clerkes clepen *oriens* and *eficiens*, and *causa longinqua* and *causa propinqua*; this is to sayn, the fer cause and the nigh cause. The fer cause is almighty God, that is cause of alle thinges; the ner cause is thin three enemies; the cause accidental was hate; the cause material ben the five woundes of thy doughter; the cause formal is the maner of hir werking, that broughten ladders and clomben in at thy windowes; the cause final was for to slee thy doughter: it letted not in as muche as in hem was. But for to speke of the fer cause, as to what ende they shuln come, or what shal

finally betide of hem in this cas, ne can I not deme but by conjecting and ſuppoſing; for we ſhuln ſuppoſe that they ſhuln come to a wicked ende, becauſe that the book of Decrees ſayth, Selden or with gret peine ben cauſes ybrought to a good ende whan they ben badly begonne.

Now, Sire, if men wold axen me why that God ſuffred men to do you this vilanie, certes I can not wel anſwer as for no ſothfaſtneſſe; for the apoſtle ſayth that the ſciences and the jugements of oure Lord God Almighty ben ful depe; ther may no man comprehend ne ſerche hem ſuffiſantly; natheles, by certain preſumptions and conjectings I hold and beleve that God, which that is ful of juſtice and of rightwiſeneſſe, hath ſuffered this betide by juſt cauſe reſonable.

Thy name is Melibee, this is to ſayn, a man that drinketh hony. Thou haſt dronke ſo muche hony of ſwete temporel richeſſes, and delices, and honours of this world, that thou art dronken, and haſt forgetten Jeſu Criſt thy creatour: thou ne haſt not don to him ſwiche honour and reverence as thee ought, ne thou ne haſt wel ytaken kepe to the wordes of Ovide, that ſayth, Under the honey of the goodes of thy body is hid the venime that ſleth the ſoule: and Salomon ſayth, If thou haſt founden hony ete of it that ſuffiſeth, for if thou ete of it out of meſure thou ſhalt ſpewe, and be nedy and poure. And peraventure Criſt hath thee in deſpit, and hath tourned away fro thee his face

and his eres of misericorde, and also he hath suffred that thou hast ben punished in the manere that thou hast ytrespased. Thou hast don sinne again oure Lord Crist, for certes the three enemies of mankind, that is to sayn, the flesh, the fend, and the world, thou hast suffred hem entre into thin herte wilfully by the windowes of thy body, and hast not defended thyself suffisantly agein hir assautes and hir temptations, so that they han wounded thy soule in five places; this is to sayn, the dedly sinnes that ben entred into thyn herte by thy five wittes: and in the same manere our Lord Crist hath wold and suffred that thy three enemies ben entred into thyn hous by the windowes, and han ywounded thy doughter in the foresayd manere.

Certes, quod Melibee, I see wel that ye enforce you muchel by wordes to overcomen me in swiche manere that I shal not venge me on mine enemies, shewing me the perils and the evils that mighten falle of this vengeaunce; but who so wolde considre in alle vengeaunces the perils and evils that mighten sue of vengeaunce taking a man wold never take vengeaunce, and that were harme; for by the vengeaunce taking ben the wicked men dissevered fro the goode men, and they that han will to do wickednesse restreinen hir wicked purpos whan they sen the punishing and the chastising * of the trespasours. [To this answered

* *of the trespasours*] The following passage, which the reader will see to be very material to the sense, I have translated from

Dame Prudence: Certes, quod she, I graunte you that of vengeaunce taking cometh muche evil and muche good; but vengeaunce taking apperteineth not to everich on, but only to juges and to hem that han the jurisdiction over the trespasours.] And yet say I more, that right as a singuler persone sinneth in taking vengeaunce of another man, right so sinneth the juge if he do no vengeaunce of hem that it han deserved; for Senek sayth thus, That maister (he sayth) is good that preveth shrewes; and Cassiodore sayth, A man dredeth to do outrages whan he wot and knoweth that it displeseth to the juges and soveraines; and another sayth, The juge that dredeth to do right maketh men shrewes; and Seint Poule the apostle sayth in his epistle, whan he writeth unto the Romaines, that the juges beren not the spere withouten cause, but they beren it to punishe the shrewes and misdoers, and for to defende the goode men. If ye wiln than take vengeaunce of youre enemies ye shuln retourne or have your recours to the juge that hath the jurisdiction upon hem, and he shal punishe hem as the lawe axeth and requireth.

A! sayd Melibee, this vengeaunce liketh me nothing. I bethink me now and take hede how that Fortune hath norished me fro my childhode, and hath hol-

the French, and inserted between hooks, as before; "Et a ce "respons Dame Prudence: Certes, dist elle, Je t'ottroye que de "vengeance vient molt de maulx et de biens, mais vengeance "n'appartient pas a un chascun, fors seulement aux juges et "a ceulx qui ont la juridicion sur les malfaiteurs"—

pen me to passe many a stronge pas: now wol I assayen hire, trowing with Goddes helpe that she shal helpe me my shame for to venge.

Certes, quod Prudence, if ye wol werke by my conseil ye shuln not assaye Fortune by no way, ne ye ne shuln not lene or bowe unto hire, after the wordes of Senek; for thinges that ben folily don, and tho that ben don in hope of Fortune, shuln never come to good ende. And as the same Senek sayth, The more clere and the more shining that Fortune is the more brotel and the soner broke she is. Trusteth not in hire, for she n'is not stedefast ne stable, for whan thou trowest to be most siker and seure of hire helpe she wol faille and deceive thee. And wheras ye sayn that Fortune hath norished you fro youre childhode, I say that in so muchel ye shuln the lesse truste in hire and in hire wit; for Senek saith, What man that is norished by Fortune she maketh him a gret fool. Now than sin ye desire and axe vengeaunce, and the vengeaunce that is don after the lawe and before the juge ne liketh you not, and the vengeaunce that is don in hope of Fortune is perilous and uncertain, than have ye non other remedie but for to have your recours unto the soveraine juge that vengeth alle vilanies and wronges, and he shal venge you; after that himself witnesseth wheras he saith, Leveth the vengeaunce to me, and I shal do it.

Melibeus answered, If I ne venge me of the vilanie

that men hand on to me I sompne or warne hem that han don to me vilanie, and alle other to do me another vilanie; for it is written, If thou take no vengeaunce of an olde vilany thou sompnest thin adversaries to do thee a newe vilanie: and also for my suffraunce men wolden do me so muche vilanie that I might neither bere it ne susteine, and so shulde I ben put and holden over lowe; for som men sain, In muchel suffring shul many thinges falle unto thee which thou shalt not mowe suffre.

Certes, quod Prudence, I graunte you wel that overmuchel suffraunce is not good, but yet ne folweth it not therof that every persone to whom men don vilanie shuld take of it vengeaunce, for that apperteineth and longeth all only to the juges, for they shul venge the vilanies and injuries; and therfore tho two auctoritees that ye han sayd above ben only understonden in the juges, for whan they suffren overmuchel the wronges and vilanies to be don withouten punishing they sompne not a man all only for to do newe wronges but they commaunden it, al so as a wise man sayth that the juge that correcteth not the sinner commaundeth and biddeth him do sinne: and the juges and soveraines mighten in hir lond so muche suffre of the shrewes and misdoers, that they shuld en by swiche suffraunce by proces of time wexen of swiche power and might that they shuld putte out the juges and the soveraines from hir places, and atte laste maken hem lese hir lordshippes.

But now let us putte that ye have leve to venge you: I ſay ye be not of might and power as now to venge you; for if ye wol maken compariſon unto the might of youre adverſaries, ye ſhuln finde in many thinges that I have ſhewed you er this that hir condition is better than youres, and therfore ſay I that it is good as now that ye ſuffre and be patient.

Forthermore, ye knowen wel that after the commune ſaw it is a woodneſſe a man to ſtrive with a ſtronger or a more mighty man than he is himſelf; and for to ſtrive with a man of even ſtrengthe, that is to ſay, with as ſtrong a man as he is, it is peril; and for to ſtrive with a weker man it is folie; and therfore ſhulde a man flee ſtriving as muchel as he mighte; for Salomon ſayth, It is a gret worſhip to a man to kepe him fro noiſe and ſtrif. And if it ſo happe that a man of greter mighte and ſtrengthe than thou art do thee grevaunce, ſtudie and beſie thee rather to ſtille the ſame grevaunce than for to venge thee; for Senek ſayth, that he putteth him in a grete peril that ſtriveth with a greter man than he is himſelf; and Caton ſayth, * If a man of higher eſtat or degree, or more mighty than thou, do thee anoye or grevance ſuffre him, for he that ones hath greved thee may another time releve thee and helpe thee. Yet ſette I

* *If a man of higher eſtat*] This prudent advice is from *Cato*, l. iv. diſt. 40.;

Cede locum læſus, fortunæ cede potenti [f. *potentis*]
Lædere qui potuit, prodeſſe aliquando valebit.

cas ye have bothe might and licence for to venge you; I say that ther ben ful many thinges that shuln restreine you of vengeance taking, and make you for to encline to suffre and for to han patience in the wronges that han ben don to you. First and forward, if ye wol consider the defautes that ben in youre owen persone, for which defautes God hath suffred you have this tribulation, as I have sayd to you herebeforne; for the poete sayth, that we oughten patiently taken the tribulations that comen to us, whan that we thinken and consideren that we han deserved to have hem; and Seint Gregorie sayth, that whan a man considereth wel the nombre of his defautes and of his sinnes the peines and the tribulations that he suffereth semen the lesse unto him; and in as muche as him thinketh his sinnes more hevy and grevous, in so muche semeth his peine the lighter and the esier unto him. Also ye owen to encline and bowe youre herte to take the patience of oure Lord Jesu Crist, as sayth Seint Peter in his Epistles. Jesu Crist (he sayth) hath suffred for us, and yeven ensample to every man to folwe and sue him, for he dide never sinne, ne never came ther a vilains word out of his mouth. Whan men cursed him he cursed hem nought, and whan men beten him he manaced hem nought. Also the gret patience which seintes that ben in Paradis han had in tribulations that they han suffred withouten hir desert or gilt oughte muchel stirre you to patience. Forthermore, ye shulde enforce

you to have patience, confidering that the tribulations of this world but litel while endure, and sone passed ben and gon, and the joye that a man seketh to han by patience in tribulations is perdurable; after that the apostle sayth in his epistle, The joye of God, he sayth, is perdurable, that is to sayn, everlasting. Also troweth and beleveth stedfastly that he n'is not wel ynorished ne wel ytaught that cannot have patience, or wol not receive patience; for Salomon sayth, that the doctrine and wit of a man is knowen by patience; and in another place he sayeth, that he that is patient governeth him by gret prudence: and the same Salomon sayth, The angrie and wrathful man maketh noises, and the patient man attempreth and stilleth hem: he saith also, It is more worth to be patient than to be right strong; and he that may have the lordshipe of his owen herte is more to preise than he that by his force or strengthe taketh gret citees: and therfore sayth Seint James in his epistle that patience is a gret vertue of perfection.

Certes, quod Melibee, I graunte you, Dame Prudence, that patience is a gret vertue of perfection, but every man may not have the perfection that ye seken, ne I am not of the nombre of the right parfit men, for min herte may never be in pees unto the time it be venged. And al be it so that it was gret peril to min enemies to do me a vilanie in taking vengeaunce upon me, yet token they non hede of the peril, but

fulfilleden hir wicked will and hir corage; and therfore me thinketh men oughten not repreve me though I put me in a litel peril for to venge me, and though I do a gret excesse, that is to sayn, that I venge on outrage by another.

A! quod Dame Prudence, ye sayn your will and as you liketh; but in no cas of the world a man shulde not don outrage ne excesse for to vengen him; for Cassiodore sayth, that as evil doth he that vengeth him by outrage as he that doth the outrage; and therfore ye shuln venge you after the ordre of right, that is to sayn, by the lawe, and not by excesse ne by outrage. And also if ye wol venge you of the outrage of youre adversaries in other manere than right commaundeth ye sinnen; and therfore sayth Senek, that a man shal never venge shrewednesse by shrewednesse. And if ye say that right axeth a man to defende violence by violence and fighting by fighting, certes ye say soth, whan the defence is don withouten intervalle, or withouten tarying or delay, for to defende him, and not for to venge: and it behoveth that a man putte swiche attemperaunce in his defence that men have no cause ne mater to repreve him that defendeth him of outrage and excesse, for elles were it againe reson. Parde ye knowen wel that ye maken no defence as now for to defende you, but for to venge you, and so sheweth it that ye han no will to do youre dede attemprely; and therfore me thinketh that patience

is good; for Salomon fayth, that he that is not patient fhal have gret harme.

Certes, quod Melibee, I graunte you that whan a man is impatient and wrothe of that that toucheth him not, and that apperteineth not unto him, though it harme him it is no wonder; for the lawe faith that he is coupable that entremeteth or medleth with fwiche thing as apperteineth not unto him; and Salomon faith, that he that entremeteth of the noife or ftrif of another man is like to him that taketh a ftraunge hound by the eres, for right as he that taketh a ftraunge hound by the eres is other while bitten with the hound, right in the fame wife it is refon that he have harme that by his impatience medleth him of the noife of another man wheras it apperteineth not unto him. But ye knowe wel that this dede, that is to fayn, my greef and my difefe, toucheth me right nigh; and therfore though I be wroth and impatient it is no mervaille: and (faving your grace) I cannot fee that it might gretly harme me though I took vengeaunce, for I am richer and more mighty than min enemies ben; and wel knowe ye that by money and by having grete poffeffions ben alle thinges of this world governed; and Salomon fayth that alle thinges obeye to money.

Whan Prudence had herd hire hufbond avaunte him of his richeffe and of his money, difpreifing the power of his adverfaries, fhe fpake and fayd in this

wife: Certes, dere Sire! I graunte you that ye ben riche and mighty, and that richesses ben good to hem that han wel ygeten hem, and that wel conne usen hem; for right as the body of a man may not liven withouten soul, no more may it liven withouten temporel goodes, and by richesses may a man gete him grete frendes; and therfore sayth Pamphilus, If a * netherdes doughter (he sayth) be riche, she may chese of a thousand men which she wol take to hire husbond, for of a thousand men on wol not forsaken hire ne refusen hire. And this Pamphilus saith also, If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right riche, thou shalt finde a gret nombre of felawes and frendes; and if thy fortune chaunge, that thou wexe poure, farewel frendshipe and felawshipe, for thou shalt be al allone withouten any compaignie but if it be the compaignie of poure folk. And yet sayth this Pamphilus moreover, that they that ben bond and thralle of linage shuln be made worthy and noble by richesses. And right so as by richesses ther comen many goodes, right so by poverte come ther many harmes and eviles, for gret poverte constreineth a man to do many eviles; and therfore clepeth Cassiodore poverte the moder of ruine, that is to sayn, the moder of

* *If a netherdes doughter*] The editt. have strangely corrupted this into—a *nerthes* doughter. The reading which I have restored from the mss. is confirmed by the original passage in *Pamphilus*, ms. *Bod.* 3703.;

Dummodo sit dives *cujusdam nata bubulci*,
Eligit e mille quem libet illa virum.

overthrowing or falling doun; and therfore sayth Piers Alfonse, On of the gretest adversitees of this world is whan a free man by kinde, or of birthe, is constreined by poverte to eten the almesse of his enemie. And the same sayth Innocent in on of his bookes: he sayth, that sorweful and mishappy is the condition of a poure begger, for if he axe not his mete he dieth for hunger, and if he axe he dieth for shame; and algates necessitee constreineth him to axe; and therfore sayth Salomon, that better it is to die than for to have swiche poverte; and, as the same Salomon sayth, Better it is to die of bitter deth than for to liven in swiche wise. By thise resons that I have said unto you, and by many other resons that I coude saye, I graunte you that richesses ben good to hem that wel geten hem, and to hem that wel usen tho richesses; and therfore wol I shewe you how ye shuln behave you in gadering of youre richesses, and in what manere ye shuln usen hem.

First, ye shuln geten hem withouten gret desir, by good leiser, sokingly, and not over hastisly, for a man that is to desiring to gete richesses abandoneth him firste to thefte and to alle other eviles; and therfore sayth Salomon, He that hasteth him to besily to wexe riche he shal be non innocent: he sayth also, that the richesse that hastily cometh to a man sone and lightly goeth and passeth from a man, but that richesse that cometh litel and litel wexeth alway and multiplieth.

And, Sire, ye shulen gete richesses by youre wit and and by youre travaille, unto youre profite, and that withouten wrong or harme doing to any other persone; for the lawe sayth, Ther maketh no man himself riche if he do harme to another wight; this is to say, that Nature defendeth and forbedeth by right that no man make himself riche unto the harme of another persone. And Tullius sayth, that no sorwe, ne no drede of deth, ne nothing that may falle unto a man, is so muchel ageins nature as a man to encrese his owen profite to harme of another man. And though the grete men and the mighty men geten richesses more lightly than thou, yet shalt thou not ben idel ne slowe to do thy profite, for thou shalt in alle wise flee idelnesse; for Salomon sayth, that idelnesse techeth a man to do many eviles: and the same Salomon sayth, that he that travailleth and besieth him to tillen his lond shal ete bred, but he that is idel, and casteth him to no besinesse ne occupation, shal falle into poverte, and die for hunger. And he that is idel and slow can never find covenable time for to do his profite; for ther is a versifiour sayth, that the idel man excuseth him in winter because of the grete cold, and in sommer by encheson of the hete. For thise causes, sayth Caton, Waketh*, and enclineth you not over muchel to slepe,

* *Waketh, &c.*] I can find nothing nearer to this in *Cato* than the maxim, l. iii. dist. 7.; *Segnitiem fugito.*—For the quotations from the same author in the following page, l. 15 and 19, see l. iv. dist. 17, and l. iii. dist. 32.

for over muchel reste norissheth and causeth many vices; and therfore sayth Seint Jerome, Doeth som good dedes, that the devil which is oure enemie ne finde you not unoccupied, for the devil ne taketh not lightly unto his werking swiche as he findeth occupied in goode werkes.

Than thus in geting richesses ye musten flee idelnesse; and afterward ye shuln usen the richesses which ye han geten by youre wit and by youre travaille in swiche manere that men holde you not to scarce ne to sparing, ne fool-large, that i · to say, over large a spender; for right as men blamen an avaricious man because of his scarcitee and chincherie, in the same wise is he to blame that spendeth over largely; and therfore saith Caton, Use (sayth he) the richesses that thou hast ygeten in swiche manere that men have no matere ne cause to calle thee nother wretche ne chinche, for it is a gret shame to a man to have a poure herte and a riche purse: he sayth also, The goodes that thou hast ygeten use hem by mesure, that is to sayn, spende mesurably, for they that folily wasten and dispenden the goodes that they han whan they han no more propre of hir owen that they shapen hem to take the goodes of another man. I say than that ye shuln flee avarice, using youre richesses in swiche manere that men sayn not that your richesses ben yberied, but that ye have hem in youre might and in youre welding; for a wise man repreveth the avaricious man, and

sayth thus in two vers, Wherto and why berieth a man his goodes by his gret avarice, and knoweth wel that nedes must he die, for deth is the end of every man as in this present lif? and for what cause or encheson joineth he him or knitteth he him so fast unto his goodes that alle his wittes mown not disseveren him or departen him from his goodes, and knoweth wel, or oughte to knowe, that whan he is ded he shal nothing bere with him out of this world? and therfore sayth Seint Augustine, that the avaricious man is likened unto helle, that the more it swalweth the more desir it hath to swalwe and devoure. And as wel as ye wolde eschue to be called an avaricious man or chinche, as wel shulde ye kepe you and governe you in swiche a wise that men calle you not fool-large; therfore saith Tullius, The goodes of thin hous ne shulde not ben hid ne kept so close but that they might ben opened by pitee and debonairetee, that is to sayn, to yeve hem part that han gret nede; ne thy goodes shulden not ben so open to be every mannes goodes. Afterward, in geting of youre richesses and in using of hem ye shuln alway have three thinges in youre herte, that is to say, oure Lord God, conscience, and good name. First, ye shuln have God in youre herte, and for no richesse ye shuln do no thing which may in any manere displese God that is your creatour and maker; for, after the word of Salomon, It is better to have a litel good with love of God than to have

muchel good and lese the love of his Lord God: and the prophete sayth, that better it is to ben a good man and have litel good and tresor than to be holden a shrewe and have grete richesses. And yet I say forthermore, that ye shulden alway do youre besinesse to gete you richesses, so that ye gete hem with good conscience. And the apostle sayth, that there n'is thing in this world of which we shulden have so gret joye as whan oure conscience bereth us good witnesse; and the wise man sayth, The substaunce of a man is ful good whan sinne is not in mannes conscience. Afterward, in geting of youre richesses and in using of hem ye must have gret besinesse and gret diligence that youre good name be alway kept and conserved; for Salomon sayth, that beter it is and more it availeth a man to have a good name than for to have grete richesses; and therfore he sayth in another place, Do grete diligence (saith Salomon) in keping of thy frendes and of thy good name, for it shal lenger abide with thee than any tresor, be it never so precious; and certes he shulde not be called a Gentilman that after God and good conscience alle thinges left ne doth his diligence and besinesse to kepen his good name; and Cassiodore sayth, that it is a signe of a gentil herte whan a man loveth and desireth to have a good name; and therfore sayth Seint Augustine, that ther ben two thinges that arn right necessarie and nedeful, and that is good conscience and good los; that is to sayn, good

conſcience to thin owen perſone inward, and good los for thy neighebour outward. And he that troſteth him ſo muchel in his good conſcience that he deſpiſeth and ſetteth at nought his good name or los, and recketh not though he kepe not his good name, n'is but a cruel cherl.

Sire, now have I ſhewed you how ye ſhulden do in geting richeſſes, and how ye ſhuln uſen hem; and I ſee wel that for the truſt that ye han in youre richeſſes ye wiln meve werre and bataille. I conſeille you that ye beginne no bataille ne werre in truſt of youre richeſſes. for they ne ſufficen not werres to mainteine; and therfore ſayth a philoſophre, That man that deſireth and wol algates han werre ſhal never have ſufſiſaunce, for the richer that he is the greter diſpences muſt he make, if he wol have worſhip and victorie; and Salomon ſaith, that the greter richeſſes that a man hath the mo diſpendours he hath. And, dere Sire! al be it ſo that for your richeſſes ye moun have muchel folk, yet behoveth it not ne it is not good to beginne werre, wheras ye moun in other manere have pees unto youre worſhip and profite; for the victorie of batailles that ben in this world lith not in gret nombre or multitude of peple, ne in the vertue of man, but it lith in the will and in the hond of oure Lord God Almighty; and therfore Judas Machabeus, which was Goddes knight, whan he ſhulde fighte again his adverſarie that hadde a greter nombre and a greter mul-

titude of folk, and ſtrenger than was the peple of this Machabee, yet he recomforted his litel compaignie, and ſayde right in this wiſe; Al ſo lightly (ſayde he) may our Lord God Almighty yeve victorie to a fewe folk as to many folk, for the victorie of a bataille cometh not by the gret nombre of peple, but it cometh from oure Lord God of heven. And, dere Sire! for as muchel as ther is no man certaine if it be worthy that God yeve him victorie or not, after that Salomon ſayth, Therfore every man ſhulde gretly drede werres to beginne; and becauſe that in batailles fallen many perils, and it happeth other while that as ſone is the gret man ſlain as the litel man; and, as it is ywritten in the ſecond book of Kinges, The dedes of batailles ben aventurous, and nothing certain, for as lightly is on hurt with a ſpere as another; and for ther is gret peril in werre, therfore ſhulde a man flee and eſchue werre in as muchel as a man may goodly; for Salomon ſayth, He that loveth peril ſhal falle in peril.

After that Dame Prudence had ſpoken in this manere Melibee anſwerd and ſaide: I ſee wel, Dame Prudence, that by youre faire wordes and by youre reſons that ye han ſhewed me that the werre liketh you nothing; but I have not yet herd your conſeil how I ſhal do in this nede.

Certes, quod ſhe, I conſeille you that ye accorde with youre adverſaries, and that ye have pees with hem; for Seint James ſayth in his Epiſtle that by con-

corde and pees the smale richesses wexen grete, and by debat and discorde grete richesses fallen doun: and ye knowen wel that on of the gretest and moste soveraine thing that is in this world is unitee and pees; and therfore sayde oure Lord Jesu Crist to his apostles in this wise, Wel happy and blessed ben they that loven and purchasen pees, for they ben called the children of God. A! quod Melibee, now see I wel that ye loven not min honour ne my worshipe. Ye knowen wel that min adversaries han begonne this debat and brige by hir outrage, and ye see wel that they ne requeren ne prayen me not of pees, ne they axen not to be reconciled; wol ye than that I go and meke me and obeye me to hem, and crie hem mercie? forsoth that were not my worshipe; for right as men sayn that overgret homlinesse engendreth dispreising, so fareth it by to gret humilitee or mekenesse.

Than began Dame Prudence to make semblaunt of wrathe, and sayde, Certes, Sire, (sauf your grace) I love youre honour and youre profite as I do min owen, and ever have don, ye ne non other seyn never the contrary: and if I had sayde that ye shulde han purchased the pees and the reconciliation I ne hadde not muchel mistake me ne sayde amis; for the wise man sayth, The dissention beginneth by another man, and the reconciling beginneth by thyself: and the prophete saith, Flee shrewednesse and do goodnesse; seke pees and folwe it, in as muchel as in thee is. Yet say

I not that ye ſhuln rather purſue to youre adverſaries for pees than they ſhuln to you, for I know wel that ye ben ſo hard-herted that ye wol do nothing for me; and Salomon ſayth, He that hath over hard an herte atte laſte he ſhal miſhappe and miſtide.

Whan Melibee had herd Dame Prudence make ſemblaunt of wrath he ſayde in this wiſe: Dame, I pray you that ye be not diſpleſed of thinges that I ſay, for I knowe wel that I am angry and wroth, and that is no wonder, and they that ben wroth woten not wel what they don ne what they ſayn; therfore the prophete ſayth, that troubled eyen han no clere ſighte. But ſayth and conſeilleth me as you liketh, for I am redy to do right as ye wol deſire; and if ye repreve me of my folie I am the more holden to love you and to preiſe you; for Salomon ſaith, that he that repreveth him that doth folie he ſhal find greter grace than he that deceiveth him by ſwete wordes.

Than ſayde Dame Prudence, I make no ſemblaunt of wrath ne of anger but for youre grete profite; for Salomon ſaith, He is more wroth that repreveth or chideth a fool for his folie, ſhewing him ſemblaunt of wrath, than he that ſupporteth him and preiſeth him in his miſdoing, and laugheth at his folie; and this ſame Salomon ſaith afterward, that by the ſorweful viſage of a man, that is to ſayn, by the ſory and hevy countenance of a man, the fool correcteth and amendeth himſelf.

Than ſaid Melibee, I ſhal not conne anſwere unto ſo many faire reſons as ye putten to me and ſhewen: ſayth ſhortly youre will and youre conſeil, and I am al redy to performe and fulfille it.

Than Dame Prudence diſcovered all hire will unto him, and ſaide, I conſeille you, quod ſhe, above alle thinges that ye make pees betwene God and you, and be reconciled unto him and to his grace, for as I have ſayde you herebeforen, God hath ſuffered you to have this tribulation and diſeſe for youre ſinnes: and if ye do as I ſay you God wol ſende youre adverſaries unto you, and make hem falle at youre feet, redy to do youre will and youre commaundements; for Salomon ſayth, Whan the condition of man is pleſaunt and liking unto God he chaungeth the hertes of the mannes adverſaries, and conſtreineth hem to beſechen him of pees and of grace. And I pray you let me ſpeke with your adverſaries in prevee place, for they ſhuln not knowe that it be of youre will or youre aſſent, and than whan I knowe hir will and hir entente I may conſeille you the more ſeurely.

Dame, quod Melibeus, doth youre will and youre liking, for I putte me wholly in youre diſpoſition and ordinaunce.

Than Dame Prudence, whan ſhe ſey the good will of hire huſbond, delibered unto hire, and toke avis in hire ſelf, thinking how ſhe might bring this nede unto goode ende; and whan ſhe ſey hire time ſhe ſent

for thise adversaries to come unto hire in to a privee place, and shewed wisely unto hem the grete goodes that comen of pees, and the grete harmes and perils that ben in werre; and saide to hem in a goodly manere how that hem oughte have gret repentaunce of the injuries and wronges that they hadden don to Melibeus hire lord, and unto hire and to hire doughter.

And whan they herden the goodly wordes of Dame Prudence they weren so surprised and ravished, and hadden so gret joye of hire, that wonder was to telle. A, Lady! quod they, ye have shewed unto us the blessing of sweteness, after the saying of David the prophete; for the reconciling which we be not worthy to have in no manere, but we oughten requeren it with grete contrition and humilitee, ye of youre grete goodnesse have presented unto us. Now see we wel that the science and conning of Salomon is ful trewe; for he saith, that swete wordes multiplien and encresen frendes, and maken shrewes to be debonaire and meke.

Certes, quod they, we putten oure dede and all oure matere and cause al holly in youre good will, and ben redy to obeye unto the speche and commaundement of my Lord Melibeus; and therfore, dere and benigne Lady! we praye you and beseche you, as mekely as we conne and moun, that it like unto youre grete goodnesse to fulfille in dede youre goodly wordes; for we consideren and knowelechen that we han offended and greved my Lord Melibeus out of mesure, so fer forth

that we ben not of power to maken him amendes, and therfore we oblige and binde us and oure frendes for to do all his will and his commaundements: but peraventure he hath swiche hevinesse and swiche wrath to us ward, because of our offence, that he wol enjoynen us swiche a peine as we moun not bere ne susteine; and therfore, noble Ladie! we beseche to youre womanly pittee to take swiche avisement in this nede that we ne oure frendes ben not disherited and destroied thurgh oure folie.

Certes, quod Prudence, it is an hard thing and right perilous that a man putte him all outrely in the arbitration and jugement and in the might and power of his enemie; for Salomon sayth, Leveth me and yeveth credence to that that I shall say; To thy sone, to thy wif, to thy frend, ne to thy brother, ne yeve thou never might ne maistrie over thy body while thou livest. Now, sith he defendeth that a man shulde not yeve to his brother ne to his frend the might of his body, by a strenger reson he defendeth and forbedeth a man to yeve himself to his enemy. And natheles I conseille you that ye mistruste not my lord, for I wot wel and know veraily that he is debonaire and meke, large, curteis, and nothing desirous ne coveitous of good ne richesse, for ther is nothing in this world that he desireth save only worshipe and honour. Forthermore, I know wel and am right sure that he shal nothing do in this nede withouten my conseil, and I shal so wer-

ken in this cas that by the grace of oure Lord God ye ſhuln be reconciled unto us.

Than ſaiden they with o vois, Worſhipful Lady! we putten us and oure goodes al fully in youre will and diſpoſition, and ben redy to come what day that it like unto youre nobleſſe to limite us or aſſigne us for to make oure obligation and bond as ſtrong as it liketh unto youre goodneſſe, that we moun fulfille the will of you and of my Lord Melibee.

Whan Dame Prudence had herd the anſwer of thiſe men ſhe bad hem go agein prively, and ſhe retourned to hire Lord Melibee, and told him how ſhe fond his adverſaries ful repentaunt, knowleching ful lowly hir ſinnes and treſpas, and how they weren redy to ſuffren all peine, requering and preying him of mercy and pitee.

Than ſaide Melibee, He is wel worthy to have pardon and foryeveneſſe of his ſinne that excuſeth not his ſinne, but knowlecheth and repenteth him, axing indulgence; for Senek ſaith, Ther is the remiſſion and foryeveneſſe wher as the confeſſion is, for confeſſion is neighebour to innocence: and therefore I aſſente and conferme me to have pees; but it is good that we do nought withouten the aſſent and will of oure frendes.

Than was Prudence right glad and joyeful, and ſaide, Certes, Sire, ye han wel and goodly anſwered; for right as by the conſeil, aſſent, and helpe, of your

frendes ye han be ſtired to venge you and make werre, right ſo withouten hir conſeil ſhul ye not accord you ne have pees with youre adverſaries; for the lawe ſaith, Ther is nothing ſo good by way of kinde as a thing to be unbounde by him that it was ybounde.

And than Dame Prudence, withouten delay or tarying, ſent anon hire meſſageres for hir kin and for hir olde frendes which that were trewe and wiſe, and told hem by ordre in the preſence of Melibee all the matere as it is above expreſſed and declared, and preied hem that they wold yeve hir avis and conſeil what were beſt to do in this nede. And whan Melibeus frendes hadden taken hir avis and deliberation of the beforeſaid matere, and hadden examined it by gret beſineſſe and gret diligence, they yaven ful conſeil for to have pees and reſte, and that Melibee ſhulde receive with good herte his adverſaries to foryeveneſſe and mercy.

And whan Dame Prudence had herd the aſſent of hire Lord Melibee, and the conſeil of his frendes accord with hire will and hire entention, ſhe was wonder glad in hire herte, and ſayde, Ther is an old proverbe, quod ſhe, ſayth, that the goodneſſe that thou maiſt do this day do it, and abide not ne delay it not til to morwe; and therfore I conſeille that ye ſende youre meſſageres, ſwiche as ben diſcret and wiſe, unto youre adverſaries, telling hem on youre behalf that if they wol trete of pees and of accord that they ſhape;

hem withouten delay or tarying to come unto us. Which thing parfourmed was indede. And whan thise trespasours and repenting folk of hir folies, that is to sayn, the adversaries of Melibee, hadden herd what thise messageres sayden unto hem they weren right glade and joyeful, and answerden ful mekely and benignely, yelding graces and thankinges to hir Lord Melibee and to all his compagnie, and shopen hem withouten delay to go with the messageres, and obeye to the commaundement of hir Lord Melibee.

And right anon they token hir way to the court of Melibee, and token with hem som of hir trewe frendes to make feith for hem and for to ben hir borwes. And whan they were comen to the presence of Melibee he saide hem thise wordes: It stant thus, quod Melibee, and soth it is that ye causeles and withouten skill and reson han don grete injuries and wronges to me and to my wif Prudence, and to my doughter also, for ye han entred into myn hous by violence, and have don swiche outrage that alle men knowen wel that ye han deserved the deth; and therfore wol I know and wete of you whether ye wol putte the punishing and chastising, and the vengeaunce, of this outrage in the will of me and of my wif or ye wol not.

Than the wisest of hem three answered for hem alle, and saide; Sire, quod he, we knowen wel that we ben unworthy to come to the court of so gret a lord and so worthy as ye ben, for we han so gretly mi-

ſtaken us, and han offended and agilte in ſwiche wiſe agein your high lordſhipe, that trewely we han deſerved the deth; but yet for the grete goodneſſe and debonairetee that all the world witneſſeth of youre perſone we ſubmitten us to the excellence and benignitee of youre gracious lordſhipe, and ben redy to obeye to alle youre comandements, beſeching you that of youre merciable pitee ye wol conſidere oure grete repentance and lowe ſubmiſſion, and graunte us foryeveneſſe of oure outragious treſpas and offence; for wel we knowen that youre liberal grace and mercie ſtretchen hem forther into goodneſſe than don oure outragious giltes and treſpas into wickedneſſe, al be it that curſedly and dampnably we han agilte again youre highe lordſhipe.

Than Melibee toke hem up fro the ground ful benignely, and received hir obligations and hir bondes by hir othes upon hir plegges and borwes, and aſſigned hem a certain day to retourne unto his court for to receive and accept ſentence and jugement that Melibee wolde commande to be don on hem by the cauſes aforeſaid; which thinges ordeined every man retourned to his hous.

And whan that Dame Prudence ſaw hire time ſhe freined, and axed hire Lord Melibee what vengeance he thoughte to taken of his adverſaries?

To which Melibee anſwerd and ſaide; Certes, quod he, I thinke and purpoſe me fully to diſherite hem of

all that ever they han, and for to putte hem in exile for ever.

Certes, quod Dame Prudence, this were a cruel sentence, and muchel agein reson, for ye ben riche ynough, and han no nede of other mennes good; and ye might lightly in this wise gete you a coveitous name, which is a vicious thing, and oughte to be eschewed of every good man, for after the sawe of the apostle coveitise is rote of alle harmes; and therfore it were better for you to lese muchel good of your owen than for to take of hir good in this manere; for better it is to lese good with worship than to winne good with vilanie and shame: and every man oughte to do his diligence and his besinesse to gete him a good name; and yet shal he not only besie him in keping his good name, but he shal also enforcen him alway to do som thing by which he may renovelle his good name; for it is written that the olde good los or good name of a man is sone gon and passed whan it is not newed. And as touching that ye sayn, that ye wol exile your adversaries, that thinketh me muchel agein reson and out of mesure, considered the power that they han yeven you upon hemself; and it is written, that he is worthy to lese his privilege that misuseth the might and the power that is yeven him. And I sette cas ye might enjoine hem that peine by right and by lawe, (which I trowe ye mowe not do) I say ye might not putte it to execution peraventure, and than it were like to retourne

to the werre as it was beforn: and therfore if you wol that men do you obeisaunce ye must deme more curteisly, that is to sayn, ye must yeve more esie sentences and jugements; for it is written, he that most curteisly commandeth to him men most obeyen. And therfore I pray you that in this necessitee and in this nede ye caste you to overcome youre herte; for Senek sayth, that he that overcometh his herte overcometh twies; and Tullius saith, Ther is nothing so commendable in a gret lord as whan he is debonaire and meke, and appeseth him lightly. And I pray you that ye wol now forbere to do vengeaunce in swiche a manere that your good name may be kept and conserved, and that men mown have cause and matere to preise you of pitee and of mercy, and that ye have no cause to repente you of thing that ye don; for Seneke saieth, He overcometh in an evil manere that repenteth of his victorie. Wherfore I pray you let mercy be in youre herte, to the effect and entente that God Almighty have mercy upon you in his last jugement; for Seint James saith in his epistle, Jugement withoute mercy shal be do to him that hath no mercy of another wight.

Whan Melibee had herd the grete skilles and resons of Dame Prudence, and hire wise informations and techinges, his herte gan encline to the will of his wif, considering hire trewe entente, enforced him anon, and assented fully to werken after hire conseil,

and thanked God, of whom procedeth all goodnesse and all vertue, that him sent a wif of so gret discretion. And whan the day came that his adversaries shulde appere in his presence he spake to hem ful goodly, and saide in this wise: Al be it so that of youre pride and high presumption and folie, and of youre negligence and unconning, ye have misborne you and trespased unto me, yet for as muchel as I see and beheld youre grete humilitee, and that ye ben sory and repentant of youre giltes, it constreineth me to do you grace and mercy; wherfore I receive you into my grace, and foryeve you outrely alle the offences, injuries, and wronges, that ye have don agein me and mine, to this effect and to this ende, that God of his endeles mercie wol at the time of oure dying foryeve us oure giltes that we han trespased to him in this wretched world; for douteles if we be sory and repentant of the sinnes and giltes which we han trespased in the sight of oure Lord God, he is so free and so merciable that he wol foryeven us oure giltes, and bringen us to the blisse that never hath ende. *Amen.*

And therwithal of braunes and of bones
A right wel faring perſone for the nones.
I pray to God yeve him confuſion
That firſt thee brought into religion.
Thou woldeſt han ben a trede-foul a right
Haddeſt thou as grete leve as thou haſt might
To parfourme all thy luſt: in engendrure
Thou haddeſt begeten many a creature.
Alas! why wereſt thou ſo wide a cope?
God yeve me ſorwe but and I were pope
Not only thou but every mighty man,
Though he were ſhore ful high upon his pan,
Shuld have a wif, for al this world is lorn,
Religion hath take up all the corn
Of treding, and we borel men ben ſhrimpes;
Of feble trees ther comen wretched impes.
This maketh that our heires ben ſo ſclendre
And feble that they moun not wel engendre;
This maketh that our wives wol aſſaye
Religious folk, for they moun better paye
Of Venus payements than mowen we;
God wote no Luſſheburghes payen ye.

℣. 13948. *A right wel faring*] I have no better authority for the inſertion of *right* than ed. *Urr.*

℣. 13968. *Luſſheburghes*] Baſe coins, probably firſt imported, as Skinner thinks, from *Luxembourg*. They are mentioned in the ſtat. 25 E. III. c. 2.; "La monoie appelle *Lucynbourg*," and in *P. P.* fol. 82, b.;

As in *Luſhburgh* is a luther alay, yet loketh like ſterling.

But be not wroth, my Lord, though that I play;
Ful oft in game a ſothe have I herd ſay.
  This worthy Monke toke all in patience,
And ſaide, I wol don all my diligence,
As fer as ſouneth into honeſtee,
To tellen you a Tale, or two or three;
And if you liſt to herken hiderward
I wol you ſayn the lif of Seint Edward,
Or elles tragedies firſt I wol telle,
Of which I have an hundred in my celle.
  Tragedie is to ſayn a certain ſtorie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie,
Of him that ſtood in gret proſperitee,
And is yfallen out of high degree
In to miſerie, and endeth wretchedly;
And they ben verſified communly
Of ſix feet, which men clepen Exametron:
In proſe eke ben endited many on,
And eke in metre in many a ſondry wiſe.
Lo this declaring ought ynough ſuffice.
  Now herkeneth if you liketh for to here.
But firſt I you beſeche in this matere,
Though I by ordre telle not thiſe thinges,
Be it of popes, emperoures, or kinges,
After hir ages, as men written finde,
But telle hem ſom before and ſom behinde,
As it now cometh to my remembrance,
Have me excuſed of min ignorance.

THE MONKES TALE.

I Wol bewaile in manere of tragedie
The harm of hem that ſtode in high degree,
And fellen ſo that ther n'as no remedie
To bring hem out of hir adverſitee;
For certain whan that Fortune liſt to flee
Ther may no man of hire the cours withholde:
Let no man truſt on blinde proſperitee;
Beth ware by thiſe enſamples trewe and olde.

Lucifer.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were
And not a man, at him I wol beginne;
For though Fortune may non angel dere,
From high degree yet fell he for his ſinne
Doun into helle, wheras he yet is inne.
O Lucifer! brighteſt of angels alle,
Now art thou Sathanas, that maiſt not twinne
Out of miſerie in which that thou art falle.

Adam.

Lo! Adam in the feld of Damaſcene
With Goddes owen finger wrought was he,
And not begeten of mannes ſperme unclene,

The Monkes Tale] A tragical diſcourſe of many who have fallen from high eſtate to extreme miſery. *Urry.*

ỳ. 14013. *in the feld of Damaſcene*] So Lydgate, from Boccace, ſpeaks of Adam and Eve, *Trag.* b. i. c. 1.;

Of ſlime of the erth in *Damaſcene the felde*
God made them above ech creature.

Boccace is much longer in relating their ſtory, which is the firſt of his tragedies.

And welte all Paradis ſaving o tree.
Had never worldly man ſo high degree
As Adam, til he for miſgovernance
Was driven out of his proſperitee
To labour, and to helle, and to meſchance.

Sampſon.

Lo! Sampſon, which that was annunciat
By the angel long or his nativitee,
And was to God Almighty conſecrat,
And ſtode in nobleſſe while he mighte ſee:
Was never ſwiche another as was he,
To ſpeke of ſtrength and therto hardineſſe;
But to his wives tolde he his ſecree,
Thurgh which he ſlow himſelf for wretchedneſſe.

Sampſon, this noble and mighty champion,
Withouten wepen ſave his handes twey
He ſlow and all to-rente the leon,
Toward his wedding walking by the wey.
His falſe wif coude him ſo pleſe and pray
Til ſhe his conſeil knewe, and ſhe untrewe
Unto his foos his conſeil gan bewray,
And him forſoke, and toke another newe.

Three hundred foxes toke Sampſon for ire,
And all hir tayles he togeder bond,
And ſet the foxes tayles all on fire,

v. 14021. *Sampſon*] His tragedy is alſo in *Boccace*, b. i. c. 19, but our Author ſeems rather to have followed the original, *Judges* xiv, xv. xvi.

For he in every tayl had knit a brond,
And they brent all the cornes in that lond,
And all hir oliveres and vines eke.
A thouſand men he ſlow eke with his hond,
And had no wepen but an aſſes cheke.

Whan they were ſlain ſo thurſted him that he
Was wel nie lorne, for which he gan to preye
That God wold on his peine han ſom pitee,
And ſend him drinke, or elles moſte he deye;
And of this aſſes cheke that was ſo dreye
Out of a wang toth ſprang anon a welle,
Of which he drank ynough, ſhortly to ſeye.
Thus halp him God, as *Judicum* can telle.

By veray force at Gaſa on a night,
Maugre the Philiſtins of that citee,
The gates of the toun he hath up plight,
And on his bak ycaried hem hath he
High on an hill, wher as men might hem ſe.
O noble mighty Sampſon, lefe and dere!
Haddeſt thou not told to women thy ſecree
In all this world ne had ther ben thy pere.

This Sampſon never ſider drank ne wine,
Ne on his hed came raſour non ne ſhere,
By precept of the meſſager divine,
For all his ſtrengthes in his heres were:
And fully twenty winter yere by yere
He hadde of Iſrael the governance;
But ſone ſhal he wepen many a tere,
For women ſhuln him bringen to meſchance.

Unto his lemman Dalida he told
That in his heres all his ſtrengthe lay,
And falſely to his fomen ſhe him ſold;
And ſleping in hire barme upon a day
She made to clip or ſhere his here away,
And made his fomen al his craft eſpien;
And whan that they him fond in this array
They bond him faſt, and putten out his eyen.

But or his here was clipped or yſhave
Ther was no bond with which men might him bind,
But now is he in priſon in a cave,
Wheras they made him at the querne grinde.
O noble Sampſon, ſtrongeſt of mankind,
O whilom juge in glory and richeſſe!
Now mayeſt thou wepen with thin eyen blind
Sith thou fro wele art falle in wretchedneſſe.

The ende of this caitif was as I ſhal ſeye:
His fomen made a feſte upon a day,
And made him as hir fool before hem pleye,
And this was in a temple of gret array:
But at the laſt he made a foule affray,
For he two pillers ſhoke and made hem falle,
And doun fell temple and all, and ther it lay,
And ſlow himſelf, and eke his fomen alle.

This is to ſayn, the princes everich on,
And eke three thouſand bodies, were ther ſlain
With falling of the gret temple of ſton.

ỽ. 14080. *the querne*] The mill; *kuerna*, *mola*, Iſland.

Of Sampson now wol I no more sain:
Beth ware by this ensample old and plain
That no men tell hir conseil to hir wives
Of swiche thing as they wold han secree fain,
If that it touch hir limmes or hir lives.

Hercules.

Of Hercules the soveraine conquerour
Singen his werkes laude, and high renoun,
For in his time of strength he was the flour.
He slow and raft the skinne of the leon;
He of Centaures laid the bost adoun;
He Harpies slow, the cruel briddes felle;
He golden apples raft fro the dragon;
He drow out Cerberus, the hound of helle.

He slow the cruel tirant Busirus,
And made his hors to fret him flesh and bon;
He slow the firy serpent venemous;
Of Achelous two hornes brake he on;
And he slow Cacus in a cave of ston;
He slow the geaunt Anteus the strong;
He slow the grisely bore, and that anon;
And bare the hevene on his nekke long.

ℽ. 14101. *Hercules*] In this account of the labours of Hercules Chaucer has evidently copied *Boethius*, l. iv. met. 7. Many of the expressions he had used before in his prose translation of that author.

ℽ. 14116. *the hevene on his nekke long*] This is the reading of the best mss. and is agreeable to Boethius, *loc. cit.* thus translated by Chaucer; "And the last of his labors was, that *he sus-*
"*steined the heven upon his necke unbowed.*" The margin of
" ms. C. I. explains *long* to mean *diu*.—The editt. read,

And bare *his hed* upon his *spere long*.

Was never wight ſith that the world began
That ſlow ſo many monſtres as did he;
Thurghout the wide world his name ran,
What for his ſtrength and for his high bountee;
And every reaume went he for to ſee.
He was ſo ſtrong that no man might him let;
At bothe the worldes endes, ſaith Trophee,
In ſtede of boundes he a piller ſet.

A lemman had this noble champion
That highte Deianire, as freſh as May;
And, as thiſe clerkes maken mention,
She hath him ſent a ſherte freſh and gay:
Alas! this ſherte, alas and wala wa!
Envenimed was ſotilly withalle,
That or that he had wered it half a day
It made his fleſh all from his bones falle.

But natheles ſom clerkes hire excuſen
By on that highte Neſſus, that it maked:
Be as may be I wol hire not accuſen;
But on his bak this ſherte he wered al naked,
Til that his fleſh was for the venim blaked;
And whan he ſaw non other remedie
In hote coles he hath himſelven raked,
For with no venime deigned him to die.

℣. 14123. *ſaith Trophee*] As all the beſt mſſ. agree in this reading I have retained it, though I cannot tell what author is alluded to. The margin of *C.* 1 has this note; "Ille vates "Chaldæorum *Trophæus*."—The editt. read—*for Trophee.*—

Thus ſtarf this worthy mighty Hercules.
Lo! who may truſt on Fortune any throw?
For him that folweth all this world of pres
Or he be ware is oft ylaid ful lowe:
Ful wiſe is he that can himſelven knowe.
Beth ware, for whan that Fortune liſt to gloſe
Than waiteth ſhe hire man to overthrowe
By ſwiche a way as he wold leſt ſuppoſe.

Nabuchodonoſor.

The mighty trone, the precious treſor,
The glorious ſceptre, and real majeſtee,
That hadde the King Nabuchodonoſor,
With tonge unnethes may deſcrived be:
He twies wan Jeruſalem the citee,
The veſſell of the temple he with him ladde;
At Babiloine was his ſoveraine ſee,
In which his glorie and his delit he hadde.

The fayreſt children of the blood real
Of Iſrael he did do gelde anon,
And maked eche of hem to ben his thral.
Amonges other Daniel was on,
That was the wiſeſt child of everich on,
For he the dremes of the king expouned,
Wher as in Caldee clerk ne was ther non
That wiſte to what fin his dremes ſouned.

This proude king let make a ſtatue of gold
Sixty cubites long and ſeven in brede,

℣. 14151. *Nabuchodonoſor*] For this hiſtory and the following of Balthaſar ſee *Daniel* i—v. The latter only is related by *Boccace*, b. ii. c. xxiii.

To which image bothe yonge and old
Commanded he to loute and have in drede,
Or in a fourneis ful of flames rede
He ſhuld be brent that wolde not obeye;
But never wold aſſenten to that dede
Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.
This king of kinges proud was and elat;
He wend that God that ſit in majeſtee
Ne might him nat bereve of his eſtat:
But ſodenly he loſt his dignitee,
And like a beſt him ſemed for to be,
And ete hey as an oxe, and lay therout:
In rain with wilde beſtes walked he
Til certain time was ycome about.
And like an egles fethers wex his heres,
His neyles like a briddes clawes were,
Til God releſed him at certain yeres,
And yaf him wit, and than with many a tere
He thanked God, and ever his lif in fere
Was he to don amis, or more treſpace:
And til that time he laid was on his bere
He knew that God was ful of might and grace.

Balthaſar.

His ſone, which that highte Balthaſar,
That held the regne after his fadres day,
He by his fader coude not beware,
For proude he was of herte and of array,
And eke an ydolaſter was he ay.
His high eſtat aſſured him in pride;

But Fortune caſt him doun (and ther he lay)
And ſodenly his regne gan devide.
  A feſte he made unto his lordes alle
Upon a time, and made hem blithe be,
And than his officeres gan he calle;
Goth bringeth forthe the veſſels, quod he,
Which that my fader in his proſperitee
Out of the temple of Jeruſalem beraft,
And to our highe goddes thanke we
Of honour, that our eldres with us laft.
  His wif, his lordes, and his concubines,
Ay dronken, while hir appetites laſt,
Out of thiſe noble veſſels ſondry wines.
And on a wall this king his eyen caſt,
And ſaw an hand armles that wrote ful faſt,
For fere of whiche he quoke and ſiked ſore:
This hand, that Balthaſar ſo ſore agaſt,
Wrote *Mane techel Phares*, and no more.
  In al that lond magicien was non
That coud expounen what this lettre ment,
But Daniel expouned it anon,
And ſaid, O King! God to thy fader lent
Glorie and honour, regne, treſour, and rent,
And he was proud and nothing God ne dradde,
And therfore God gret wreche upon him ſent,
And him beraft the regne that he hadde.
  He was out caſt of mannes compagnie,
With aſſes was his habitation,
And ete hey as a beſt in wete and drie,

Til that he knew by grace and by reſon
That God of heven hath domination
Over every regne and every creature,
And than had God of him compaſſion,
And him reſtored his regne and his figure.
  Eke thou that art his ſone art proud alſo,
And knoweſt all thiſe thinges veraily,
And art rebel to God and art his fo:
Thou dranke eke of his veſſels boldely,
Thy wif eke and thy wenches ſinfully
Dranke of the ſame veſſels ſondry wines,
And heried falſe goddes curſedly,
Therfore to thee yſhapen ful gret pine is.
  This hand was ſent fro God that on the wall
Wrote *Mane techel Phares*, truſteth me.
Thy regne is don; thou weyeſt nought at all:
Divided is thy regne, and it ſhal be
To Medes and to Perſes yeven, quod he.
And thilke ſame night this king was ſlawe,
And Darius occupied his degree,
Though he therto had neither right ne lawe.
  Lordinges, enſample hereby moun ye take
How that in lordſhip is no ſikerneſſe,
For whan that Fortune wol a man forſake
She bereth away his regne and his richeſſe,
And eke his frendes, bothe more and leſſe;
For what man that hath frendes thurgh Fortune
Miſhap wol make hem enemies I geſſe.
This proverbe is ful ſoth, and ful commune.

Zenobia.

Zenobia, of Palmerie the quene,
(As writen Perſiens of hire nobleſſe)
So worthy was in armes, and ſo kene,
That no wight paſſed hire in hardineſſe,
Ne in linage ne in other gentilleſſe.
Of kinges blood of Perſe is ſhe deſcended;
I ſay not that ſhe hadde moſt faireneſſe,
But of hire ſhape ſhe might not ben amended.

From hire childhode I finde that ſhe fledde
Office of woman, and to wode ſhe went,
And many a wilde hartes blood ſhe ſhedde
With arwes brode that ſhe to hem ſent;
She was ſo ſwift that ſhe anon hem hent:
And whan that ſhe was elder ſhe wold kille
Leons, lepards, and beres al to-rent,
And in hire armes weld hem at hire wille.

She dorſt the wilde beſtes dennes ſeke,
And rennen in the mountaignes all the night,
And ſlepe under the buſh; and ſhe coude eke
Wraſtlen by veray force and veray might
With any yong man, were he never ſo wight;
Ther mighte nothing in hire armes ſtonde:

v. 14253 *Zenobia*] Her ſtory is told by *Boccace*, *De caſ. Vir.* l. viii. c. 7, but more at large in his book *De claris Mulieribus*, from which our Author has plainly taken almoſt every circumſtance of his narration, though in ver. 14331 he ſeems to refer to Petrarch as his original. Perhaps Boccace's book had fallen into Chaucer's hands under the name of Petrarch.

She kept hire maidenhode from every wight;
To no man deigned hire for to be bonde.
  But at the laſt hire frendes han hire maried
To Odenat, a prince of that contree,
Al were it ſo that ſhe hem longe taried,
And ye ſhul underſtonden how that he
Hadde ſwiche fantaſies as hadde ſhe;
But natheles whan they were knit in fere
They lived in joye and in felicitee,
For eche of hem had other lefe and dere;
  Save o thing, that ſhe n'olde never aſſente
By no way that he ſhulde by hire lie
But ones, for it was hire plaine entente
To have a childe the world to multiplie;
And al ſo ſone as that ſhe might eſpie
That ſhe was not with childe with that dede,
Than wold ſhe ſuffer him don his fantaſie
Eftſone, and not but ones out of drede.
  And if ſhe were with child at thilke caſt
No more ſhuld he playen thilke game
Till fully fourty dayes weren paſt,
Than wold ſhe ones ſuffre him do the ſame.
Al were this Odenate wild or tame
He gate no more of hire, for thus ſhe ſayde,

℣. 14295. *Till fully fourty dayes*] There is a confuſion in this paſſage which might have been avoided if our Author had recurred to Trebellius Pollio, *Trig. Tyrann.* c. xxix. *de Zenobia*; "Quum ſemel concubuiſſet, expectatis menſtruis, continebat "ſe ſi prægnans eſſet; ſin minus, iterum poteſtatem quærendis liberis dabat."

It was to wives lecherie and ſhame
In other cas if that men with hem playde.
Two ſones by this Odenate had ſhe,
The which ſhe kept in vertue and lettrure.
But now unto our Tale turne we.
I ſay ſo worſhipful a creature,
And wiſe therwith, and large with meſure,
So penible in the werre, and curteis eke,
Ne more labour might in werre endure,
Was non, though all this world men ſhulden ſeke.
Hire riche array ne mighte not be told,
As wel in veſſell as in hire clothing;
She was all clad in pierrie and in gold;
And eke ſhe lefte not for non hunting
To have of ſondry tonges ful knowing,
Whan that ſhe leiſer had, and for to entend
To lernen bookes was all hire liking,
How ſhe in vertue might hire lif diſpend.
And ſhortly of this ſtorie for to trete,
So doughty was hire huſbond and eke ſhe
That they conquered many regnes grete
In the orient, with many a faire citee
Appertenaunt unto the majeſtee
Of Rome, and with ſtrong hand held hem ful faſt,
Ne never might hir fomen don hem flee
Ay while that Odenates dayes laſt.
Hire batailles, who ſo liſt hem for to rede,
Againe Sapor the king, and other mo,

And how that all this proceſſe fell in dede,
Why ſhe conquered, and what title therto,
And after of hire miſchefe and hire wo,
How that ſhe was beſeged and ytake,
Let him unto my maiſter Petrark go,
That writeth ynough of this I undertake.
  Whan Odenate was ded ſhe mightily
The regnes held, and with hire propre hond
Agains hir foos ſhe fought ſo cruelly
That ther n'as king ne prince in all that lond
That he n'as glad if he that grace fond
That ſhe ne wolde upon his lond werreye;
With hire they maden alliaunce by bond
To ben in pees and let hire ride and pleye.
  The Emperour of Rome Claudius,
Ne him beforn the Romain Galien,
Ne dorſte never be ſo corageous,
Ne non Ermin ne non Egiptien,
Ne Surrien ne non Arabien,
Within the feld ne dorſte with hire fight,
Leſt that ſhe wold hem with hire hondes ſlen,
Or with hire meinie putten hem to flight.
  In kinges habite wente hire ſones two
As heires of hir fadres regnes alle,
And Heremanno and Timolao
Hir names were, as Perſiens hem calle.
But ay Fortune hath in hire hony galle:
This mighty quene may no while endure;

Fortune out of hire regne made hire falle
To wretchedneſſe and to miſaventure.
Aurelian, whan that the governance
Of Rome came into his hondes twey,
He ſhope upon this quene to do vengeance,
And with his legions he toke his way
Toward Zenobie; and, ſhortly for to ſay,
He made hire flee, and atte laſt hire hent,
And fettred hire and eke hire children tway,
And wan the lond, and home to Rome he went.
Amonges other thinges that he wan
Hire char, that was with gold wrought and pierrie,
This grete Romain, this Aurelian,
Hath with him lad for that men ſhuld it ſee.
Beforen his triumphe walketh ſhe,
With gilte chaines on hire necke honging,
Crouned ſhe was, as after hire degree,
And ful of pierrie charged hire clothing.
Alas, Fortune! ſhe that whilom was
Dredeful to kinges and to emperoures,
Now gaureth all the peple on hire, alas!
And ſhe that helmed was in ſtarke ſtoures,
And wan by force tounes ſtronge and toures,
Shal on hire hed now were a vitremite,
And ſhe that bare the ſceptre ful of floures
Shal bere a diſtaf, hire coſt for to quite.

℣. 14378. *a vitremite*] This word is differently written in the mſſ. *vitrymite*, *witermite*, *wintermite*, *vitryte*. The editt. read *autremite*, which is equally unintelligible.

Nero.

Although that Nero were as vicious
As any fend that lith ful low adoun,
Yet he, as telleth us Suetonius,
This wide world had in ſubjectioun,
Both eſt and weſt, ſouth and ſeptentrioun.
Of rubies, ſaphires, and of perles white,
Were all his clothes brouded up and doun,
For he in gemmes gretly gan delite.

More delicat, more pompous of array,
More proude, was never emperour than he,
That ilke cloth that he had wered o day
After that time he n'olde it never ſee:
Nettes of gold threde had he gret plentee
To fiſh in Tiber whan him liſt to play:
His luſtes were as law in his degree,
For Fortune as his frend wold him obay.

He Rome brente for his delicacie;
The Senatours he ſlow upon a day
To heren how that men wold wepe and crie,
And ſlow his brother, and by his ſuſter lay.
His moder made he in pitous array,

ỽ. 14385. *ſouth and ſeptentrioun*] The mſſ. read *north*; but there can be no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which was firſt made, I believe, in ed. *Urr.* In the *Rom. de la R.* from whence great part of this tragedy of Nero is tranſlated, the paſſage ſtands thus, ver. 6501.;

Ce deſloyal, que je te dy,
Et d'orient et de *midy*,
D'occident, *de ſeptentrion*.
Tint-il la juriſdicion.

For he hire wombe let ſlitten, to behold
Wher he conceived was, ſo wala wa!
That he ſo litel of his moder told.

No tere out of his eyen for that ſight
Ne came, but ſayd a faire woman was ſhe.
Gret wonder is how that he coud or might
Be domeſman of hire dede beautee.
The wine to bringen him commanded he,
And dranke anon: no other wo he made.
Whan might is joined unto crueltee,
Alas! to depe wol the venime wade.

In youthe a maiſter had this emperour
To techen him lettrure and curteſie:
For of moralitee he was the flour,
As in his time, but if bookes lie;
And while this maiſter had of him maiſtrie
He maked him ſo conning and ſo ſouple
That longe time it was or tyrannie
Or any vice dorſt in him uncouple.

This Seneka, of which that I deviſe,
Becauſe Nero had of him ſwiche drede,
For he fro vices wold him ay chaſtiſe
Diſcretly, as by word and not by dede;
Sire, he wold ſay, an emperour mote nede

℣. 14408. *domeſman*] Judge; the word in Boethius, who has alſo related this ſtory, is *cenſor*, l. ii. met. vi.;

Ora non tinxit lacrymis, ſed eſſe
Cenſor extincti potuit decoris——

which our Author has thus rendered in his proſe verſion; "Ne "no tere wette his face, but he was ſo harde herted that he "might be *domeſman* or *judge* of her dedde beautee."

Be vertuous, and haten tyrannie;
For which he made him in a bathe to blede
On bothe his armes till he muste die.
This Nero had eke of a custumaunce
In youth ageins his maister for to rise,
Which afterward him thought a gret grevaunce,
Therfore he made him dien in this wise.
But natheles this Seneka the wise
Chees in a bathe to die in this manere
Rather than han another turmentise:
And thus hath Nero slain his maister dere.
Now fell it so that Fortune list no lenger
The highe pride of Nero to cherice,
For though that he were strong yet was she strenger.
She thoughte thus; by God I am to nice
To set a man that is fulfilled of vice
In high degree, and Emperour him calle:
By God out of his sete I wol him trice;
Whan he lest weneth sonest shal he falle.
The peple rose upon him on a night
For his defaute, and whan he it espied
Out of his dores anon he hath him dight
Alone, and ther he wend han ben ailied
He knocked fast, and ay the more he cried
The faster shetten they hir dores alle;
Tho wist he wel he had himself misgied,
And went his way; no lenger dorst he calle.

The peple cried and rombled up and doun,
That with his eres herd he how they ſayde,
Wher is this falſe tyrant, this Neroun?
For fere almoſt out of his wit he brayde,
And to his goddes pitouſly he preide
For ſocour, but it mighte not betide:
For drede of this him thoughte that he deide,
And ran into a gardin him to hide.

And in this gardin fond he cherles tweye
That ſaten by a fire gret and red,
And to thiſe cherles two he gan to preye
To ſlen him, and to girden of his hed,
That to his body whan that he were ded
Were no deſpit ydon for his defame.
Himſelf he ſlow, he coud no better rede,
Of which Fortune lough and hadde a game.

Holofernes.

Was never capitaine under a king
That regnes mo put in ſubjectioun,
Ne ſtrenger was in feld of alle thing
As in his time, ne greter of renoun,
Ne more pompous in high preſumptioun,
Than Holoferne, which that Fortune ay kiſt
So likerouſly, and lad him up and doun,
Til that his hed was of or that he wiſt.

Not only that this world had him in awe
For leſing of richeſſe and libertee,
But he made every man reneie his lawe.

Nabuchodonoſor was God, ſayd he;
Non other god ne ſhulde honoured be.
Ageins his heſte ther dare no wight treſpace
Save in Bethulia, a ſtrong citee,
Wher Eliachim a preeſt was of that place.

But take kepe of the deth of Holoferne:
Amid his hoſt he dronken lay a night
Within his tente, large as is a berne;
And yet for all his pompe and all his might
Judith, a woman, as he lay upright
Sleping, his hed of ſmote, and fro his tente
Ful prively ſhe ſtale from every wight,
And with his hed unto hire toun ſhe wente.

Antiochus.

What nedeth it of King Antiochus
To tell his high and real majeſtee,
His gret pride, and his werkes venimous?
For ſwiche another was ther non as he:
Redeth what that he was in Machabe,
And redeth the proud wordes that he ſeid,
And why he fell from his proſperitee,
And in an hill how wretchedly he deid.

v. 14484 *Wher Eliachim*] I cannot find any prieſt of this name in the book of *Judith*. The High Prieſt of Jeruſalem is called *Joacim* in c. iv, which name would ſuit the verſe better than *Eliachim*.

v. 14493. *Antiochus*] This tragedy is a poetical paraphraſe of ſecond *Maccabees*, chap. ix.

Fortune him had enhaunfed fo in pride
That veraily he wend he might attaine
Unto the fterres upon every fide,
And in a balaunce weyen eche mountaine,
And all the floodes of the fee reftreine:
And Goddes peple had he moft in hate,
Hem wold he fleen in turment and in peine,
Wening that God ne might his pride abate.

And for that Nichanor and Timothee
With Jewes were venquifhed mightily,
Unto the Jewes fwiche an hate had he
That he bad greithe his char ful haftily,
And fwore and fayde ful defpitoufly
Unto Jerufalem he wold eftfone,
To wreke his ire on it ful cruelly;
But of his purpos was he let ful fone.

God for his manace him fo fore fmote
With invifible wound, ay incurable,
That in his guttes carfe it fo and bote
Thatte his peines weren importable;
And certainly the wreche was refonable,
For many a mannes guttes did he peine;
But from his purpos curfed and damnable,
For all his fmerte, he n'olde him not reftreine;

But bade anon apparailen his hoft.
And fodenly, or he was of it ware,
God daunted all his pride and all his boft;

For he ſo ſore fell out of his chare
That it his limmes and his ſkinne to-tare,
So that he neither mighte go ne ride,
But in a chaiere men about him bare,
Alle forbruſed bothe bak and ſide.

The wreche of God him ſmote ſo cruelly
That thurgh his body wicked wormes crept,
And therwithal he ſtanke ſo horribly
That non of all his meinie that him kept,
Whether ſo that he woke or elles ſlept,
Ne mighte not of him the ſtinke endure.
In this miſchieſe he wailed and eke wept,
And knew God lord of every creature.

To all his hoſt and to himſelf alſo
Ful wlatſom was the ſtinke of his careine;
No man ne mighte him beren to ne fro;
And in this ſtinke and this horrible peine
He ſtarf ful wretchedly in a mountaine.
Thus hath this robbour and this homicide,
That many a man made to wepe and pleine,
Swiche guerdon as belongeth unto pride.

Alexander.

The ſtorie of Alexandre is ſo commune
That every wight that hath diſcretioun
Hath herd ſomwhat or all of his fortune.
This wide world, as in concluſioun,
He wan by ſtrength, or for his high renoun

They weren glad for pees unto him ſende.
The pride of man and boſt he layd adoun,
Wher ſo he came, unto the worldes ende.

Compariſon might never yet be maked
Betwix him and another conquerour,
For al this world for drede of him hath quaked;
He was of knighthode and of fredome flour;
Fortune him maked the heir of hire honour.
Save wine and women nothing might aſſwage
His high entente in armes and labour,
So was he ful of leonin corage.

What pris were it to him though I you told
Of Darius, and an hundred thouſand mo
Of kinges, princes, dukes, erles bold,
Which he conquered, and brought hem into wo?
I ſay as fer as man may ride or go
The world was his; what ſhuld I more deviſe?
For though I wrote or told you ever mo
Of his knighthode it mighte not ſuffice.

Twelf yere he regned, as ſaith Machabe:
Philippus ſone of Macedoine he was,
That firſt was king in Greece the contree.
O worthy gentil Alexandre! alas
That ever ſhuld thee fallen ſwiche a cas!
Enpoiſoned of thyn owen folke thou were;
Thy ſis Fortune hath turned into an as,
And yet for thee ne wept ſhe never a tere.

Who ſhal me yeven teres to complaine
The deth of gentilleſſe and of fraunchiſe,

That all this world welded in his demaine,
And yet him thought it mighte not suffice?
So ful was his corage of high emprise.
Alas! who shal me helpen to endite
False Fortune, and poison to despise?
The whiche two of all this wo I wite.

Julius Cesar.

By wisdome, manhode, and by gret labour,
From humblehede to real majestee
Up rose he Julius the conquerour,
That wan all the occident by lond and see
By strengthe of hond or elles by tretee,
And unto Rome made hem tributarie,
And sith of Rome the Emperour was he
Til that Fortune wexe his adversarie.

O mighty Cesar! that in Thessalie
Ageins Pompeius, father thin in lawe,
That of the orient had all the chivalrie
As fer as that the day beginneth dawe,
Thou thurgh thy knighthode hast hem take and slawe,
Save few folk that with Pompeius fledde,
Thurgh which thou put all the orient in awe,
Thanke Fortune that so wel thee spedde.

But now a litel while I wol bewaile
This Pompeius, this noble governour
Of Rome, which that fled at this bataille.
I say on of his men, a false traitour,
His hed of smote, to winnen him favour

Of Julius, and him the hed he brought:
Alas, Pompeie! of the orient conquerour,
That Fortune unto swiche a fin thee brought.

To Rome again repaireth Julius
With his triumphe laureat ful hie,
But on a time Brutus and Cassius,
That ever had of his high estat envie,
Ful prively had made conspiracie
Ageins this Julius in sotil wise,
And cast the place in which he shulde die
With bodekins, as I shal you devise.

This Julius to the Capitolie wente
Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,
And in the Capitolie anon him hente
This false Brutus and his other soon,
And stiked him with bodekins anon
With many a wound, and thus they let him lie:
But never gront he at no stroke but on,
Or elles at two, but if his storie lie.

So manly was this Julius of herte,
And so wel loved estatly honestee,
That though his dedly woundes sore smerte
His mantel over his hippes caste he,
For no man shulde seen his privetee;
And as he lay of dying in a trance,
And wiste veraily that ded was he,
Of honestee yet had he remembrance.

Lucan, to thee this storie I recommende,
And to Sueton and Valerie also,

That of this storie writen word and ende,
How that to thise gret conqueroures two
Fortune was first a frend and sith a fo.
No man ne trust upon hire favour long,
But have hire in await for evermo,
Witnesse on all thise conqueroures strong.

Cresus.

The riche Cresus, whilom King of Lide,
Of whiche Cresus Cirus sore him dradde,
Yet was he caught amiddes all his pride,
And to be brent men to the fire him ladde,
But swiche a rain doun from the welken shadde
That slow the fire, and made to him escape;
But to beware no grace yet he hadde
Til Fortune on the galwes made him gape.

Whan he escaped was he can not stint
For to beginne a newe werre again:

℣. 14639. *word and ende*] Dr. Hickes, in his *Gr. A. S.* p. 70, has proposed to read *ord and end*, both here and in *Tro.* b. v. ver. 1668. He has shewn very clearly that *ord and end* was a common Saxon expression for the whole of a thing, the beginning and end of it: but all the mss. that I have examined read *word*, and therefore I have left it in the text, as possibly the old Saxon phrase in Chaucer's time might have been corrupted.

℣. 14645. *Cresus*] In the opening of this story our Author has plainly copied the following passage of his own version of Boethius, b. ii. pro. 2.; "Wiste thou not how *Cresus* King of Lydiens, of whiche King Cyrus was ful sore agaste a litel before," &c.: but the greatest part is taken from the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 6847—6912.

He wened wel for that Fortune him sent
Swiche hap that he escaped thurgh the rain
That of his foos he mighte not be slain;
And eke a sweven upon a night he mette
Of which he was so proud and eke so fain
That in vengeance he all his herte sette.

Upon a tree he was, as that him thought,
Ther Jupiter him weshe both bak and side,
And Phebus eke a faire towail him brought
To drie him with, and therfore wex his pride.
And to his doughter that stood him beside,
Which that he knew in high science habound,
He bad hire tell him what it signified,
And she his dreme began right thus expound.

The tree (quod she) the galwes is to mene,
And Jupiter betokeneth snow and rain,
And Phebus with his towail clere and clene,
Tho ben the sonnes stremes, soth to sain:
Thou shalt anhanged be, fader, certain;
Rain shal thee wash, and sonne shal thee drie.
Thus warned him ful plat and eke ful plain
His doughter, which that called was Phanie.

Anhanged was Cresus the proude king;
His real trone might him not availle:
Tragedie is non other maner thing,

ỽ. 14679. *Tragedie is*] This reflection seems to have been suggested by one which follows soon after the mention of Crœsus in the passage just cited from Boethius; " What other thing

Ne can in ſinging crien ne bewaile,
But for that Fortune all day wol aſſaille
With unware ſtroke the regnes that ben proude;
For whan men truſten hire than wol ſhe faille,
And cover hire bright face with a cloude.

Peter of Spaine.

O noble, o worthy, Petro, glorie of Spaine!
Whom Fortune held ſo high in majeſtee,
Wel oughten men thy pitous deth complaine:
Out of thy lond thy brother made thee flee,
And after at a ſege by ſotiltee
Thou were betraied and lad unto his tent,

" bewaylen the cryinges of *tragedyes* but onely the dedes of " Fortune, that with an aukewarde ſtroke overtourneth the " realmes of grete nobleye?"

ỽ. 14685. *Petro of Spaine*] This tragedie and the three following, in ſeveral mſſ. are inſerted before, after ver. 14380, ſo that The Monkes Tale ends with ver. 14684.;

And cover hire bright face with a cloude.

In favour of this arrangement it may be obſerved, that when the Monk is interrupted the Hoſte alludes to this line as freſh in his memory, ver. 14788.;

He ſpake how *Fortune covered with a cloude*
I wote not what, and als of a *tragedie*
Right now ye herd——

where *tragedie* may be ſuppoſed to allude to ver. 14679.—On the other hand, though the Monk profeſſedly diſregards chronological order, theſe very modern ſtories in the midſt of the ancient make an aukward appearance; and as the Hoſte declares himſelf to have been half aſleep he may very well be ſuppoſed to ſpeak from a confuſed recollection of what had been ſaid eighty-eight verſes before; and what he ſays of *tragedie* may be referred to ver. 14768.—I have followed the order obſerved in the beſt mſſ. *C.* 1. *Aſk.* 1, 2, *HA.*

Wher as he with his owen hond flow thee,
Succeding in thy regne and in thy rent.
The feld of fnow, with th' egle of blak therin,
Caught with the limerod, coloured as the glede,
He brewed this curfedneffe and all this finne;
The wicked nefte was werker of this dede,
Not Charles Oliver, that toke ay hede
Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorike
Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede,
Broughte this worthy king in fwiche a brike.

ꝟ. 14697. *Not Charles Oliver*] Not the Oliver of Charles, [*Charlemagne*] but an Oliver of Armorica, a fecond Genelon or Ganelon. See ver. 13124, 15233. So this paffage is to be underftood, which in ed. *Urr.* has been changed to—*Not Charles ne Oliver.*—But who this *Oliver of Bretagne* was whom our Author charges as *werker* of the death of King Petro is not fo clear. According to *Mariana*, l. xvii. c. 13, fuch a charge might moft properly be brought againft Bertrand du Guefclin, a Breton, afterwards Conftable of France, as it was in confequence of a private treaty with him that Petro came to his tent, where he was killed by his brother Henry, and partly (as fome faid) *con ayuda de Beltran.* But how he fhould come to be called *Oliver* I cannot guefs, unlefs perhaps Chaucer confounded him with *Olivier de Cliffon*, another famous Breton of thofe times, who was alfo Conftable of France after Bertrand. [Froiffart mentions an *Olivier de Manny*, nephew to Bertrand du Guefclin, as receiving large rewards from King Henry, vol. i. ch. 245.; but he does not reprefent him as particularly concerned in the death of Petro.]----The perfon meant, whoever he was, muft have been fufficiently pointed out at the time by his coat of arms, which is defcribed in ver. 14693, 4. *Th' egle of blak* in *a feld of fnow* is plain enough, but the reft of the blazonry I cannot pretend to decipher.

Petro King of Cypre.

O worthy Petro! King of Cypre alſo,
That Alexandrie wan by high maiſtrie,
Ful many an Hethen wroughteſt thou ful wo,
Of which thin owen lieges had envie,
And for nothing but for thy chivalrie
They in thy bed han ſlain thee by the morwe.
Thus can Fortune hire whele governie and gie,
And out of joye bringen men to ſorwe.

Barnabo Viſcount.

Of Milane grete Barnabo Viſcount,
God of delit, and ſcourge of Lumbardie,
Why ſhuld I not thin infortune account,
Sith in eſtat thou clomben were ſo high?
Thy brothers ſone, that was thy double allie,

℣. 14701. *Petro King of Cypre*] Concerning the taking of Alexandria by this prince, and his other exploits, ſee the note on ver. 51, and the authors there cited. He was aſſaſſinated in 1369, *Acad. des Inſ.* t. xx. p. 439.

℣. 14709. *Barnabo Viſcount*] Bernabo Viſconti, Duke of Milan, was depoſed by his nephew, and thrown into priſon, where he died in 1385.——I did not attend to this circumſtance when I ſtated the inſurrection of Strawe in 1381 as the lateſt hiſtorical fact mentioned in theſe Tales, *Diſcourſe, &c.* n. 6. The death of Bernabo was certainly later. Fortunately however this difference of four years has no other conſequence than that it makes the ſuppoſed date of the pilgrimage in 1383, which was before very doubtful, ſtill more improbable. The Knight might as probably be upon a pilgrimage in 1387 as in 1383, according to the precedent of Sir Mathew de Gourney. See note on ver. 43.

For he thy nevew was and sone in lawe,
Within his prison made he thee to die,
But why ne how n'ot I that thou were slawe.

Hugelin of Pise.

Of the Erl Hugelin of Pise the langour
Ther may no tonge tellen for pitee.
But litel out of Pise stant a tour,
In whiche tour in prison yput was he,
And with him ben his litel children three,
The eldest scarsely five yere was of age:
Alas! Fortune, it was gret crueltee
Swiche briddes for to put in swiche a cage.

Dampned was he to die in that prison,
For Roger which that Bishop was of Pise
Had on him made a false suggestion,
Thurgh which the peple gan upon him rise,
And put him in prison in swiche a wise
As ye han herd; and mete and drinke he had
So smale, that wel unnethe it may suffise,
And therwithal it was ful poure and bad.

And on a day befell that in that houre
Whan that his mete wont was to be brought
The gailer shette the dores of the toure;
He hered it wel, but he spake right nought:
And in his herte anon ther fell a thought

ỽ. 14717. *Hugelin of Pise*] Chaucer himself has referred us to Dante for the original of this tragedy. See *Inferno*, c. xxxiii.

That they for hunger wolden do him dien:
Alas! quod he, alas that I was wrought!
Therwith the teres fellen fro his eyen.
His yonge fone, that three yere was of age,
Unto him faid, Fader, why do ye wepe?
Whan will the gailer bringen our potage?
Is ther no morfel bred that ye do kepe?
I am fo hungry that I may not flepe.
Now wolde God that I might flepen ever,
Than fhuld not hunger in my wombe crepe;
Ther n'is no thing fauf bred that me were lever.
Thus day by day this childe began to crie,
Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay,
And faide, Farewel, fader, I mote die;
And kift his fader, and dide the fame day.
And whan the woful fader did it fey
For wo his armes two he gan to bite,
And faide, Alas! Fortune, and wala wa!
Thy falfe whele my wo all may I wite.
His children wenden that for hunger it was
That he his armes gnowe, and not for wo,
And fayden, Fader, do not fo, alas!
But rather ete the flefh upon us two:
Our flefh thou yaf us, take our flefh us fro,
And ete ynough. Right thus they to him feide,
And after that, within a day or two,
They laide hem in his lappe adoun and deide.

Himſelf diſpeired eke for hunger ſtarf.
Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Piſe:
From high eſtat Fortune away him carf.
Of this tragedie it ought ynough ſuffice;
Who ſo wol here it in a longer wiſe
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille
That highte Dante, for he can it deviſe
Fro point to point; not o word wol he faille.

v. 14765, 6.] Theſe two verſes in the editt. have been
poſed, to the confuſion of the ſenſe as well as of the met

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END OF VOLUME FOURTH.